MASTERPIECES

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

BEING

TYPICAL SELECTIONS OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP, FROM SHAKESPEARE TO THE PRESENT TIME

TOGETHER WITH

DEFINITIONS, NOTES, ANALYSES, AND GLOSSARY

AS AN AID TO

SYSTEMATIC LITERARY STUDY

FOR USE IN

HIGH AND NORMAL SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES SEMINARIES, &c.

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PREFACE.

In the prescribed curricula of most high-schools, English literature and rhetoric find an important place. Yet, perhaps, no subjects are less satisfactorily taught. The study of English literature is, for the most part, confined to a cram on the personal biography of authors; at the best, it is a reading *about* literature rather than a reading *in* literature. The study of rhetoric is, for the most part, confined to the learning of abstract definitions and principles. This is an acquisition certainly not to be undervalued; for there is only a half-truth in Butler's famous aphorism, that

> "All a rhetorician's rules
> Teach nothing but to name his tools."

Yet assuredly it is a barren knowledge, that of the "rhetorician's rules," unless these are seen and felt as they find spontaneous embodiment in the great creations of the masters of literary art.

This volume of "Masterpieces" is designed to occupy a place at the meeting-point of literature and rhetoric—to restore the twain to their natural and fruitful relationship. On the side of literature it is intended as the ac-

companiment of any class-book on that subject, furnishing a body of texts to be carefully read in connection with the biographical and critical study of particular authors, as pursued in the class-book. On the side of rhetoric it supplies a working outfit of definitions and principles, thus teaching the pupil to "name his tools;" and, further and more important, it applies the canons of the literary art to the analysis of the texts here presented. To this study I have given the name "Literary Analysis," as a conveniently elastic designation under which may be brought a great variety of exercises, grammatical and rhetorical, logical and etymological. The Literary Analysis is a new feature (at least I am unacquainted with any class-book of selections in which the kind of work here developed is given); and it is one from which most valuable results are anticipated. For surely such studies as are called for in the "Masterpieces" cannot fail to bring the pupil into close and friendly contact with those mighty minds whose "volumes paramount" constitute the literature of our language: so that he will no longer be reading merely *about* the masters, but reading the masters themselves — ascending with them into the "heaven of their invention," and feeding his soul on the divine bread of their high imaginings.

The choice of authors to be represented by typical selections in the "Masterpieces" has been no easy task, for in the splendid galaxy of our English and American literature are unnumbered stars.

"They are all fires, and every one doth shine."

In the embarrassment of riches, this principle of selection

was laid down: that the authors chosen should not only be of the first rank, but that as far as possible they should represent epochs of literature, marked phases of style, distinctive contributions to literary method. Under the guidance of this rule forty masters have been here brought together. They all belong to the *dii majores*, and sit serenely, each in his chair, on the topmost peaks of Olympus. The first name is that of Shakespeare; the last that of Huxley. It is a significant conjuncture; for in passing from the former to the latter, and saluting, as we go, the mighty shades of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Burke, Burns, Scott, Macaulay, and their earlier and later peers, we complete that great cycle of evolution which connects the romanticism of the sixteenth century with the scientism of the nineteenth.

If the choice of authors was difficult, that of pieces to represent them was scarcely less so. Of the selections finally decided on, after much deliberation, this much, at least, may be said: that each has a claim founded on some peculiar power, pathos, beauty, or grandeur; that each is "a gem of purest ray serene." It should also be added that care has been taken that, as far as possible, each selection should be a complete piece. Thus, of Milton, the two poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are given entire; Bacon is represented by two complete essays; Addison's four best Sir Roger de Coverley papers are reproduced in full; Pope moralizes the whole of his First Epistle of the *Essay on Man;* Gray the whole of the *Elegy;* and Goldsmith the whole of the *Deserted Village;* and so on. And even in the case of authors who must necessarily be represented

by extracts, this at least has been sought: that each piece should have a certain unity, should show a beginning, middle, and end; for unless a piece fill this requirement it is valueless as a study in literary art.

The attention of teachers is called to the fact that each author is introduced by an appropriate "Characterization" by a distinguished critic. Thus we have the merits of Shakespeare and Pope set forth by Dr. Johnson; of Bunyan and Byron by Taine; of Addison and Johnson by Macaulay; of Goldsmith and Irving by Thackeray; of Thackeray by Dickens; of Lamb by De Quincey; of Burns by Carlyle; of Carlyle and Wordsworth by Lowell; of Bryant by Curtis; of Holmes by Whittier. These fine appreciations will, it is thought, whet the pupil's appetite for the "feast of fat things" that awaits him in the authors themselves.

WILLIAM SWINTON.

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MASTERPIECES

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

DEFINITIONS.

I.

LITERATURE AND ITS DEPARTMENTS.

1. Literature (Lat. *literatura*, from *litera*, a letter), in its most general import, is the collective body of literary productions preserved in writing; but, in its specific sense, it includes only those writings that come within the sphere of rhetoric, or the literary art.

I. The definition excludes from the category of literature all books that are technical or special in their scope—hence all works of mere science or erudition,—so that, varying the form of statement, we may say that the literature of any nation is its body of "volumes paramount," dealing with subjects of common interest and clothed in the form of literary art.

II. The French term *belles-lettres* (literally *elegant letters*, "polite literature") is sometimes used as synonymous with literature in its stricter sense.

2. Classification by Form.—As regards the form of expression, literary productions are divided into two classes—prose and verse (poetry).

3. Prose,[1] in its mechanism, is that species of composition in which words are arranged in unversified or non-metrical sentences. It is the ordinary form of oral or written discourse.

4. Verse,[2] or poetry, in its mechanism, is that species of composition in which words are metrically arranged; that is, arranged in lines (verses) containing a definite number and succession of accented and unaccented syllables.

It must be understood that the definitions given above have regard merely to the outer form, or mechanism, of the two species of written composition. And this should the more clearly be borne in mind because there is great latitude, and thereby the possibility of great ambiguity, in the use of the words *poetry, verse, rhyme, prose,* etc. Thus "poetry" is sometimes narrowed to an equivalence with *verse,* or metrical composition; "verse" is sometimes extended to an equivalence with *poetry;* and "rhyme" is sometimes used as a synonym of *poetry* and as the antithesis of *prose:* thus—

"Things unattempted yet in *prose* or *rhyme*."—MILTON.

On the other hand, "prose" is often used to denote what is dull and commonplace, without regard to whether the composition is metrical or non-metrical.

5. Classification by Matter.—As regards matter, or essential nature, literary productions are divided into various classes, according as the end aimed at is (1) to inform the understanding, (2) to influence the will, or (3) to excite pleasurable feelings. The principal departments of literature are:

1. *Description*, *narration*, and *exposition*, which have for their object to inform the understanding.

2. *Oratory*, or *persuasion*, which has for its object to influence the will.

3. *Poetry*, which has for its most characteristic function to excite pleasurable feelings.

---

[1] Lat. *prosa*, equivalent to Lat. *prorsa* (*oratio* understood), from *prorsus*, straightforward, straight on.

[2] Lat. *versus*, a furrow, a row (from *vertere*, to turn); hence a metrical line, and, by an extension of meaning, metrical composition.

6. Description, or descriptive writing, is that kind of composition in which an object of some degree of complexity is represented in language.

I. Description is generally divided into two kinds:

a. Objective description — referring to objects perceptible to the senses.

b. Subjective description — referring to the feelings and the thoughts of the mind.

Scott and Byron afford striking examples of the two kinds of description. These two men of genius belonged to the same school of literature and wrote on kindred themes; but Scott is objective, Byron subjective. "Scott detailed all his scenes down to the minutest point, and was content with the object itself, without seeking to go very far beneath the surface. Byron, on the other hand, loved to seize the striking features in his scenes, and, after mentioning these in a bold and graphic manner, to dwell upon their hidden meaning. The battle-scene in Marmion may be compared with that of Waterloo in Childe Harold. The former is full of action — the strife of men, their suffering, their wild excitement or wilder despair; the latter is full of the poet's thoughts, and is profoundly meditative." (De Mille: *Rhetoric.*)

The two kinds of description, however, are generally found existing together, the subjective intermingling with the objective.

II. Description is involved in nearly all the other kinds of composition — in narration, which must often be a series of descriptions; in exposition, or science, which has frequently to proceed upon description; and in poetry, which partakes so largely of description that descriptive poetry is recognized as a distinctive species of poetical composition.

7. Narration, or narrative writing, is that kind of composition which sets forth the particulars of a series of transactions or events.

I. Like description, narration may be divided into objective and subjective, the former including all recital of external events, the latter dealing with mental processes and the progress of events in connection with their philosophy.

II. Narration includes within itself more departments of literature than any other kind of composition. Thus objective narration appears (*a*) in ordinary external history and bi-

ography, (*b*) in prose fiction, (*c*) in epic poetry, ballads, and metrical romances, (*d*) in dramatic poetry, (*e*) in lyric poetry, (*f*) in scientific writings, and (*g*) in exposition whenever the writer deals with the record of events.

In like manner, subjective narration appears (*a*) in philosophical history and biography, (*b*) in the novel of character, (*c*) in the modern (as contrasted with ancient) epic, as Dante's *Divine Comedy*, (*d*) in dramatic literature, (*e*) in lyric poetry, as Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and (*f*) in exposition where it is necessary to give an account of the progress of principles.

8. Exposition, or expository writing, is that kind of composition in which facts or principles are discussed, and the conclusion is reached by a process of reasoning.

The expository art is applied to all the departments of human thought or knowledge; hence expository composition appears in many forms. Among these the principal are, (*a*) the treatise, or full discussion of a subject, (*b*) the essay, or briefer exposition of a subject, (*c*) the editorial article, and (*d*) the philosophic poem.

9. Oratory, or persuasion, is that kind of composition in which it is sought to influence the mind by arguments or reasons offered, or by anything that inclines the will to a determination.

I. According to Aristotle, the divisions of oratory are threefold: 1. Deliberative; 2. Judicial; 3. Demonstrative. Bain makes a fourfold classification: 1. The oratory of the law-courts; 2. Political oratory; 3. Pulpit oratory; 4. Moral suasion. Bain's first agrees with Aristotle's second; Bain's second with Aristotle's first, and Bain's fourth with Aristotle's third. Bain's third is of course a modern department of oratory.

II. Persuasion may employ any one or all the modes of simple communication—description, narration, or exposition.

10. Poetry is a fine art, operating by means of thought conveyed in language.

I. "Poetry," says Prof. Bain, "agrees generically with painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; and its specific mark is derived from the instrumentality employed. Painting is based on color, sculpture on form, music on a peculiar class

of sounds, and poetry on the meaning and form of language." Taking this definition in connection with that of poetry as a synonym of verse, it will be seen how wide is the distinction between poetry in its essence and poetry in its form. Indeed, so thoroughly is excited and elevated imagination identified with poetry that it may even wear the garb of prose.

II. Poetry is divided into the following species:

1. *Narrative* poetry, including (*a*) the epic, as the *Iliad, Paradise Lost;* (*b*) the metrical romance, as Scott's *Lady of the Lake;* (*c*) the ballad, as Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome;* and (*d*) the tale, as Longfellow's *Evangeline.*
2. *Lyric* poetry, including (*a*) the song, secular and religious; (*b*) the ode, as Dryden's *Alexander's Feast;* (*c*) the elegy, as Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard;* and (*d*) the sonnet.
3. *Dramatic* poetry, including tragedy, as *Hamlet*, and comedy, as the *Merchant of Venice.*
4. *Descriptive* poetry, as Thomson's *Seasons.*
5. *Didactic* poetry, as Wordsworth's *Excursion.*
6. *Pastoral* poetry, as Allen Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd.*
7. *Satirical* poetry, as Butler's *Hudibras.*
8. *Humorous* poetry, as Cowper's *John Gilpin.*

11. Kinds of Verse.—Verse is of two kinds—rhyme and blank verse.

12. Rhyme is that species of verse in which is found concord of sounds in words at the end of lines.

13. Blank verse consists of unrhymed lines of the iambic metre of five or five and a half feet.

The iambic foot consists of an unaccented syllable followed by one which is accented, as *prepáre, convéy.*

14. Prosody is that division of rhetoric which treats of versification.

It does not come within the scope of this work to enter into the details of prosody, a sufficiently full treatment of which will be found in most rhetorical text-books. A compendious view of the subject is presented in Swinton's *New School Composition.*

II.

STYLE.

15. Definition and Topics.—Style refers to the choice and arrangement of words, and may be defined as the peculiar manner in which thought is expressed in language.

It includes the following topics:

I. The *figures of speech.*
II. The *order of words.*
III. The *qualities of style.*

I. FIGURES OF SPEECH.

16. A figure of speech is a deviation from the direct and literal mode of expression for greater effect. It is a form of speech *artfully varied* from the common usage.

17. Classification. — Figures of speech may be divided into three classes: I. Figures of *relativity;* II. Figures of *gradation;* III. Figures of *emphasis.* Under this head also may come the grammatical figures—ellipsis, enallage, and pleonasm.

The principal figures of which mention is made in this book are as follows:

Figures of Relativity	ANTITHESIS.	APOSTROPHE.	SYNECDOCHE.
	SIMILE.	VISION.	METONYMY.
	METAPHOR.	ALLUSION.	EUPHEMISM.
	ALLEGORY.	IRONY.	LITOTES.
	PERSONIFICATION.	SARCASM.	EPITHET.

Figures of Gradation	CLIMAX.	
	HYPERBOLE.	

Figures of Emphasis	EPIZEUXIS.	ANACOLUTHON.
	ANAPHORA.	APOSIOPESIS.
	ALLITERATION.	

I. Figures of Relativity.

18. Antithesis is the statement of a contrast or opposition of thoughts and words, as—

> "In *peace* there's nothing so becomes a man
> As mild behavior and humility;
> But when the blast of *war* blows in our ears,
> Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment."

I. *Oxymoron* is an antithesis arising from the opposition of two contradictory terms, as "*a pious fraud*," "*O victorious defeat!*"

II. *Antimetabole* is an antithesis in which the order of words is reversed in each member, as "A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

III. *Parison*, or *isocolon*, is an antithesis in which clauses of similar construction follow in a series, word contrasting with word, phrase with phrase, etc., as "Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In the one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty."

19. The **simile**, or comparison, is a figure that formally likens one thing to another, as—

> "Him, *like the working bee in blossom dust*,
> Blanched with his mill they found."—Tennyson.

20. The **metaphor** is a comparison implied in the language used. It transfers a word from the object to which it literally belongs, and applies it to another, as—

> He *bridles* his anger.
>
> "Athens, the *eye* of Greece,
> *Mother* of arts and eloquence."—Milton.

I. Metaphor dispenses with the connectives of comparison (like, as, etc.) used in the simile; and instead of stating that one thing resembles another, asserts that it *is* that other: thus—

Simile. He was *as* brave *as a lion*.

Metaphor. He was *a lion* in the combat.

II. *Conversion into Simile*.—Every metaphor may be converted into a simile, since every metaphor is a condensed simile. The process of expansion is a matter of tact rather than of rule; but so far as any rule can be given, the following may be serviceable. First, it is to be noted that a simile is a kind of

rhetorical proposition, and must, when fully expressed, contain four terms. Now let the metaphor to be explained be "The ship ploughs the land." The following is the rule given by Seeley and Abbott (*English Lessons*, p. 131): "It has been seen that the simile consists of four terms. In the third term of the simile stands the subject ('ship,' for instance) whose unknown predicated relation ('action of ship on water') is to be explained. In the first term stands the corresponding subject ('plough'), whose predicated relation ('action on land') is known. In the second term is the known relation. The fourth term is the unknown predicated relation, which requires explanation." Thus—

As	the plough	turns up the land.	so	the ship	acts on the sea.
	Known subject.	Known predicate.		Subject whose predicate is unknown.	Unknown predicate.

III. *Mixed Metaphors.*—It is a well-known canon of the metaphor that in the same metaphor figures should not be mixed. A familiar example is afforded by the following couplet from Addison:

"I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a nobler strain."

Here the Muse, a goddess, is spoken of as being "bridled." Then, after raising the image of a horse, the author confounds us by viewing the Muse as a ship that longs to launch itself—and into a "strain!" Yet it is Addison who formulated this capital test of metaphors:

"Try and form a picture on them."

21. Allegory is a narrative with a figurative meaning, designed to convey instruction of a moral character. The *Faerie Queene* of Spenser and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* are the greatest allegories in English literature.

Allegory has been called "a prolonged metaphor." Subjects remote from each other are brought into a similitude sustained throughout the details. Thus in Bunyan's immortal work the spiritual life or progress of a Christian is represented in detail by the story of a pilgrim in search of a distant country, which he reaches after many struggles and difficulties. In the *Faerie Queene* the vices and virtues are personified, and made to act out their nature in a series of supposed adventures.

22. Personification is that figure in which some action or attribute of a living being is ascribed to an inanimate object, as—

"The mountains *sing together*, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*."

23. Apostrophe is that figure in which something absent is addressed as though present. It is found chiefly in poetry and oratory.

"Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee."—WORDSWORTH.

24. Vision is the narration of past or absent scenes as though actually occurring before us. It is allied to and is often found associated with apostrophe.

I. Byron's description of the Dying Gladiator—

"I see before me the gladiator lie," etc.—

is a familiar example of vision.

II. *Metastasis.*—Metastasis is a kind of description similar to vision: it involves a transition from the present to the future. A good example is found in the peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne. (See p. 345 of this book.)

25. Allusion is that figure by which some word or phrase calls to mind something not directly mentioned, as—

"It may be said of him that he came, he saw, he conquered."

The allusion here is to Cæsar's famous despatch ("*Veni, vidi, vici*"), which it calls to mind.

Rhetoricians make various degrees of allusion, and among others *direct allusion* (as "The patience of Job is proverbial"); but, properly speaking, this is not *allusion:* it is mere *reference.* Allusion is always oblique. The following, in which Milton wishes to denote Moses, is an allusion in the strict sense:

"That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heaven and earth
Rose out of chaos."

26. Irony is a mode of speech expressing a meaning contrary to that which the speaker intends to convey, as in Job's address to his friends, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you."

27. Sarcasm is a mode of expressing vituperation under

a somewhat veiled form. The *Letters of Junius* come under this description.

Sarcasm is generally softened in the outward expression by the arts and figures of disguise — irony, innuendo, and epigram. Pope's Atticus (see pp. 128, 129 of this book) is a fine example.

28. Synecdoche is that figure which consists in substituting words denoting a part, a species, or the concrete for words denoting the whole, a genus, or the abstract; or the reverse. Thus—

1. A part for the whole, as *sail* for *ship*.
2. The species for the genus, as "our daily *bread*" for our daily *food*.
3. The concrete for the abstract, as "The *father* yearns in the true prince's heart"—*father* meaning *paternal love*.
4. The whole for a part, as *America* for *the United States*.
5. The genus for the species, as a *vessel* for a *ship*, a *creature* for a *man*.
6. The abstract for the concrete, as—

> "Belgium's capital had gathered then
> Her *beauty* and her *chivalry*,"

meaning her *beautiful women* and *brave men*.

Antonomasia.—Antonomasia is a form of synecdoche resembling (2), only that instead of the species being put for the genus, the individual is put for the species. It consists in using a proper name to designate a class, as a *Solomon* for a *wise man*, a *Crœsus* for a *rich man*.

29. Metonymy is that figure in which one thing is described by the name of another thing having to the thing described the relation of cause, effect, adjunct, or accompaniment. Thus:

1. Cause for effect, as "the *savage* desolation of war," where the cause of the desolation (a savage spirit) is put for the effect.
2. The effect for the cause, as *gray hairs* for *old age*.
3. The sign for the thing signified, as *sceptre* for *royalty*, the *White House* for the *office of President*.
4. The container for the thing contained, as *bottle* for *intoxicating drink*, *purse* for *money*.

5. The instrument for the agent, as the arbitration of the *sword* —meaning *war*.
6. An author for his works, as "They have *Moses* and the *prophets*," "We find in *Bacon*"—meaning *Bacon's writings*.

Distinction.—From definitions 28 and 29 it may be inferred that a synecdoche is a figure in which a word is used to express a thing that differs from its original meaning only in *degree*, and not in *kind;* while a metonymy is a figure in which a word is used to express a thing differing from its original in *kind*. Hence metonymies are somewhat bolder than synecdoches.

30. Euphemism is the figure by means of which a harsh meaning is expressed in words of softer signification, as "He was *unable to meet his engagements*" for he *failed in business*.

31. Litotes is that figure in which, by denying the contrary, more is implied than is expressed, as—

"Immortal names,
That were *not born to die*"—i. e., that *will live*.

32. Transferred Epithet.—An epithet is a word joined to another in order to explain its character, as *sea-girt* Salamis, the *sunny* South.

The transference of an epithet from its proper subject to some allied subject or circumstance is a common figure in poetry, as—

"Hence to his *idle bed*."
"The little fields made green
By husbandry of many *thrifty years*."

II. Figures of Gradation.

33. Climax is an ascending series of thoughts or statements, increasing in strength or importance until the last. Thus:

"It is an outrage to *bind* a Roman citizen; to *scourge* him is an atrocious crime; to *put him to death* is almost a parricide; but to CRUCIFY him —what shall I call it?"—CICERO.

Anticlimax.—Any great departure from the order of ascending strength is called an anticlimax. Thus:

"If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination."—DE QUINCEY.

34. Hyperbole is that figure by which more than the literal truth is expressed. It consists in magnifying objects beyond their natural bounds, so as to make them more impressive or more intelligible. Thus:

"Beneath the lowest deep, a *lower deep*,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."—MILTON.

III. FIGURES OF EMPHASIS.

35. Epizeuxis is the immediate repetition of some word or words for the sake of emphasis, as—

"*Few, few* shall part where many meet."

Repetitio Crebra.—The name "repetitio crebra" is applied to the frequent repetition of a word, as—

"He sang Darius, good and great,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate."—DRYDEN.

36. Anaphora is the repetition of a word or phrase at the beginning of each of several sentences, or divisions of a sentence, as—

"*By foreign hands* thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and *by strangers* mourned."—POPE.

37. Alliteration is the repetition of the same initial letter of emphatic words, as—

"*A*pt *a*lliteration's *a*rtful *a*id."—CHURCHILL.
"*F*ull *f*athoms *f*ive thy *f*ather lies."—SHAKESPEARE.

38. Anacoluthon is the device of leaving a proposition unfinished, and introducing something else to complete the sentence, as—

"If thou be'st he—but oh, how fallen, how changed
From him who," etc.

39. Aposiopesis is a sudden pause in the course of a sentence by which the conclusion is left unfinished, as—

"For there I picked up on the heather,
And there I put within my breast,
A moulted feather, an eagle's feather—
Well—I forget the rest."—BROWNING.

IV. Grammatical Figures.

40. Ellipsis is the omission of words with a rhetorical purpose. Thus "Impossible!" is more expressive than a complete sentence affirming impossibility.

Asyndeton, or the omission of connectives, is a device of which considerable use is made both in prose and poetry: "The wind passeth over it—it is gone."

41. Enallage is the substitution of one part of speech for another, as—

"Whether the charmer *sinner* it or *saint* it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it."—Pope.

42. Pleonasm is the employment of more words than usual, or of redundant words, as "Thy rod and thy staff, *they* comfort me."

When properly employed, pleonasm is a legitimate rhetorical device, and may be productive of a high degree of emphasis.

II. THE ORDER OF WORDS.

43. Words may be arranged in two orders—the grammatical and the rhetorical order.

44. The **grammatical order,** otherwise called the direct, or prose order, is the ordinary prose arrangement of words in a sentence.

There is a customary order of the parts of a sentence which in ordinary speech and writing we unconsciously follow. Thus the subject precedes the verb, and the arrangement of a simple sentence is in the order of subject, verb, object. But for the sake of emphasis or ornament this natural arrangement is often departed from.

45. The **rhetorical order,** otherwise called the indirect, or poetic order, is an inverted arrangement of words, adopted with a view to greater effect. It is characteristic of poetry, and of elevated or impassioned prose.

GRAMMATICAL ORDER.	RHETORICAL ORDER.
I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny *the atrocious crime of being a young man.*	*The atrocious crime of being a young man* I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny.
The gate is *wide* and the way is *broad* that leadeth to destruction.	*Wide* is the gate and *broad* is the way that leadeth to destruction.
They could take their rest, for they knew that Lord Stratford watched. They feared *him*, they trusted *him*, they obeyed *him*.	They could take their rest, for they knew that Lord Stratford watched. *Him* they feared, *him* they trusted, *him* they obeyed.
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, and the wild sea-mew *shrieks.*	The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, And *shrieks* the wild sea-mew.

III. THE QUALITIES OF STYLE.

46. The principal qualities of style are perspicuity, energy, and melody.

47. Perspicuity, or clearness of expression, is such a use of words that they may readily be understood by those to whom they are addressed.

48. Its Sources.—The principal sources of perspicuity are simplicity and precision.

49. Simplicity of style arises from the choice of simple words, and from such an arrangement of words in sentences as adapts them to easy comprehension. The works of De Foe, Bunyan, Addison, Franklin, and Washington Irving illustrate this quality.

I. Simplicity, in so far as it depends on diction, is best obtained by the employment of specific and concrete terms rather than those that are general or abstract. It is also secured by the use of Anglo-Saxon words (see Def. 61) rather than those of classical origin. And it is to be observed that there is an intimate relation between these two sources of simplicity; for it will be found that most specific and concrete terms are of Anglo-Saxon, and most general and abstract terms of classical, origin. This is well illustrated in the following passage from an essay by Henry Rogers: "*Move* and *motion* are gen-

eral terms of Latin origin; but all the special terms for expressing varieties of motion are Anglo-Saxon, as *run, walk, leap, stagger, slip, step, slide.* *Color* is Latin; but *white, black, green, yellow, blue, red, brown,* are Anglo-Saxon. *Crime* is Latin; but *murder, theft, robbery, to lie, to steal,* are Anglo-Saxon. *Member* and *organ,* as applied to the body, are Latin and Greek; but *ear, eye, hand, foot, lip, mouth, teeth, hair, finger, nostril,* are Anglo-Saxon. *Animal* is Latin; but *man, horse, cow, sheep, dog, cat, calf, goat,* are Anglo-Saxon. *Number* is Latin; but all our cardinal and ordinal numbers, as far as a million, are Anglo-Saxon."

II. Simplicity, in so far as it depends on the structure of sentences, is best obtained by the use of short rather than long sentences, and of the loose sentence rather than the period (see Def. 57), and by an easy, natural, and inartificial arrangement of words, phrases, and clauses.

50. Precision consists in the selection of such words as may exhibit neither more nor less than the meaning which the writer intends to convey.

51. Its Violations.—The most frequent violations of precision are: I. By the *faulty use of synonymous words;* II. By the *improper use of words;* III. By the *use of vague words;* IV. By *tautology;* V. By *circumlocution.*

I. By the faulty use of synonymous words, as where *modest* (which refers to the habit of mind, and is commendable) is used for *bashful* (which refers to the state of feeling, and is reprehensible).

II. By the improper use of words, as "I would not demean myself," where "demean," which signifies *behave,* is, by confusion arising from the root *mean,* used for *debase* or *lower.*

III. By the use of vague words, as *affair, circumstance, remarkable,* where used in place of definite and specific words.

IV. By tautology, or the repetition of the same idea in different words, as "They returned *back again* to the *same* place *from whence* they *came forth;*" which is reducible to "They returned to the place whence they departed." A critic has pointed out that Dr. Johnson's couplet,

> "Let observation with extensive view
> Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

is equivalent to "Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively."

V. By circumlocution, or a roundabout mode of speech, in which words are multiplied to an unnecessary extent. The following is an example of circumlocution:

"Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through the whole period of his existence with unvarying liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if a comparison be instituted between him and the man whose pupil he was."—DR. JOHNSON.

Condensed thus by Bain:

"Pope professed himself the pupil of Dryden, whom he lost no opportunity of praising; and his character is illustrated by a comparison with his master."

52. Energy (variously termed by writers on rhetoric *vigor*, *force*, *strength*, *vivacity*, and *persuasiveness*) is that quality of style which conduces to arouse the attention, enforce argument, stimulate imagination, and excite the feelings. It is the vital element in style.

I. Among the requisites of energy are simplicity (the simplest words being often the strongest), conciseness, and precision.

II. Another important device for securing energy of style is the use of specific and concrete terms rather than of general and abstract terms.

53. Melody, harmony, or music of language is that quality in style which gives pleasure by the use of euphonious words and rhythmical arrangements.

I. While the "harmony of sweet sounds" is an essential of verse, it is influential in prose also. Prose has its rhythm as well as poetry, only it is less artificial and more varied. "Rhythm in prose," says De Mille, "may be defined as the alternate swelling and lessening of sound at certain intervals. It refers to the general effect of sentences and paragraphs, where the words are chosen and arranged so as not only to express the meaning of the writer, but also to furnish a musical accompaniment which shall at once delight the ear by its sound, and help out the sense by its suggestiveness."

II. The following passage from De Quincey has relation to the subject of prose rhythm, and is further interesting as in itself an illustration of rhythmic prose:

"Where, out of Sir Thomas Browne, shall we hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the *Urn-Burial*: 'Now since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and tramplings of three conquests,' etc. What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the pomps of the earth and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric! Time expounded

not by generations or centuries, but by vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Antiochi and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations—by the drums and tramplings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave!"

III.

TYPES OF SENTENCES.

54. Classification.—Sentences are classified grammatically and rhetorically. Grammatically, they are divided, as regards structure, into simple, complex, and compound; and, as regards use, into declarative, interrogative, imperative, and exclamative. Rhetorically, they are divided into loose sentences and periods.

55. Divisions by Structure.—A *simple* sentence consists of one independent proposition; a *complex* sentence consists of one independent (or principal) proposition and one or more clauses;[1] a *compound* sentence consists of two or more independent propositions.

56. Divisions by Use.—A *declarative* sentence is one that expresses an assertion (that is, an affirmation or a negation); an *interrogative* sentence is one that expresses a question; an *imperative* sentence is one that expresses a command or an entreaty; an *exclamative* sentence is one that expresses a thought in an interjectional manner.

57. A **loose sentence** consists of parts which may be separated without destroying the sense. Thus:

> The Puritans looked down with contempt on the rich | and the eloquent, | on nobles | and priests.

I. The above is a loose sentence, because if we pause at any of the places marked, the sense is grammatically complete. Sometimes, as in this instance, it is necessary to supply ellipses in order to make the latter part complete; in other cases,

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[1] The term *clause* is in this book always used in the sense of a dependent or subordinate proposition, introduced by a connective. It is never applied to the independent *members* of a compound sentence.

as in the following, the latter part will make complete sense alone: "It seems, gentlemen, that this is an age of reason; the time and the person have at last arrived that are to dissipate the errors of past ages." Here a full stop might be put after "reason," and the following word begun with a capital, thus converting the sentence into two sentences.

II. Some writers so punctuate as to appear to write very long sentences, which are really only a union of short ones in one long loose sentence. Other writers (as Macaulay) are in the habit of breaking up loose sentences into their constituent parts and punctuating them as separate sentences. This practice gives rise to what the French call the *style coupé*.

58. A **period** is a sentence in which the complete sense is suspended until the close. Thus:

On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, the Puritans looked down with contempt.

I. Periods, in the strict sense of the definition, are not very numerous, for in most periodic sentences a complete meaning is reached somewhat before the close. Thus the first sentence of *Paradise Lost*, if stopped at "heavenly Muse," would be a period; continued to "in prose or rhyme," it is, strictly speaking, loose. Nevertheless, sentences which, though not absolutely periods, yet tend towards that type, are said to be periodic in structure.

II. *Balanced Sentence.*—The term balanced sentence is applied to a sentence in which the words, phrases, and clauses in one part correspond with the words, phrases, and clauses in another part. The balanced sentence generally consists of a series of antitheses, and in this case it is identical with the figure named *parison*, or *isocolon*. (See Def., p. xiii.)

III. It often happens that the cardinal distinction between the style of two writers is simply a difference in the prevailing type of sentence into which the writers cast their thoughts. Thus, marked as is the contrast between the style of Hume and that of Gibbon, analysis will show that the principal characteristic of Hume's style is his habitual use of the loose sentence, and of Gibbon's his habitual use of the period.

IV.

THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY.

59. The **vocabulary** of a language is the whole body of words in that language. Hence the English vocabulary consists of all the words in the English language.

The English vocabulary is very extensive, as is shown by the fact that in our great dictionaries there are nearly 100,000 words. But it should be observed that 3000 or 4000 serve all the ordinary purposes of oral and written communication. The Old Testament contains 5642 words; Milton uses about 8000; and Shakespeare, whose vocabulary is more extensive than that of any other English writer, employs no more than 15,000 words.

60. The **principal elements** of the English vocabulary are words of Anglo-Saxon and of Latin or *French-Latin* origin.

61. **Anglo-Saxon** is the earliest form of English. The whole of the grammar of our language, and the most largely used part of its vocabulary, are Anglo-Saxon.

62. The **Latin** element in the English vocabulary consists of a large number of words of Latin origin, adopted directly into English at various periods.

The principal periods during which Latin words were brought directly into English are.

1. At the introduction of Christianity into England by the Latin Catholic missionaries, A.D. 596.
2. At the revival of classical learning in the sixteenth century.
3. By modern writers.

63. The **French-Latin** element in the English language consists of French words, first largely introduced into English by the Norman-French, who conquered England in the eleventh century A.D.

64. **Proportions.**—From examination of the dictionary, it

has been found that of every hundred words sixty are of Anglo-Saxon origin, thirty of Latin, and five of Greek, while all the other sources combined furnish the remaining five. This, however, is an inadequate mode of estimating the real proportion of the Anglo-Saxon element in the English vocabulary; the true way of judging is by an examination of the literature.

The constant repetition, in any discourse, of conjunctions, prepositions, auxiliaries, and common adverbs (all of which are of Anglo-Saxon origin) causes this element greatly to preponderate in the pages of even the most Latinized writer. Thus Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, chapter liv.) uses 68 per cent., Hallam (*Constitutional History*, chapter vii.) 70 per cent., and Burke (*Nabob of Arcot's Debts*) 74 per cent; while Scott (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto i.), Byron (*Prisoner of Chillon*), and Dickens (*Pickwick Papers*, "The Bagman's Story") employ 90 per cent., and Defoe, Bunyan, and the English Bible rise to 93 per cent.

65. English a Composite Language.—The great simplicity and perspicuity of words of Anglo-Saxon origin have led some writers, if not to an overvalue of this element, at least to an undervalue of the classical element. This is a one-sided view, and is not justified by the genius of English, which is essentially a composite language. The classical element is of inestimable value, and tends to give our speech that richness and variety which so eminently characterize it.

The following hexameters, by William Wetmore Story, poet and sculptor, present a striking description of the various elements which contribute to the English vocabulary:

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

1. Give me, of every language, first my vigorous English,
   Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
   Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household employment,
   Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

2. Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is shapen,
Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge;
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of music,
Out of myriad of flowers sweetest of honey is drawn.

3. So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten together
Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents, born in the mountains,
Rush, and the rivers pour, brimming with sun from the plains.

4. Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright blow of the Saxon,
Thou the majestical march and the stately pomp of the Latin;
Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the Greek;
Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous Italian;
Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the Norman;
Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

5. Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening vowels,
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air;
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of fancy,
Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers in at thy lattice,
While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

6. Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our words;
Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks chiselled by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious verse.

7. Fitted for every use like a great majestical river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest along,
Bearing the white-wingéd ship of Poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering pennons,
Logic's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges of trade.

8. How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he translates!

Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright hues of his fancy;
Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman his steed.

9. Now, clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hailstones,
Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower;
Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,
Unbroke, firm-set, advance, retreat, trampling along;
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in triplicate syllables,
Dance the elastic Dactylics in musical cadences on;
Now, their voluminous coil intertangling like huge anacondas,
Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

10. Flexile and free in thy gait and simple in all thy construction,
Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along;
Now like our hackney or draught horse, serving our commonest uses,
Now bearing grandly the poet, Pegasus-like, to the sky.

11. Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave to a grammar;
Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and the chain.
Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst been tamer and weaker;
How could the poor slave walk with thy grand freedom of gait?
Let, then, grammarians rail, and let foreigners sigh for thy sign-posts,
Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent growth.

12. Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason defiant;
I in thy wildness a grand freedom of character find.
So with irregular outline tower up the sky-piercing mountains,
Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps;
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and slopes of green smoothness;
Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks in the clouds.

13. Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can cease from rejoicing,
Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestor's tongue;

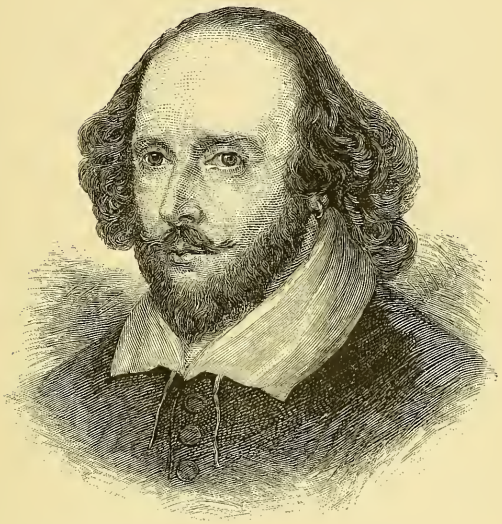
Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation,
I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and harsh,
Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices.
Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet of war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or, drawing its full diapason,
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and stops.

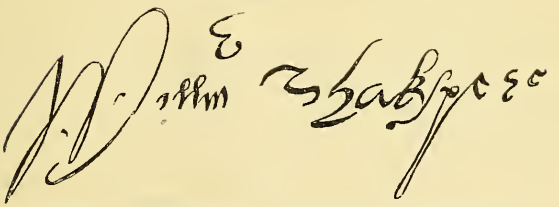
W. W. Story.

I.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.[1]

1564–1616.





CHARACTERIZATION BY DR. JOHNSON.[1]

1. SHAKESPEARE is, above all writers—at least, above all modern writers—the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are

[1] The correct spelling of the poet's name has long been a matter of dispute among scholars. "The name is found in the manuscripts of his period spelled

not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

2. It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

3. Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil are distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity. This, therefore, is the praise

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with all varieties of letters and arrangement of letters which express its sound or a semblance of it." On this matter there are two points of interest—first, how the poet himself *wrote* the name, and, secondly, how it was *printed* under his eye. Touching the first point, Sir Frederic Madden has shown that in the acknowledged genuine signatures in existence "the poet always wrote his name SHAKSPERE." On the other hand, the printers, during his life, and in the folio of 1623, spell the name SHAKESPEARE; and this spelling is now generally followed, on the theory that the poet thus gave it a sort of formal recognition.

of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

4. Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another, and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

5. Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter. That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

6. The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable. The adventi-

tious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre. But the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another; but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare.

MILTON'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing[1] pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument:
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued[2] book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

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[1] *Star-ypointing*, star-pointing. The *y* (= Anglo-Saxon *ge*, the prefix of the *past* participle) is here wrongly used in combination with a *present* participle.

[2] *Unvalued*, invaluable.

I.—THE FUNERAL OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

[INTRODUCTION.—The passage here given forms the second scene, act iii., of Shakespeare's play of Julius Cæsar (written about 1600, and first printed in 1623). The events represented immediately follow the assassination of Cæsar, B.C. 44. Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar, had been allowed by Brutus and Cassius, the leaders of the conspiracy, "to speak at Cæsar's funeral." Cassius had objected to granting Antony this privilege, lest his words should "move" the people; but Brutus overcame this by proposing that he should himself speak first and "show the reason of our Cæsar's death." The scene opens with the Roman populace clamoring to know this reason.]

Scene—The Forum in Rome. *Present*—BRUTUS and CASSIUS and a throng of Citizens.

I.

Citizens. We will be satisfied;* let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience,* friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; 5
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

NOTES.—Line 1. **We . . . satisfied:** that is, We are determined to receive a satisfactory explanation of the killing of Cæsar.

4. **part,** etc., divide the multitude.

7. **public reasons . . . rendered.** "Public reasons" = reasons of a public nature; "rendered" = given. The rhythm makes the word a trisyllable.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—What is the nature of the verse in which this play (save in its prose parts) is written? *Ans.* It is blank verse. Define (see Def. 13).—What is the measure? *Ans.* The measure is pentameter, consisting of five feet of two syllables each, with the accent on the second; thus—

Then fol' | low me', | and give' | me au' | dĭence, friends'.

1. **satisfied.** What is the etymology of this word? (See Glossary.)

2. **audience.** Derivation of? What is the distinction between *audience* (abstract) and *an audience?*

2, 3. **Then follow,** etc. **Cassius, go,** etc. What kind of sentences are these, grammatically considered? (See Def. 54.)

5. **'em:** a contraction of what?

* The asterisk [*] in this book always indicates that the word to which it is affixed will be found in the Glossary.

First Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

Second Citizen. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons, When severally we hear them renderéd.

[*Exit* Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure* me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as

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10. **and compare:** that is, and let us compare.

[The "pulpit" here means the elevated platform called *rostrum*, from which orators addressed the people.]

12. **is ascended.** We should now use the auxiliary *has;* but in Shakespeare's time (as also long afterwards) the compound tenses of verbs of motion were generally formed with the auxiliary *to be*, and not as now with *to have*.

14. **lovers,** friends.

16. **censure me:** that is, judge me, form an opinion of me.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—10. **and compare.** Supply the ellipsis.

14–32. **Romans, countrymen . . . reply.** Is the speech of Brutus that of one who is convinced of the justice of his cause? Does it, at the same time show that he deemed that it would require an effort to convince others of it? Hence what is the tenor of the speech—argumentative or emotional? May this account for its being in prose?

14–18. **Romans . . . judge.** Show the corresponding parts in this balanced sentence. (See Def. 58, ii.) What words are effectively repeated? What synonym is used for "censure?"

24–26. **As Cæsar . . . him.** What is the figure of speech in this sentence? See Def. 33.) What subsequent sentence has the same figure?

he was ambitious,* I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude* that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated* wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good

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29. **rude,** barbarous.

35, 36. **The question . . . enrolled** = the matter of his death (as far as calling for official explanation) is registered.

37. **enforced,** overstated, exaggerated.

41. **as which of you,** etc. Brutus here insinuates that they had been deprived of their independence under the tyranny of Cæsar, but that now they should have their full rights, their "place in the commonwealth."

42. **my best lover** = him I loved best.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—26. **ambitious.** What is the literal meaning of this word?—**There is.** The construction "there is" followed by a plural or by several subjects occurs frequently in Shakespeare, but it is not authorized by modern grammatical rule.

29–32. **Who is here . . . offended.** Suppose these three interrogatories had been united in one, would they have been as effective as they are now? Try this arrangement and compare.

30. **him have I,** etc. Is this the direct or the rhetorical order? (See Def. 45.) What is the result?

[Give the derivation of "censure" (16); how does its Shakespearian differ from its modern meaning? Etymology of "rude" (29)? Of "extenuate" (36)?]

of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse,* and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

47. **a statue,** etc. Brutus (Marcus Junius) was reputed to be a descendant of the elder Brutus (Lucius Junius, about 500 B.C.), who expelled Tarquin, and thus ended kingly rule in Rome.

58. **Do grace** = do honor.

61. **not . . . depart:** that is, let not a man depart.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—43. **I have the same dagger,** etc. From what does the energy of this expression arise? (See Def. **52, ii.**) Suppose a general instead of a specific term had been used — thus, "As I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, so I am prepared to meet the same fate," etc.—would the expression be as energetic?—Did Brutus actually put an end to his life? Under what circumstances? (Consult Roman History.)

58. **corpse.** Give the derivation of this word, and explain its meaning. What was the form of the word in Shakspeare's time? (See Glossary.) What is another modern form of this word?

62. **Save I alone.** This is an irregular construction, since "save," whether regarded as a verb imperative (which it is in origin) or as a preposition (which it is in use), requires its object in the objective case.[1]—**spoke,** curtailed form (common in Shakespeare) for *spoken.*

[1] Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 81) suggests that "*save* seems to be used for *saved*"— *I* being the nominative absolute.

II.

First Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding* to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Citizen. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Citizen. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Citizen. Nay, that's certain:
We're blessed that Rome is rid of him.
Third Citizen. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Antony. You gentle Romans—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interréd* with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,—

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64. **public chair:** that is, the "pulpit," or rostrum, from which Brutus had spoken.
66. **beholding,** beholden, obliged.
81. **So let it be with Cæsar:** that is, let his goodness be buried with him, and not made the theme of my praise.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 77. **Friends, Romans,** etc. In this speech, the aim of Antony (unlike that of Brutus) was to move the feelings of his audience. But it was necessary for him to do so covertly; for when he obtained permission to speak, he was, by Brutus, placed under this limitation—

"You shall not in your funeral speech blame us."

Considering the delicacy of the task, what do you think of the speech? Give reasons for your opinion.

77. **lend me your ears.** What figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**) Change into plain language.

78. **I come to bury Cæsar,** etc. What figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

79, 80. **lives . . . is interred.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)— Give the derivation of *inter*.

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers* fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

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84. **answered it:** that is, answered for it, atoned for it.
88. **in,** at.
93. **general coffers,** the public treasury.
99. **on the Lupercal.** The festival of the Lupercalia, one of the most ancient Roman festivals, was held every year on the 15th of February in the *Lupercal*, a cave or grotto where Romulus and Remus were said to have been nurtured by the she-wolf.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—86. **honorable.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **26.**) Point out subsequent uses of the word, and show how the irony increases.

94. **Did this,** etc. What is the effect of using the interrogative form here? Point out another instance of its use in the same speech.

108. Remark on the expression "brutish beasts."

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
First Citizen. Methinks* there is much reason in his sayings.
Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
Third Citizen. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
Fourth Citizen. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament*

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112. **Methinks,** it appears to me.
120. **dear abide it:** that is, will suffer dearly for it.
127. **so poor** = so poor as.
137. **commons,** the people, the plebeians.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—110. **My heart . . . in the coffin,** etc. What figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

111. **I must pause.** Why does Antony pause? Contrast the pausing of Brutus (32).

112. **Methinks.** Explain this form.

113. **If thou consider,** etc. Analyze this sentence.

134. **Than I will wrong.** This is a grammatical irregularity; correspondence of terms requires the form *than to wrong*, etc.

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins* in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy*
Unto their issue.

Fourth Citizen. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet* you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Citizen. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen. They were traitors! Honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

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140. **napkins,** handkerchiefs.
157. **o'ershot myself:** that is, I have gone too far, revealed too much.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Give the etymology of "testament" (137); of "napkins" (140); of "legacy" (143); of "meet" (148).

142–144. **And, dying, . . . issue.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

146. **we will.** What is the force of "will?"

148. **It is not meet . . . loved you.** Analyze this sentence.

155. **You shall read.** What is the force of "shall?"

157. **I have o'ershot myself.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) Change into a simile. (See Def. **20, ii.**) [In archery the one who was beaten in shooting was said to be *overshot.*]

159. **Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar.** What makes this form of expression extremely energetic? (See Def. **52, ii.**) Compare with "who have put Cæsar to death."

Second Citizen. They were villains, murderers. The will! Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down. [*He comes down.*

Second Citizen. Descend.

Third Citizen. You shall have leave.

Fourth Citizen. A ring! stand round.

First Citizen. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

Second Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through.
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!

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172. **Stand from** = stand away from.
175. **bear back** = get farther back.
180. **the Nervii,** a warlike tribe of Gaul, whom Cæsar defeated in one of his most closely contested and decisive battles, B.C. 57.
186. **As rushing** = as if rushing.
188. **Cæsar's angel:** that is, was as inseparable from him as his guardian angel. Craik understands it as "simply his best beloved, his darling."—ROLFE.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—178. **The first time ever.** Supply the relative.
180. **That day.** What is the grammatical construction of "day?" (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, § 105, ix. and *note.*)

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,*
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint* of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge—about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second Citizen. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

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195. **statuë.** The word is here pronounced as a trisyllable.

201. **dint,** impression, emotion.

204. **marred with,** mangled by.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Give the etymology of "statuë" (195); of "dint" (201).

187. **or no.** What adverb would now be used?

190. **most unkindest.** This is not to be flippantly condemned as a pleonasm; for, though contrary to modern usage, the doubling of comparatives and superlatives was a common idiom in Shakespeare's time: thus we have the expressions "more elder," "more better," "most boldest," "most worst," etc., the adverbs being intensive.

211. **Revenge . . . slay.** Supply the ellipsis.

215. **We'll hear . . . die.** Point out the figure. (See Def. 33.) What is the effect of repeating "we'll?"

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do 't; they're wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,* nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Citizen. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.*

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220. **griefs,** grievances. | 228. **wit,** intellectual power.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 217–237. In this speech of twenty-one lines (one hundred and eighty-three words), only fourteen words—proper names excepted —are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin. (See Def. **49, i.**) Point out these exceptions. Why does Shakespeare here use so large a proportion of native words?—Point out an example of alliteration (see Def. **37**) in this speech.

218. **such a sudden flood of mutiny.** From what is the metaphor taken?

221, 222. **they're wise . . . answer you.** What three words are used ironically?

223. **to steal away your hearts.** Change this into plain language.

224–230. What do you suppose to be Antony's purpose in seeking to make the audience think he was "no orator?"

228. **wit.** How does "wit" as here used differ from its modern meaning?

230. **To stir men's blood.** Change into plain language.

235. **Would ruffle up your spirits.** Explain this expression.

236, 237. **should move The stones,** etc. What figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

240. **conspirators.** Give the etymology of this word.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho ! hear Antony ; most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?
Alas, you know not :—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true ; the will !—let's stay, and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Second Citizen. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.
Third Citizen. O royal Cæsar !
Antony. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho !
Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber—he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?
First Citizen. Never, never !—Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Second Citizen. Go fetch fire.
Third Citizen. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt !

---

244. **loves.** The plural is here used to indicate that the feeling was shared severally by those addressed.

246. **have forgot.** See note to line 62, "spoke."

250. **seventy-five drachmas** = thirteen or fourteen dollars of our money.

259. **to walk abroad:** that is, to walk abroad in.

263. **fire.** The word "fire" is here pronounced as a dissyllable.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—266. **Pluck down benches,** etc. The incidents in the play of *Julius Cæsar* are largely taken from Plutarch's *Lives.* It is well known

II.—TRIAL SCENE FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

[INTRODUCTION.—The Trial Scene forms the second scene, act iv., of the *Merchant of Venice*, first published in 1600. It has always been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's comedies, both with readers and audiences—a popularity justified by the fact that it stands in the first rank for the almost tragic interest of its main plot, for the variety and strongly marked discrimination of its characters, and for the sweetness, beauty, and grace that pervade it.]

Scene—A Court of Justice. *Present*—The DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others.

I.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate

NOTES.—2. **so please** = if it so please.
5. **Uncapable,** incapable.
5, 6. **empty From.** Elsewhere Shakespeare always uses *of*, as we do with *void* and *empty*.
8. **qualify,** modify.

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that Shakespeare used this work, for one of the few existing autographs of the great poet is found in a copy of Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch. The following passage from North's text will illustrate what Shakespeare had "to go on" in writing *Julius Cæsar:* "Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and, taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murtherers!' others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And, furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning fire-brands, and ran with them to the murtherers houses that killed him, to set them on fire."

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's* reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into court.
Salerio. He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse* more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety* of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.
Shylock. I have possessed* your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light

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11. **his envy's reach:** that is, the reach of his malice.
21. **remorse,** relenting.
23. **where** = whereas.
25. **loose,** release.
30. **Enow** = enough.
30. **royal,** a complimentary term to indicate the wealth and power of Antonio.
35. **gentle.** A pun on *Gentile* is meant to be suggested.
36. **possessed,** informed.

Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
But, say it is my humor: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned?* What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear the bagpipe: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

Bassanio. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shylock. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bassanio. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shylock. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bassanio. Every offence* is not a hate at first.

Shylock. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

---

44. **But, say** = but suppose; **humor,** whim, caprice.
47. **baned,** poisoned.
48. **a gaping pig:** that is, a pig's head served up on the table.
50. **affection.** The word here signifies emotions produced through the senses by external objects.
53. **firm,** sound.
54, 55, 56. **he . . . he . . . he:** one, another, another.
59. **nor I will not.** Observe the double negative, a common idiom in Shakespeare's time.
61. **that I follow** = why I follow.
64. **current,** course.
68. **offence.** The word here means the *state of being offended.*

Antonio. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

Bassanio. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shylock. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them—I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shylock. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

* * * * * * * *

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

---

70. **think you question:** that is, remember that you are arguing.
72. **main flood,** high tide; **bate,** abate.
76. **to make no noise.** As this phrase also is under the government of "forbid," it expresses just the opposite of what is meant, and is, therefore, a grammatical slip; but Shakespeare, like a certain Polish monarch, might claim to be a king above grammar (*rex super grammaticam*).
77. **fretten,** fretted; that is, shaken.
83. **judgment.** The word is here used in its legal sense of *sentence.*
95. **Upon my power** = on my authority.
97. **determine,** decide.

Salerio. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

* * * * * * * * *

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Nerissa. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
[*Presenting a letter.*

Bassanio. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shylock. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gratiano. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shylock. No, none that thou hast wit* enough to make.

* * * * * * * * *

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Nerissa. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

* * * * * * * * *

II.

Enter PORTIA, *dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

---

107. **sole . . . soul.** Notice the play on words.

109. **hangman.** The word is here used in a generic sense for executioner.

111. **wit,** sense, sharpness.

115. **attendeth,** waits.

122, 123. **the difference That holds,** etc.: the dispute that is the subject of the present discussion.

Portia. I am informed throughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.
Portia. Is your name Shylock?
Shylock. Shylock is my name.
Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn* you as you do proceed.—
You stand within his danger, do you not? [*To Antonio.*
Antonio. Ay, so he says.
Portia. Do you confess the bond?
Antonio. I do.
Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shylock. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's

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124. **throughly** = thoroughly.

130. **in such rule,** etc. "So strictly according to form that the law can detect no flaw in your procedure."—WRIGHT: *Merchant of Venice.*

132. **within his danger:** that is, within his power to harm you.

137. **must I?** "*Must*, as used by Portia in the preceding line, refers only to what is becoming, what might be expected. Shylock adopts her words, but in a more absolute sense—that of *compulsion*. Portia rebukes him for thus connecting compulsion with mercy.

'The quality of mercy is not strained.'

And this reproof strikes the keynote of the famous speech which follows." — DALGLEISH: *Merchant of Venice.*

140. **twice blest,** *doubly* blest.

144. **shows,** symbolizes.

150. **show,** appear.

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.
Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest* once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Portia. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shylock. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
Portia. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.
Portia. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shylock. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.

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155. **that same prayer:** that is, the petition "forgive us our debts," etc.
156. **spoke,** spoken.
158. **which if thou follow:** that is, if you persist in adhering to the *law* of your plea. "Which" is the object of follow.
162. **discharge the money:** that is, the money *due,* the debt.
168. **truth,** honor, honesty.
169. **Wrest,** turn aside.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Portia. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shylock. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.
Antonio. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Portia. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shylock. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Portia. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shylock. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Portia. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
Shylock. I have them ready.
Portia. Have by some surgeon,* Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

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204. **Hath full relation:** that is, is fully applicable.
207. **more elder.** See note, page 14, line 190.
212. **Are there balance.** "Balance" is here treated as a plural, perhaps because a balance consists of a pair of scales.
215. **on your charge,** at your expense.
216. **do bleed:** subjunctive mood.

Shylock. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Portia. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shylock. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Portia. You, merchant, have you anything to say?
Antonio. But little: I am armed and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.
Bassanio. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Portia. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.
Gratiano. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

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226. **it is still her use,** it is ever her custom.
230. **misery.** Accent thus: *miser'y.*
233. **speak me fair,** speak well of me.
235. **love,** lover, dear friend; that is, Antonio himself.
236. **Repent but you:** that is, if, *only*, you regret, etc.
239. **presently,** immediately.
241. **Which:** for *who.* In Shakespeare's time, *which* was applicable to persons as well as to things.

I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Nerissa. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shylock. [*Aside*] These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—
[*Aloud*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence!
Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine.
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shylock. Most rightful judge!
Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast.
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shylock. Most learnéd judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!
Portia. Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
Gratiano. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!
Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
Gratiano. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!
Shylock. I take this offer, then: pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.
Bassanio. Here is the money.
Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
Portia. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

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270. **confiscate,** confiscated.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more
But just a pound of flesh. If thou cutt'st more
Or less than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.
Portia. Why doth the Jew pause?—Take thy forfeiture.
Shylock. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Portia. He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.
Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shylock. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Portia. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shylock. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Portia. Tarry, Jew.
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

288. **a just pound,** an exact pound.
289. **in the substance,** in the gross weight.
295. **on the hip.** This expression is taken from the language of wrestling; it indicates the mastery which one of the wrestlers has over the other.

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Portia. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.
Shylock. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Portia. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gratiano. A halter gratis;* nothing else, for God's sake.
Antonio. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favor,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

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334. **humbleness may drive:** that is, humility may change or commute.
336. **pardon not that** = spare not that.
344. **so,** provided.
351. **of all he dies possessed:** that is, of all that of which he dies possessed.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant*
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Portia. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shylock. I am content.
Portia. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shylock. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gratiano. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit Shylock.*
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Portia. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt Duke and his train.*
Bassanio. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope* your courteous pains withal.
Antonio. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Portia. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.*
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

---

353. **recant,** revoke.
356. **late** = lately.
363. **ten more:** making up the twelve jurymen who should hang him.
366. **your grace of pardon** = pardon of your grace.
376. **cope,** requite; **withal** = with.
382. **more mercenary,** anxious for any more reward.

II.

FRANCIS BACON.

1561–1626.

Fr Bacon

THREE CRITICS ON BACON'S ESSAYS.

I.

It is by the *Essays* that Bacon is best known to the multitude. The *Novum Organum* and the *De Augmentis* are much talked of, but little read. They have produced indeed a vast effect on the

opinion of mankind; but they have produced it through the operation of intermediate agents. They have moved the intellects which have moved the world. It is in the *Essays* alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into immediate contact with the minds of ordinary readers. There, he opens an exoteric school, and he talks to plain men, in language which everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested. He has thus enabled those who must otherwise have taken his merits on trust to judge for themselves; and the great body of readers have, during several generations, acknowledged that the man who has treated with such consummate ability questions with which they are familiar may well be supposed to deserve all the praise bestowed on him by those who have sat in his inner school. — MACAULAY.

II.

Bacon's sentences bend beneath the weight of his thought like a branch beneath the weight of its fruit. He seems to have written his *Essays* with Shakespeare's pen. He writes like one on whom presses the weight of affairs, and he approaches a subject always on its serious side. He does not play with it fantastically. He lives among great ideas as with great nobles, with whom he dare not to be too familiar. In the tone of his mind there is ever something imperial. When he writes on buildings, he speaks of a palace, with spacious entrances, and courts, and banqueting-halls; when he writes on gardens, he speaks of alleys and mounts, waste places and fountains—of a garden "which is indeed prince-like." To read over his table of contents is like reading over a roll of peers' names. We have taken them as they stand: "Of Great Place," "Of Boldness," "Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature," "Of Nobility," "Of Seditions and Troubles," "Of Atheism," "Of Superstition," "Of Travel," "Of Empire," "Of Counsel"—a book, plainly, to lie in the closets of statesmen and princes, and designed to nurture the noblest natures. — ALEXANDER SMITH.

III.

I am old-fashioned enough to admire Bacon, whose remarks are taken in and assented to by persons of ordinary capacity,

and seem nothing very profound. But when a man comes to reflect and observe, and his faculties enlarge, he then sees more in them than he did at first, and more still as he advances farther—his admiration of Bacon's profundity increasing as he himself grows intellectually. Bacon's wisdom is like the seven-league boots, which would fit the giant or the dwarf, except only that the dwarf cannot take the same stride in them. — ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

BACON'S ESSAYS.

[INTRODUCTION.—The first edition of the *Essays* was published in 1597, at the very time when Shakespeare was doing his greatest work. They were only ten in number, but Bacon subsequently added to these, making in all fifty-eight essays in the edition published in 1625, the year before his death. In the dedication of this edition, Bacon says: "I do now publish my Essays, which, of all my other works, have been most current—for, as it seems, they *come home to men's business and bosoms.*"

It should be noted that the word *essay* has considerably changed its application since the days of Bacon. The word then bore its original sense of a slight suggestive sketch (French *essayer*, to try, or attempt), whereas it is now commonly employed to denote an elaborate and finished composition.]

I.—OF STUDIES.

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness* and retiring;* for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert* men can execute, and per-

NOTES.—Line 1. **delight,** pleasure, pastime; **ornament,** the adornment of conversation; **ability,** executive skill.

2. **privateness,** privacy; **retiring,** retirement.

4. **expert men:** that is, men of *mere* experience.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—The following words in this Essay are used by Bacon in a sense different from their modern meaning: explain this difference—"humor" (10); "crafty" (15); "simple" (15); "admire" (15); "curiously" (23); "witty" (34).

What are the modern forms of the words "privateness" (2) and "retiring" (2)?

The following words are obsolete—define them: "proyning" (12); "stond" (37).

1. **Studies serve,** etc. What three adverbial phrases are adjuncts to "serve?"

2–7. **Their chief use . . . learned.** Supply the ellipses in this sentence.

haps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor* of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning* by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty* men contemn studies, simple* men admire* them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use—but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to

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9. **to make judgment** = to give judgment.
10. **humor,** disposition, habit, whim.
12. **proyning,** pruning.
15. **crafty men.** "*Crafty* men" here signifies *merely practical* men; **simple,** unlearned; **admire,** vaguely wonder at.
17. **without them:** that is, outside of them, beyond them.

Literary Analysis.—Note the expression, "the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs"—an expression having that *over-arching* quality which we think of as specifically Shakespearian.

8–10. **To spend . . . scholar.** What kind of sentence grammatically? How many members (independent propositions)? What grammatical element (word, phrase, or clause) is the subject of each?

13. **except.** What conjunction should we now use?

15–36. **Crafty men . . . contend.** Macaulay, in his essay on Lord Bacon, quotes this passage, and adds: "It will hardly be disputed that this is a passage to be 'chewed and digested.' We do not believe that Thucydides himself has anywhere compressed so much thought into so small a space."

18–20. **Read not . . . consider.** What is the figure of speech in this sentence? (See Def. 18.) With what is "(read) to weigh and consider" contrasted?

21, 22. **tasted . . . swallowed . . . chewed . . . digested.** Are these expressions literal or metaphorical? Explain, from the latter part of the sentence, what is meant by "tasted;" by "swallowed;" by "chewed and digested."

be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously,* and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

5. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

6. Histories make men wise; poets, witty;* the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores* [manners are influenced by studies]. Nay, there is no stond* or impediment* in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the reins; shooting, for the lungs and breast; gentle walking, for the stomach; riding, for the head; and the like.

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23. **curiously,** with scrupulous care. (In place of the expression "not curiously," an early edition of the Essay has the word *cursorily.*)
26. **would** = should.
28. **flashy,** vapid, insipid.
29. **conference,** conversation.
32. **present,** ready.
33. **that** = what.
34. **witty,** bright, quick-witted.
35. **moral:** that is, moral philosophy.
37. **stond,** hindrance.
38. **wrought out** = worked out, got rid of.
40. **reins,** kidneys, inward parts.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—29–33. **Reading maketh . . . not.** What is the figure of speech here? (See Def. **18.**) This is a fine example of antithesis in the form sometimes called *parison*, or *isocolon*, in which arrangement the parts of the sentence follow in a series of corresponding elements. Thus, in this sentence, the first three propositions (members) are alike, word corresponding with word, and then follow three more members (complex propositions) in which clause (dependent proposition) corresponds with clause, and principal proposition with principal proposition. Point out the corresponding and the contrasting parts.

34–36. **Histories . . . contend.** This sentence presents an example of the same figure as in the previous sentence. Point out the corresponding parts.

38. **like as diseases,** etc. What is the figure of speech in this sentence? (See Def. **19.**) Should we now use "like?"

So, if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics: for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores* [hair-splitters[1]]. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

II.—OF FRIENDSHIP.

1. It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation, such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen—as Epimeni-

45. **differences,** distinctions.

45. **the schoolmen.** The name "schoolmen" is applied to the philosophers and divines of the Middle Ages, who spent much time on nice points of abstract speculation.

46. **apt to beat over matters:** that is, skilled in considering matters from various points of view.

1. **him that spake it.** Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, is the author of this sentiment.

5. **aversation towards** = aversion to.

7. **except,** unless.

8, 9. **to sequester . . . conversation:** that is, to seclude himself for the sake of following a higher course of life. The word "conversation" formerly signified habit of life, and in this meaning it is often employed in the Bible: thus in *Psa.* xxxvii. 14; *Phil.* i. 27; 1 *Peter* iii. 1, 16.

10. **Epimen'idēs,** a poet and prophet of Candia or Crete. After his death he was revered as a god by the Athenians on account of the many useful counsels he had given.

[1] *Cymini sectores* is literally splitters of *cummin,* one of the smallest of seeds.

des the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana,—and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church.

2. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little, *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* [a great city is a great solitude],—because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere * and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

3. A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

4. It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of

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11. **Nu'ma**, second king of Rome (B.C. 715–672). He encouraged the belief that he received help in his administration from the nymph Egeria.—**Emped'oclēs**, a Sicilian philosopher, historian, and poet. It is recorded that he wished it to be believed that he was a god; and, that his death might be unknown, he threw himself into the crater of Mount Ætna.
12. **Apollo'nius**, a Pythagorean philosopher who flourished during the reigns of Vespasian and Domitian.
17. **meeteth with it**: that is, corresponds with it.
21. **mere**, absolute.
25. **humanity**, human nature.
30. **sarza**, sarsaparilla.
32. **castoreum**, a substance found in the body of the beaver (*castor*).
38. **so great as** = so great that.

their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times* sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* [sharers in cares], for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

5. L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch.* For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet, "for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death; for when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his

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43, 44. **sorteth to inconvenience**: that is, leads to inconvenience.

45. **privadoes** (Spanish), secret friends.

49. **passionate**, swayed by the feelings, sentimental.

55. **Sylla** (more correctly Sulla) was appointed Roman dictator B.C. 81. (See Plutarch's *Lives*, under "Pompey.")

58. **pursuit**, candidacy.

63. **as** = that.

67. **Calpurnia**, the last wife of Julius Cæsar. (See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act ii. scene 1.)

favor was so great as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica*, witch,—as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius, in a letter to him, saith, "*Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi*" [these things, on account of our friendship, I have not concealed]; and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimus Severus and Plautianus; for he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son: and did write also, in a letter to the Senate, by these words: "I love the man so well as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity, though as great as ever happened to mortal men, but as an half piece, except they mought* have a friend to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

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70. **as.** See note to line 63.

72. **Agrip'pa,** a celebrated Roman general.

77. **Seja'nus,** a Tuscan who rose to the highest favor with the Emperor Tiberius, but who, having betrayed the trust reposed in him, was put to death, A.D. 31.

83. **dearness,** fondness.

88. **over-live me** = outlive me. And yet Severus ultimately put Plautianus to death on suspicion of treason. (See Gibbon: *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, chap. v.)

89. **Trajan** (A.D. 98–117) and **Marcus Aurelius** (A.D. 161–181), Roman emperors, remarkable for their benevolence and purity of life.

95. **mought** = might, should.

6. It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy — namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith that towards his latter time that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely, Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, "*Cor ne edito*"—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression. And even so is it of minds.

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99. **Comineus** (that is, Philip de Comines), a French statesman and writer (A.D. 1445–1509). His *first* master was Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy.

100. **Charles the Hardy** (Charles the Bold), the rival of Louis XI. (There is a fine life of Charles by Kirke, the American historian; and Scott, in the novel of *Quentin Durward*, gives masterly portraits both of Charles and of Louis XI.)

101. **with none** = to none.

104. **perish**, enfeeble, cause to decay.

118. **their stone**: that is, the philosopher's stone, deemed a *panacea*, or universal remedy.

120. **praying in aid of alchemists.** *To pray in aid* is a legal term signifying to call in the help of another having an interest in the cause in question. By "praying in aid of alchemists," therefore, Bacon means calling in alchemists as advocates to assist him in his argument.

124. **of**, with regard to.

7. The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia "that speech was like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they, indeed, are best); but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua* or picture than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.*

8. Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is, faithful counsel from a friend. Heracli-

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136. **waxeth,** grows.

138. **Themis'toclēs,** a distinguished Athenian statesman and general, born about B.C. 514, and died 449.

139. **cloth of Arras.** The word used by Plutarch in his life of Themistocles signifies *tapestry.* In Bacon's time this was called "cloth of Arras," from Arras, a town of France famous for its manufacture.

142. **restrained,** restricted, confined.

146. **In a word,** etc.: that is, it is better for a man to address himself to a statue or picture than to keep his thoughts stifled in his own mind.

147. **statua** = statue.

150. **vulgar,** common.

tus saith well, in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best." And certain it is that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs: so as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometime too piercing and corrosive, reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead, observing our faults in others is sometimes unproper for our case; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend.

9. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune; for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond* and high imaginations to

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152. **Dry light:** that is, intellect pure and unclouded by passion. In another of his works (*On the Wisdom of the Ancients*, chap. xxvii.) Bacon expands the reference to the saying of Heraclitus: "Heraclitus, the Obscure, said, *The dry light was the best soul*—meaning, when the faculties intellectual are in vigor, not wet, nor, as it were, blooded by the affections."

156. **so as** = so that.

175. **favor,** countenance or appearance.

180. **as upon a rest.** The allusion is to the fact that the musket (introduced about A.D. 1520) was at first so heavy that it was fixed upon a fork or *rest.*—**fond,** foolish.

think himself all in all; but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces—asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man—it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled—for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy—even as if you would call a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead then settle and direct.

10. After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections and support of the judgment) followeth the last fruit, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say "that a friend is another himself," for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart—the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy,

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189. **crooked,** perverted.
197. **estate,** state or circumstances.
207. **sparing,** reasonable, moderate.
211. **bestowing,** disposal.

for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself! A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to suppli- 220
cate or beg, and a number of the like; but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper* relations, which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife, but as a husband; to his enemy, but upon terms: 225
whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless. I have given the rule: where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

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222. **are blushing:** that is, are fit to make one blush.

223, 224. **proper . . . put off:** that is, peculiar relations or conditions which he cannot escape.

227. **sorteth,** suits, agrees.

III.

JOHN MILTON.

1608–1676.

John Milton

CHARACTERIZATION BY CHANNING.

1. In delineating Milton's character as a poet, we are saved the necessity of looking far for its distinguishing attributes. His name is almost identified with sublimity. He is in truth the sublimest of men. He rises, not by effort or discipline, but by

a native tendency and a godlike instinct, to the contemplation of objects of grandeur and awfulness. He always moves with a conscious energy. There is no subject so vast or terrific as to repel or intimidate him. The overpowering grandeur of a theme kindles and attracts him. He enters on the description of the infernal regions with a fearless tread, as if he felt within himself a power to erect the prison-house of fallen spirits, to encircle them with flames and horrors worthy of their crimes, to call forth from them shouts which should "tear hell's concave," and to embody in their chief an archangel's energies and a demon's pride and hate. Even the stupendous conception of Satan seems never to oppress his faculties. This character of power runs through all Milton's works. His descriptions of nature show a free and bold hand. He has no need of the minute, graphic skill which we prize in Cowper or Crabbe. With a few strong or delicate touches, he impresses, as it were, his own mind on the scenes which he would describe, and kindles the imagination of the gifted reader to clothe them with the same radiant hues under which they appeared to his own.

2. From this very imperfect view of the qualities of Milton's poetry, we hasten to his great work, *Paradise Lost*, perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The two first books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. Hell and hell's king have a terrible harmony, and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness the longer we contemplate them. From one element, "solid and liquid fire," the poet has framed a world of horror and suffering, such as imagination had never traversed. But fiercer flames than those which encompass Satan burn in his own soul. Revenge, exasperated pride, consuming wrath, ambition; though fallen, yet unconquered by the thunders of the Omnipotent, and grasping still at the empire of the universe—these form a picture more sublime and terrible than hell. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan; and the ruined Archangel gathers into himself the sublimity of the scene which surrounds him. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. We see mind triumphant over the most terrible powers of nature. We see unutterable agony subdued by energy of soul.

3. Milton's versification has the prime charm of expressiveness. His numbers vary with, and answer to, the depth or tenderness or sublimity of his conceptions, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. Like Michael Angelo, in whose hands the marble was said to be flexible, he bends our language, which foreigners reproach with hardness, into whatever forms the subject demands. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words harsh and discordant in the writings of less gifted men flow through his poetry in a full stream of harmony. This power over language is not to be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is a gift or exercise of genius, which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches; and finds or frames, in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feeelings.

4. Milton's poetry is characterized by seriousness. Great and various as are its merits, it does not discover all the variety of genius which we find in Shakespeare, whose imagination revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror, now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now "ascending the highest heaven of invention." Milton was cast on times too solemn and eventful, was called to take part in transactions too perilous, and had too perpetual need of the presence of high thoughts and motives, to indulge himself in light and gay creations, even had his genius been more flexible and sportive. But his poetry, though habitually serious, is always healthful and bright and vigorous. It has no gloom. He took no pleasure in drawing dark pictures of life; for he knew by experience that there is a power in the soul to transmute calamity into an occasion and nutriment of moral power and triumphant virtue. We find nowhere in his writings that whining sensibility and exaggeration of morbid feeling which make so much of modern poetry effeminating. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His *L'Allegro* proves that he understood thoroughly the bright and joyous aspects of nature; and in his *Penseroso*, where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation are such as inspire only pensive musing or lofty contemplation.

5. From Milton's poetry we turn to his prose; and, first, it is

objected to his prose writings that the style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions, and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind, and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions.

6. We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries furthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic; and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences; and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd on it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love, too, to have our faculties tasked by master-spirits. We delight in long sentences in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustrations and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and soul.

THREE POETS ON MILTON.

I.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the other two.

DRYDEN.

II.

Nor second he that rode sublime
  Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
  The secret of th' abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time—
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night. GRAY.

III.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.[1]
  England hath need of thee: she is a fen
  Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
  Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
  Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
  Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
  In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WORDSWORTH.

[1] "This hour;" to wit, 1802, when this sonnet was written.

I.—L'ALLEGRO.

[INTRODUCTION.—*L'Alle'gro* (Italian) signifies the cheerful or merry man, and the poem celebrates the charms of mirth, just as *Il Penseró'so* (the melancholy man—see page 57) celebrates the charms of melancholy. The two poems should be read together, for they are counterparts of each other. It may be noted that the respective characteristics of the two speakers are scarcely expressed by the terms merry and melancholy. *L'Allegro* is a celebration of the social side of life—the view taken of life by one who loves to associate with the "kindly race of men;" while *Il Penseroso* brings before us the moods and feelings of a grave and serious spirit—of one whose eye looks inward rather than outward. "There can be little doubt as to which of the two characters he portrays was after Milton's own heart. He portrays *L'Allegro* with much skill and excellence; but he cannot feign with him the sympathy he genuinely feels with the other; into his portrait of *Il Penseroso* he throws himself, so to speak, with all his soul."—HALES: *Longer English Poems.*]

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,*
Of Cerberus* and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian* cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth* cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

NOTES.—Line 2. **Of Cer'berus . . . born.** The genealogy here assigned to "Melancholy" is Milton's own invention.

3. **Styg'ian,** relating to Styx, a river of the infernal region; hence, hellish, hateful.

5. **uncouth,** wild, strange.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Explain the following names in classical mythology: "Cerberus" (2); "Euphrosyne" (12); and "Bacchus" (16).—Give the etymology of the following words: "Melancholy" (1); "ycleped" (12); "dight" (54).

1–16. **Hence . . . bore.** To what class (grammatically considered) do the first three sentences belong?

1. **Melancholy.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)—Give another instance of the use of this figure in sentence 1, and another in sentence 2.

3, 4. What phrases present a vivid picture of the under-world?

5. **uncouth.** How does its modern differ from its original meaning?

9. **As ragged,** etc. What figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped * Euphrosyne,*
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore.

* * * * * *

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastic toe ;

---

10. **Cimme'rian,** relating to the Cimmerii, a mythical people, who, according to Homer, lived in a land where the sun never shone.

12. **ycleped,** called.

12 – 16. **Euphros'ynē . . . bore.** "Euphrosyne," one of the three Graces that attended on Venus, the goddess of love. The "two sister graces" were Agla'ia (grace) and Thali'a (favor).

16. **Bacchus** (in Greek mythology *Dionȳ'sus*) was the youthful and beautiful god of wine. He was reputed the son of Jupiter and Sem'ele.

19. **Quips,** smart, sarcastic jests ; **cranks,** turns or conceits of speech ; **wanton,** free and easy.

21. **He'be,** the goddess of youth, and daughter of Jupiter and Juno.

22. **love to live:** that is, are wont to live (Latin idiom).

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—10. **dark Cimmerian.** Is there any tautology here?

16. **ivy-crownéd.** Why is this an appropriate epithet?

20. **wreathéd.** What epithet contrasting with "wreathéd" is applied to "Care" in line 23?

23, 24. **Sport . . . sides.** Give three examples of personification (see Def. **22**) in this passage.

25, 26. What expression in this passage is now a familiar quotation? And compare with Shakespeare (*Tempest*, iv. 2) :

"Come and go,
Each one *tripping on his toe*."

And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew*
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovéd* pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

---

30. **crew**, *set* or company. The word is not here used in its derogatory sense.

32. **unreprovéd**, unreprovable, blameless.

37. **in spite of sorrow** = out of a spirit of spite against sorrow ; that is, to spite sorrow.

39, 40. **sweet-brier . . . eglantine.** Eglantine and sweet-brier being the same plant, it is conjectured that by "twisted eglantine" Milton has reference to the honey-suckle.

41. **lively din.** Compare with Grey's "shrill clarion."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—28. **mountain nymph.** Can you think of any reason why "Liberty" is styled a "mountain nymph?"

32. **unreprovéd pleasures free.** Note that the order of words here is adjective +noun+adjective. This is a favorite arrangement with Milton. Are there any other examples of this order in the present poem? What would be the prose arrangement?

33–60. **To hear the lark . . . dale.** In this fine piece of description, enumerate the various sights and sounds that address the senses of *L'Allegro*. Select the most *picturesque* touches.

35. **his.** Whose? and why the masculine form?

37. **to come.** On what does "to come" depend—on "admit" or on "to hear?" On the answer to this question rests whether it is L'Allegro or the lark that comes to "bid good-morrow."

42. **Scatters . . . darkness.** What figure of speech in this? (See Def. **20.**) From what is the metaphor taken? Expand it into a simile. (See Def. **20, ii.**)

And to the stack or the barn door
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,*
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale*
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the landscape round it measures—
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,

46. **Cheerly** = cheerily.
47. **hoar,** rime-white.
51. **against,** towards.
54. **in thousand liveries dight:** that is, arrayed in a thousand suits of color.
59. **tells his tale** = tells or counts the tale, or *number* of his flock.
61. **Straight,** straightway, immediately.
63. **lawns,** open grassy spaces, pastures ; **gray,** light-brown.
67. **pied,** variegated in color.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—59. Give the etymology of the word "tale."
65–67. What epithets are applied to "breast," "clouds," and "meadows?" Are these literal or metaphorical ?

Where perhaps some beauty lies,*
The cynosure* of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower* she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves,
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure* delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;

---

71. **lies,** dwells, resides.
72. **cynosure,** any object that strongly attracts attention.
75. **Cor'ydon and Thyr'sis,** names of shepherds, used by Virgil.
77. **messes,** dishes of food.
78. **Phyl'lis,** the name of a country girl that figures in Virgil's *Eclogues;* hence meant to typify any rustic maiden.
80. **Thes'tylis,** a female slave mentioned by Theo'critus; hence, a country lass in general.
83. **secure,** free from care.
84. **upland hamlets.** "Upland" is here used, not in the primary sense: the meaning is *country* hamlets as contrasted with the "Towered cities" mentioned in line 109.
86. **rebecs,** a stringed instrument of the fiddle kind.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—72. **The cynosure,** etc. What figure of speech is this? (See Def. **20.**)—What is the derivation of "cynosure?"

73–82. **Hard by . . . mead.** Is this a period or a loose sentence? (See Defs. **57, 58.**)—Change this sentence into the prose order.

75–80. Contrast the allusions in these lines with those in lines 92 – 106. Which are classical? Which are derived from old English folk-lore?

83. **secure.** How does the meaning here differ from the modern sense?

83–108, and 109–116. In the former passage we have a picture of rustic pleasures in the upland hamlets: what contrasting pictures have we in the latter passage?

And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How fairy Mab the junkets * eat;
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern * led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar * fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds * of peace, high triumphs hold,

94. **Mab,** the queen of the fairies; **junkets,** sweetmeats, dainties.

95, 96. **She . . . he:** that is, some of the story-tellers.

96. **And he . . . led:** that is, *he* (one of the story-tellers) recounts that "he was led by," etc. There is said to be here an error in Milton's folk-lore: "Friar Rush haunted houses, not fields," and the sprite that played the prank referred to must have been Jack-o'-the-Lanthorn, or Will-o'-the-Wisp.

97. **Tells . . . drudging goblin.** Supply *he* (that is, the last story-teller) as subject of "tells." By "drudging goblin" is meant a Robin Goodfellow, a domestic fairy that would do any kind of drudging work for a bowl of milk.

105. **he flings:** that is, he flings himself; he rushes.

109. **then:** that is, at some other time.

112. **weeds,** garments; **triumphs,** public shows or spectacles, as pageants, tournaments, etc.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—107, 108. **Thus done . . . asleep.** Analyze this sentence.

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learnéd sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse—
Such as the meeting soul may pierce

---

113. **store of ladies,** many ladies.

114. **Rain influence.** According to the doctrine of astrology, the rays or aspects *flowing upon* (Lat. *influere*, to flow upon) men exercised a mysterious power over their fortunes: hence the modern meaning of "influence." In the passage above, the word is used in its original sense.

117. **Hymen,** the god of marriage.

119. **pomp,** solemn procession.

120. **mask,** a masquerade.

124. **If Jonson's learnéd sock:** that is, if one of Ben Jonson's comedies be playing; **sock,** a low-heeled shoe worn by comedians in ancient times.

128. **Lydian airs.** Of the three *modes* or styles of Greek music, the "Lydian" was the soft and voluptuous.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—113. **whose bright eyes,** etc. Observe the splendor of the imagery. What is the figure of speech, and from what is it taken? (See note on "influence.")

124. **Jonson's learnéd sock.** Ben Jonson, a contemporary of Shakespeare, wrote tragedies as well as comedies. Can you tell why it is befitting in *this* poem to refer to him exclusively as a writer of comedies?—Contrast with the "gorgeous Tragedy" in *Il Penseroso* (line 88, etc., page 60, of this book).

125, 126. **sweetest Shakespeare . . . wood-notes wild.** Do you think that "sweetest" and "warbling his native wood-notes," etc., are *adequate* expressions to apply to the greatest literary artist that the world has ever seen?

In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

131. **bout,** a bend or turn—here a musical passage.

133. **wanton,** sportive, flying free. In this line the adjective describes the appearance, the noun the reality.

137–142. **Or'pheus' . . . Eurydice.** Orpheus, son of Apollo, who, with the music of his lyre, had the power to move inanimate objects. His wife, Eurydice, having died, he followed her into the infernal region, where the god Pluto was so moved by the music that Orpheus almost succeeded in carrying her back to earth.

139. **Elysian,** pertaining to Elysium, the abode of the blessed after death.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 137–142. **That Orpheus' self . . . Eurydice.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**) It is in Milton's best style—rich, chaste, and classic.

127–144. Commit to memory this splendid passage.

NOTE ON THE VOCABULARY.—Ninety per cent. of the words in *L'Allegro* are of Anglo-Saxon origin—proper names being excluded and repetition of words counted.

II.—IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bestead,*
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys.
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond* with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue—
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.

* * * * * *

NOTES.—3. **bestead,** avail.

6. **fond,** foolish.

10. **pensioners,** retinue, followers.—**Morpheus,** the son of Sleep, and the god of dreams.

14. **hit,** meet, touch; *to strike.*

16. **O'erlaid with black:** that is, darkened in visage.

18. **Prince Memnon's sister.** Memnon was an Ethiopian prince mentioned by Homer. He was celebrated for his beauty. The "sister" was Hem'era, and is also supposed to have been very lovely.—**beseem,** seem fit for.

19–21. **that starred Ethiop queen,** etc. The allusion[1] is to Cassiope'a, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia. The usual story is that it was the beauty of her daughter Androm'eda that she declared to surpass that of the "sea-nymphs" (Nereides). Cassiopea, as also her daughter, was "starred," that is, placed among the constellations after death.

21. **their powers** = their divinity.

[1] This is an "allusion" in the proper sense of the word—that is to say, it is an oblique, or indirect, reference. The word is often misapplied to direct reference or mention.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,*
All in a robe of darkest grain,*
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cypres lawn,
Over thy decent* shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing* with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retiréd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,

22. **nun.** The word is here used indefinitely to denote a pious recluse.
23. **demure,** grave.
24. **grain,** shade or color.
26. **stole,** veil or hood; not the *stola* proper, or long robe, of the Roman matrons.—**Cypres** (= Cyprus) **lawn** was a thin transparent texture of fine linen.[1]
27. **decent,** becoming (because covered).
28. **wonted state,** that is, accustomed dignity.
30. **commercing,** holding intercourse.
32. **holy passion still** = holy + still (silent) + passion.
35. **as fast,** as firmly.
43. **yon** (adv.), yonder, there.
46. **hist,** silently; supply *bring*.

[1] *Cypres* is defined in an old English dictionary as a "fine linen, *crespé*;" and from crespé (= curled, crisped) come our *crape* and *crêpe*.

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew* sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

---

47. **'Less** = unless; **Philomel,** the nightingale.
50. **Cynthia,** the moon goddess; **her dragon yoke:** that is, her train drawn by dragons.
51. **the accustomed oak.** This seems to refer to a particular landscape which Milton had in his mind.
59. **near her highest noon:** that is, nearly full.
64. **plat,** plot; compare grass-*plat.*
65. **curfew,** the curfew bell. See Glossary, and compare with Gray's *Elegy,* page 196 of this book.
66. **Over some wide-watered shore:** that is, over some shore and the wide piece of water (river or lake) that borders it.
69. **removéd,** sequestered.
73. **save,** except. This word is originally the imperative of the verb *to save.*

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,*
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent *
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;

---

74. **bellman's drowsy charm:** that is, the watchman's drowsy song or chant. In the olden times in England, the watchmen, on their rounds, called out the hours and a blessing on the houses.

75. **nightly** = by night.

78. **outwatch the Bear.** This would be all night, as the constellation of the Bear never sets.

79. **thrice-great Her'mes.** Hermes, a reputed divine personage, the god Thoth of the Egyptians; he was the author of the most ancient Egyptian lore. "Thrice great" as king, priest, and philosopher. — **unsphere,** draw down: the passage is metaphorical, and means communion with the spirit of Plato through the study of his writings.

80. **Plato,** the sublimest of the Greek philosophers, was born B.C. 429.

86. **consent,** in the literal sense = *sympathy.* The reference is to the mediæval doctrine of astrology.

89. **In sceptred pall:** that is, in royal robe.

90. **Thebes.** By two Greek dramatists Thebes was made the scene of some of their most famous tragedies. The reference in "Pelops' line" is to the murder of Agamemnon, who was reputed a descendant of the mythic hero Pelops, and hence who was of "Pelops' line," or race.

91. **the tale of Troy divine.** The reference here is not, as might be supposed, to Homer's *Iliad*, but to the various Greek dramas written on episodes in the "tale of Troy."

Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys* and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear—
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not tricked and frounced,* as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,

---

93. **the buskined stage:** that is, Tragedy's stage. The tragic actor wore a buskin, or high-heeled shoe. Contrast with "Jonson's learned *sock*" in *L'Allegro*, line 124. The allusion in 92 and 93 is thought to be to the tragedies of Shakespeare.

95. **Musæ'us,** a mythical Greek poet, said to be the son of Orpheus.

96. **Orpheus.** See *L'Allegro*, line 137.

100. **Or call up him that left half told.** By "him" is meant Chaucer (A.D. 1328–1400). The *Squire's Tale*, in which figure Cambuscan and the other personages named, is left by Chaucer unfinished—not even "half told," for it is little more than begun.

106. **the Tartar king:** namely, Cambuscan (Cambus khan).

107. **great bards:** to wit, poets of romance, as Spenser, Tasso, Ariosto, etc.

109. **tourneys,** tournaments.

111. **Where:** that is, in "the sage and solemn tunes," or poems, of the bards.

113. **civil-suited,** sober-hued.

114. **tricked,** dressed out; **frounced,** frizzled and curled.

115. **the Attic boy.** The allusion is to Ceph'alus, who was beloved by Eos, the goddess of the dawn.

But kerchiefed * in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud ;
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams,* me, Goddess, bring
To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish * eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.

---

118. **still,** gentle.

121. **minute.** This is not the adj. minute', but the noun min'ute —drops at brief intervals, as it were minute by minute.

123. **flaring,** with an unsteady, fluttering beam.

125. **Sylvan** = Sylvanus, a woodland god of the old Latins.

128. **Nymphs,** the dryads, or "oak-nymphs."

131. **profaner.** The word "profaner" has not here the full force of the comparative degree, but means *somewhat profane* — a Latin idiom.

132. **garish,** dazzling.

138–141. **And let some strange . . . laid.** "The meaning of these lines is not very clear, but the simplest interpretation seems to be: 'Let some strange mysterious dream stir the wings of dewy-feathered Sleep (that is, give consciousness to my sleep) by displaying to my inward vision a succession of vivid images.'" —Ross: *Milton's Poems.*

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
  But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's * pale,*
And love the high-embowéd roof,
With antic pillars massy* proof,
And storied windows richly dight,*
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
  And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage—
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell*
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
  These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

---

147. **studious cloister's pale.** The word "pale" signifies enclosure, and the whole expression is equivalent to seat of learning.

148. **high-embowéd,** lofty-vaulted, or arched.

149. **massy proof,** proof against (able to bear) the *mass* placed upon them.

150. **storied,** painted with stories, or histories, taken from Scripture. For **dight,** see *L'Allegro*, note to line 62.

155. **As** = such as.

159. **the,** not definite here, but equivalent to *some*.

161. **spell,** read, study out.

164. **do:** subjunctive mood.

III.—MILTON'S PROSE.

[INTRODUCTION.—The three following extracts are from Milton's great discourse called "*Areopagitica:* a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is a plea, the grandest ever made, for the freedom of the press. In explanation of the circumstances attending its composition, it may be stated that in 1643 an attempt was made in the Long Parliament to revive the system (which had for some years been in abeyance) of book-censorship, by which no work could be brought out until it was approved and licensed by persons designated by Parliament, and thence called *licensers*. Against the proposal Milton entered this eloquent protest; and, for the greater effect, he threw it into the form of a Speech addressed to the Parliament, though it was never meant to be delivered in the ordinary sense. The *Areopagitica*[1] was first published in 1644.

"It is to be regretted," says Macaulay, "that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every one who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They are a perfect Field of the Cloth of Gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'"]

I.—BOOKS NOT DEAD THINGS.

1. I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment, in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean* themselves, as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors. For books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy

NOTES. — 2, 3. **demean themselves,** behave themselves.
6. **progeny,** offspring.
7. **efficacy,** power to produce effects.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—2. **demean.** What is the etymology of "demean?" Explain its incorrect modern use. Is demean used literally or metaphorically?—What is the figure? (See Def. 22.)—What subsequent words carry out the same figure?

3. **thereafter to confine.** Supply the ellipsis.

5–7. **but do contain . . . are.** Express this thought in your own language.

[1] The name *Areopagitica* is copied from the "Areopagitic Discourse" of the Greek orator Isocrates. *Areopagitic* means pertaining to the Areopagus, or High Court of Athens.

and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

2. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

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8. **extraction.** In this sense *extract* is the modern form.

9, 10. **those fabulous dragon's teeth.** According to the fable, Cadmus, having killed the dragon that watched the fountain at Thebes, in Greece, sowed its teeth, which immediately sprang up armed men. A similar story is told of Jason, leader of the Argonautic expedition.

14. **reasonable,** rational.

18. **on purpose to,** with a view to.

20, 21. **revolutions of ages . . . fare the worse.** Thus it required "the revolutions of ages" ("age" here = century) before the wisdom of the ancients, lost with the ruin of the Roman Empire (fifth century), was "recovered" at the revival of learning in the fifteenth century.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 9. **as lively,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)

12. **wariness.** Give two or more synonyms of this word.

12, 13. **as good almost.** Supply the ellipsis.—What does "almost" modify?

14. **kills a reasonable creature; but,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

16. **in the eye.** What is the force of this expression?

17. **precious life-blood,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

17, 18. **embalmed and treasured up.** Is there any improper mixture of metaphor here? (See Def. **20, iii.**)—**a life beyond life.** Explain this expression.

19. **whereof.** Modernize this word.

20. **oft.** Modernize this word.

3. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide* may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom,* and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre,* whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence—the breath of reason itself; slays an immortality rather than a life.

II.—TRUTH.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes

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23. **spill,** destroy.
27. **the execution,** the accomplishment.
28. **elemental life,** a life, or being, consisting merely of the four supposed elements (earth, water, air, and fire). — **fifth essence:** this is a translation of *quintessence* (Lat. *quinta*, fifth, and *essentia*, essence), and is an allusion to the doctrine of alchemy, in which the "fifth essence" was the highest and subtlest potency in a natural body.[1]
33. **straight,** straightway.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 22–29. **We should be wary . . . a life.** What kind of sentence is this grammatically? What are the principal propositions? Point out the dependent propositions (clauses).—What kind of sentence is this rhetorically? periodic or loose?

25–27. **homicide . . . martyrdom . . . massacre.** Give the etymology of each of these words. What figure of speech is this passage? (See Def. **33.**)

22–29. Substitute synonyms for "wary" (22); "labors" (23); "slaying" (27).—Commit this sentence to memory.

30. **Truth . . . came,** etc. What combination of figures of speech in this sentence? (See Defs. **18, 22.**)

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[1] The following passage in *Paradise Lost* illustrates these expressions:

> "Swift to their several quarters hasted then
> The cumbrous *element, earth, flood, air, fire;*
> And this *ethereal quintessence* of heaven
> Flew upward."

of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature * of loveliness and perfection. Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity, forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint.

34, 35, 38. **Egyptian Typhon . . . Osiris . . . Isis.** Osiris was the great Egyptian divinity. He is represented as being originally King of Egypt; and the story runs that, being murdered by his brother Typhon, who cut his body into pieces and threw them into the Nile, Isis, the wife of Osiris, discovered the mangled remains after a long search.

35. **the good Osiris.** While a king, his life was devoted to the good of his people.

38. **careful,** anxious. See Luke x. 41.

40. **still,** ever.

41, 42. **her Master's second coming.** See 1 Thessalonians iv. 16, 17.

43. **feature,** form, structure.

46. **obsequies,** acts of worship or devotion. The word is rather from the Lat. *obsequium*, dutiful conduct, than from *obsequiae* (= *exuviae*), funeral rites.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 37–40. **From that time . . . find them.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?

37. **such.** What is the grammatical construction of "such?"—Of "as?"

39, 40. **gathering up limb by limb.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

42. **he shall bring.** What is the force of "shall" here?

43. **feature.** Give the derivation of this word.

44–47. **to stand . . . martyred saint.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)

44–47. **Suffer not . . . saint.** What kind of sentence grammatically? What two adjective clauses are adjuncts to "them?"

III.—A NATION IN ITS STRENGTH.

1. Lords and Commons of England! consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, but of quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile* and sinewy to discourse,* not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil* Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the labored studies of the French.

2. Behold now this vast city—a city of refuge, the mansion-house of Liberty—encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers

49. **whereof ye are** = to which ye belong.

51. **subtile,** keen, discerning; **to discourse,** to reason.

53. **the studies.** We should now use the singular number. — **her.** Learning is personified as feminine; and, besides this, *its* was scarcely in Milton's time admitted into literary English.

54. **so ancient,** etc. The reference is to the ancient British (Celtic) learning of the Druids, previous to the Anglo-Saxon invasion in the fifth century A.D.

56. **Pythagoras,** a Greek philosopher, born about 570 B.C.

58. **civil,** civilized, refined.

58, 59. **Julius Agricola . . . for Cæsar.** Agricola was Roman governor of Britain from 78 to 85 A.D. He governed under three emperors — Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; but all the emperors bore the name of *Cæsar*.

62. **his.** See note on line 53, above.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—51. Give the derivation of "subtile." Discriminate between *subtile* and *subtle*.

51. **subtile and sinewy.** What is the figure of speech?

52, 53. **the highest . . . soar to.** To what noun is this adjective element an adjunct?

57–59. **And that wise and civil . . . French.** Analyze this sentence.—**preferred . . . before.** Modernize.

61–70. **Behold . . . convincement.** What kind of sentence grammatically and rhetorically?

63. **the shop of war.** What word now signifies a place where arms are manufactured?

working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage * and their fealty,* the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.

3. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful laborers to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest; there need not be five weeks, had we but eyes to lift up: the fields are white already. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to re-assume the ill-deputed care of

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64. **plates,** breastplates, and here used to denote defensive armor in general, just as "instruments" denotes offensive armor.
65. **beleaguered,** besieged, invested.
70. **convincement** = conviction.
73. **towardly,** tractable, compliant.
74. **a nation of prophets.** See Numbers xi. 29.
75. **five months,** etc. See John iv. 35. Milton probably has reference to the success he hoped the Parliamentary army would gain over the royal army under Charles I. in the campaign of the next year (1645).
80. **fantastic:** that is, merely fanciful.
83. **of,** in connection with, about, over.
84. **re-assume.** The modern form is resume.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 65, 66. **there be.** Modernize this form. — **pens and heads.** What is the figure? (See Def. **29.**) Discriminate between "homage" and "fealty." (See Glossary, under *homage.*)

71–75. **What could a man . . . worthies.** What is the rhetorical effect obtained by the use of the interrogative form in these two sentences?—Point out an instance of alliteration in the first of these sentences.

76. **had we:** what is the mood of the verb?

84, 85. **re-assume . . . again.** What fault may, perhaps, be pointed out here?

their religion into their own hands again. This is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits* pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest* operations of wit* and subtlety, it argues in what good plight* and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs, and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honorable in these latter ages.

4. Methinks* I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing* her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the

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88. **not only to** = not only in regard to.
89. **pertest,** briskest, liveliest.
90. **plight,** condition.
91. **sprightly.** The word is here used as an adverb modifying "up," which here means excited, stirred up.
96. **wax,** become.
102. **mewing,** renewing by moulting, or shedding feathers, as a bird.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—85, 86. **lively and cheerful presage.** Milton frequently uses pairs of adjectives and nouns. Sometimes they raise different images, and at other times the second merely adds emphasis. Point out examples in the subsequent parts of this piece, and distinguish between double-imaged and merely emphatic pairs.

87. **the spirits pure.** Supply the ellipsis, and what is now deemed bad grammar will appear; state the fault.

91. **is so sprightly up.** State the grammatical construction of these words.

95. **by casting off.** From what is the metaphor drawn?

100–108. **Methinks I see . . . schisms.** Point out the two similes. Which is the grander?—Explain "Methinks." What is its subject?—**in my mind:** that is, in his "mind's eye," so that the sentence is an example of the figure vision. (See Def. 24.) The whole passage fairly glows with celestial fire.—It has been

fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise* of 105
timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

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105. **noise,** set, company.
106. **flocking birds:** that is, those that hover about in companies—not "lone-flying" birds, like the eagle.
108. **gabble,** meaningless sounds.

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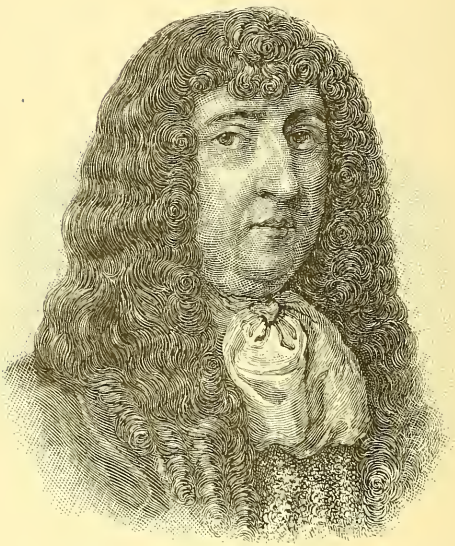
pointed out that a rhythmical movement pervades this passage, the character of which appears from the following division:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation
Rousing herself like a strong man after sleep,
And shaking her invincible locks;
Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth,
And kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam,
Purging and unscaling her long-abused sight
At the fountain itself of heavenly radiance;
While the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds,
With those also that love the twilight,
Flutter about, amazed at what she means,
And in their envious gabble would prognosticate
A year of sects and schisms."

IV.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

1612–1680.



Butler.

HALLAM'S CRITIQUE ON BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

1. *Hudibras* was incomparably more popular than *Paradise Lost:* no poem in our language rose at once to greater reputation. Nor can this be called ephemeral, like most political poetry. For at least half a century after its publication, it was

generally read and perpetually quoted. The wit of Butler has still preserved many lines; but *Hudibras* now attracts comparatively few readers. The eulogies of Johnson[1] seem rather adapted to what he remembered to have been the fame of Butler than to the feelings of the surrounding generation; and since his time new sources of amusement have sprung up, and writers of a more intelligible pleasantry have superseded those of the seventeenth century.

2. In the fiction of *Hudibras* there was never much to divert the reader, and there is still less left at present. But what has been censured as a fault — the length of dialogue, which puts the fiction out of sight—is, in fact, the source of all the pleasure that the work affords. The sense of Butler is masculine, his wit inexhaustible, and it is supplied from every source of reading and observation. But these sources are often so unknown to the reader that the wit loses its effect through the obscurity of its allusions, and he yields to the bane of wit—a purblind, mole-like pedantry. His versification is sometimes spirited, and his rhymes humorous; yet he wants that ease and flow which we require in light poetry.

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[1] "The poem of *Hudibras* is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of diction original and peculiar. . . . If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye could ever leave half read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more, strained to astonishment."—DR. JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

I.—EXTRACTS FROM HUDIBRAS.

[INTRODUCTION.—*Hudibras* is a political satire, written in the mock-heroic vein, its aim being to ridicule the Puritans. There is, properly speaking, no plot in the poem. Sir Hudibras and his squire go forth to stop the amusements of the common people, against which the Rump Parliament has passed some severe laws. "It is," says Angus, "in the description of the scenes in which they mingle, in the sketches of character, and in the most humorous dialogue in which the two heroes indulge that the power of the book consists."

The meter is iambic tetrameter—that is, the octosyllabic line of the legends of the Round Table and of the old Norman romances—and is scanned thus:

When civ′- | il dud′- | geon first′ | grew high′.]

I.—ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon* first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears
Set folks together by the ears; . . .
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded;

NOTES. — Line 1. **dudgeon,** fury. By "civil dudgeon" is meant the civil war which broke out in England in 1642, between Parliament and Charles I. The parliamentarians, in general, belonged to the Puritan or Presbyterian sect; while the royalists, who called themselves Cavaliers, were Episcopalians. The conduct of the war on the side of Parliament soon fell into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, who carried it to a successful issue. Charles I. was executed in 1649, and Cromwell became Lord Protector of England; but the house of Stuart was restored in 1660 in the person of Charles II.

2. **they knew not why.** This is, of course, a royalist view; the stern Puritans thought they knew pretty well "why" they "fell out."

3. **hard words.** The reference is to the uncouth religious terms employed by the Presbyterians.

5. **gospel-trumpeter.** The reference is to the Puritan preachers, who, by their denunciations of royalty and episcopacy, did so much to bring about the state of things that precipitated the civil war.

6. **long-eared rout.** "Rout" = crew, set. The Puritans were called, in derision, Roundheads, on account of their practice of cropping their hair short—a fashion which "made their ears appear to greater advantage."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 1–10. **When civil . . . a-colonelling.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?—What effect is gained by employing the term "dudgeon," a word belonging to the diction of burlesque?

And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.
A wight* he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry,
Nor put up blow but that which laid
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade.
* * * * * *
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.

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7. **drum ecclesiastic.** Alluding to the vehement action of the Presbyterian preachers in the pulpit, which they were in the habit of pounding vigorously.

9, 10. **Sir Knight . . . a-colonelling.** "Sir Knight" is Sir Hudibras, the hero of the poem. The original is supposed to have been Sir Samuel Lake, in whose family Butler lived for some time after the civil war, and who was a *colonel* in the Parliamentary army.

11. **wight,** person.

13, 14. **That never . . . chivalry:** that is, he knelt to the king when he knighted him, but on no other occasion.

15, 16. **Nor put up blow . . . shoulder-blade.** "Put up" = put up with. The reference is to the blow the king laid on his shoulder with a sword when he was knighted.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—7. **drum ecclesiastic.** What figure is "drum?" (See Def. 20.)—Observe the mock-majesty of placing the epithet after the noun.

7, 8. **ecclesiastic . . . a stick.** It will be noted that each of these lines contains a redundant syllable; or, in the language of prosody, they are *hypermeters.*—The speaking of "a stick" as one word with the stress upon *a* heightens the burlesque effect.

11. **wight.** Does this word belong to the grave or the burlesque style? What term would probably be used in the grave style?

13. **stubborn knee.** Why "stubborn?"

19. **to wear it out.** Observe how the image suggested by this phrase is carried out in the simile in the last part of the sentence.

Besides, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.

* * * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic.
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute.
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;

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25. **difficile** (pronounced *diffic'ile*), difficult.

30. **had not one word:** that is, did not know one word of Greek or Latin.

32. **analytic.** "Analytic method takes the whole compound as it finds it, whether it be a species or an individual, and leads us into the knowledge of it by resolving it into its principles or parts, its generic nature and special properties: this is called the method of resolution." — DR. WATTS: *Logic.*

33, 34. **He could . . . south-west side.** The reference is to the subtle distinctions made by the class of philosophers called schoolmen.

36. **change hands:** that is, take the other side of the argument.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—23–26. **Besides . . . whistle.** Point out the two ludicrous comparisons in this sentence.—How is the ridiculous effect heightened by the rhymes?

34. **A hair 'twixt south,** etc. What term, expressing the idea in this sentence, do we often apply to a person who makes needlessly fine distinctions?

40. **a lord may be an owl.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) What is the effect intended? (See Def. **27.**)

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination.
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich—
A Babylonish dialect
Which learnéd pedants* much affect:

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42. **committee-men.** During the English civil war there were formed, in several counties siding with Parliament, *committees* composed of such men as were for the "good cause," as it was called.

44. **ratiocination,** formal reasoning.

45. **syllogism,** the regular logical form of every argument, consisting of three propositions, of which the first two are called *premises*, and the last the *conclusion*.

46. **In mood and figure.** "Mood" and "figure" have reference to the nature and the order of the three propositions in a syllogism.

47. **ope** = open.

48. **trope,** a certain class of figures of speech, as metaphor, synecdoche, etc.

59. **Babylonish dialect,** the sort of jargon spoken at Babel after the confusion of tongues.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 41, 42. **A calf . . . trustees.** Supply the ellipsis in these lines.

47–56. What two passages in this sentence are familiar quotations? Is it true that the rules of sound rhetoric teach one "nothing but to name his tools?" Do they not also teach how to handle these tools?

59. **dialect.** What is the grammatical construction of "dialect?"

It was a parti-colored dress
Of patched and piebald* languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian* heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talked three parts in one;
Which made some think when he did gabble
H' had heard three laborers of Babel,
Or Cerberus* himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;

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61. **parti-colored,** colored part by part, having various tints and colors.
62. **piebald,** diversified in color.
63. **English . . . Latin.** The leading men of those times were fond of appearing learned, and commonly mixed Latin and even Greek terms and phrases with their speech. This was especially the case with the country justices, of whom Hudibras was one.
64. **Like fustian . . . satin:** that is, like the fashion which formerly ("heretofore") prevailed of pinking or cutting holes in *fustian* (a coarse twilled cotton stuff), that the satin in a garment might appear through it.
66. **three parts.** The expression alludes to the old musical *catches* in three parts.
69. **Cerberus,** the three-headed dog at the entrance to Hades.
70. **leash,** literally a rope. In the technical language of hunting, it signifies three greyhounds, or three creatures of any kind, the hounds in hunting having been in former times held with a rope or string.
73. **charge,** burden, duty.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—61. **It was . . . dress.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

63, 64. Observe how the *specific* illustrations in these lines carry out the *general* idea in lines 61 and 62.

64. **Like fustian,** etc. Explain the comparison.

69. What apposite classical reference is made in this line?

For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit—
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em,
That had the orator who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.

75, 76. **he could . . . words.** The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as out-goings, carryings-on, workings-out, gospel-walking-times, etc.

76. **wit,** sense.

81, 82. **the orator . . . pebble-stones.** The allusion is to Demosthenes, who, to remedy a defect in his articulation, put pebble-stones in his mouth while practising in speaking.

77, 78, 80. **no stone . . . touch them on . . . current.** The meaning is that there was no *touchstone* (a stone on which gold and silver were tested) fit to test these "new words," these counterfeits. They therefore passed as "current," that is, as current coin, currency.

83. **his phrase:** that is, Hudibras's diction.

86. **Tycho Brahe** (1546–1601), an eminent Danish astronomer. By **Erra Pater** (the name of an old astrologer) is meant William Lilly, also an astrologer and a contemporary of Butler's.

88. **Could . . . ale.** As a justice of the peace he had a right to inspect weights and measures.

89. **sines and tangents,** terms of trigonometry.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 75–80. **For he could coin . . . took 'em.** Show the felicitous manner in which the metaphor in this passage is carried out.

85–92. **In mathematics . . . algebra.** By what device does the author contrive to convey an exceedingly ludicrous idea of Hudibras's mathematical attainments?

Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher
And had read every text and gloss over—
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath
He understood b' implicit faith;
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every *why* he had a *wherefore;*
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And as occasion served would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.
His notions fitted things so well
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where entity and quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where Truth in person does appear,
Like words congealed in northern air.

94. **gloss,** a commentary.

95. **crabbed'st author:** that is, the author the most difficult to be understood.

108. **clerks,** learned men.

109, 110. **He could reduce . . . abstracts.** "Acts," general notions; "abstracts," the results of the process of abstraction. The old philosophers pretended to extract notions or ideas out of things, as chemists extract spirits and essences.

111. **entity and quiddity.** The schoolmen made fine distinctions between "entity" (essence) and "quiddity" (nature), on the one hand, and substance on the other. The former two might remain when body had perished, and hence they were termed "the ghosts of defunct bodies."

114. **words congealed . . . air.** The reference is to a humorous account, published in Butler's time, of words freezing in Nova Zembla.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—93, 94. Point out the hypermeters in these lines.

109–116. **He could . . . fly.** Point out the skilful manner in which Butler satirizes the philosophy of the schoolmen.

111–114. **Where entity,** etc. Of what verb understood are these two clauses the objects?

114. **Like words . . . air.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit* can fly.
In school divinity as able
As he that hight* irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce;
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs fit for skull
That's empty when the moon is full—
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnishéd.

116. **metaphysic wit,** intellectual acumen.

117. **school divinity,** theology.

118. **hight,** called.—**irrefragable.** The reference is to Alexander Hales (an English philosopher of the 13th century), who was so deeply read in what was termed school divinity that he was called "Doctor Irrefragabilis," or the Irrefragable Doctor.

119. **A second Thomas.** Thomas Aquinas (1224–1274), a schoolman, was one of the most learned men of his time.

120. **Dunce.** Reference is made to Duns Scotus, a learned scholastic theologian, born in Dunse (Scotland), and died 1308. The English word *dunce* is derived from his name, and acquired its opprobrious meaning from its having been used as a term of reproach by his antagonists, who were the followers of Thomas Aquinas.

121, 122. **nominal and real way:** that is, the ways of the nominalists and realists, two antagonistic schools into which the mediæval metaphysicians were divided.

124. **Sorbonist,** a member of the celebrated French college of the Sorbonne, founded in the reign of St. Louis by Robert Sorbon.

125, 126. **fit for skull . . . full.** It was an old notion that lunatics (*luna*, the moon) were liable to be crazier than common at the full of the moon.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 117–128. **In school divinity . . . unfurnishéd.** Point out any satirical expressions in this description of the theology of the schoolmen.

125. **weave fine cobwebs.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)

127, 128. **in a head . . . unfurnished.** Explain this expression.

II.—RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant* saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant—
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword and desolation
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended—
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right, way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;

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133. **errant saints:** that is, the Presbyterians.

147-170. **A sect . . . nose.** The religion of the Presbyterians in those times was accused of consisting principally in an opposition to the Church of England and to its most innocent customs, as, for example, the eating of Christmas pies and plum porridge at Christmas, which they (the Presbyterians) deemed sinful.

The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for:
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend—plum porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

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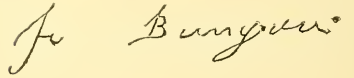
172. **were ass and widgeon.** The author intends to stigmatize the Presbyterians as foolish persons; but the words also contain an allusion to a mule and a "widgeon" (pidgeon) which figure in the history of Mahomet.

176. **advowson of his conscience:** that is, the patronage or the control of his conscience.

V.

JOHN BUNYAN.

1628–1688.



CHARACTERIZATION BY TAINE.[1]

1. After the Bible, the book most widely read in England is the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan. The reason is that the basis of Protestantism is the doctrine of salvation by grace, and

[1] *History of English Literature*, by H. A. Taine, translated by Van Laun, vol. i. p. 398 et seq.

that no writer has equalled Bunyan in making this doctrine understood.

2. To treat well of supernatural impressions, one must have been subject to them. Bunyan had that kind of imagination which produces them. Powerful as that of an artist, but more vehement, this imagination worked in the man without his co-operation, and besieged him with visions which he had neither willed nor foreseen. From that moment there was in him, as it were, a second self, dominating the first, grand and terrible, whose apparitions were sudden; its motions unknown; which redoubled or crushed his faculties, prostrated or transported him, bathed him in the sweat of anguish, ravished him with trances of joy; and which by its force, strangeness, independence, impressed upon him the presence and the action of a foreign and superior master.

3. Bunyan was born in the lowest and most despised rank, a tinker's son; himself a wandering tinker, with a wife as poor as himself, so that they had not a spoon or a dish between them. He had been taught in childhood to read and write, but he had since "almost wholly lost what he had learned." Education draws out and disciplines a man; fills him with varied and rational ideas; prevents him from sinking into monomania, or being excited by transport; gives him determinate thoughts instead of eccentric fancies, pliable opinions for fixed convictions; replaces impetuous images by calm reasonings, sudden resolves by results of reflection; furnishes us with the wisdom and ideas of others; gives us conscience and self-command. Suppress this reason and this discipline, and consider the poor workingman at his work. His head works while his hands work—not ably, with methods acquired from any logic he might have mustered, but with dark emotions, beneath a disorderly flow of confused images. Morning and evening, the hammer which he uses in his trade drives in with its deafening sounds the same thought, perpetually returning and self-communing. A troubled, obstinate vision floats before him in the brightness of the hammered and quivering metal. In the red furnace where the iron is bubbling, in the clang of the hammered brass, in the black corners where the damp shadow creeps, he sees the flame and darkness of hell, and hears the rattling of eternal chains. Next day he sees the same

image; the day after, the whole week, month, year. During his long solitary wanderings over wild heaths, in cursed and haunted bogs, always abandoned to his own thoughts, the inevitable idea pursues him. These neglected roads where he sticks in the mud; these sluggish rivers which he crosses on the cranky ferry-boat; these threatening whispers of the woods at night, where in perilous places the livid moon shadows out ambushed forms—all that he sees and hears falls into an involuntary poem around the one absorbing idea. Thus it changes into a vast body of sensible legends, and multiplies its power as it multiplies its details.

4. Having become a dissenter, Bunyan is shut up for twelve years, having no other amusement than the *Book of Martyrs* and the Bible, in one of those infectious prisons where the Puritans rotted under the Restoration. There he is, still alone, thrown back upon himself by the monotony of his dungeon, besieged with the terrors of the Old Testament, by the vengeful outpourings or denunciations of the prophets, by the thunder-striking words of Paul, by the spectacle of trances and of martyrs, face to face with God; now in despair, now consoled; troubled with involuntary images and unlooked-for emotions, seeing alternately devil and angels, the actor and the witness of an internal drama, whose vicissitudes he is able to relate. He writes them — it is his book. You see now the condition of this inflamed brain. Poor in ideas, full of images, given up to a fixed and single thought, plunged into this thought by his mechanical pursuit, by his prison and his readings, by his knowledge and his ignorance, circumstances, like nature, make him a visionary and an artist, furnish him with supernatural impressions and sensible images, teaching him the history of grace and the means of expressing it.

5. Allegory, the most artificial kind, is natural to Bunyan. If he employs it throughout, it is from necessity, not choice. As children, countrymen, and all uncultivated minds, he transforms arguments into parables; he only grasps truth when it is made simple by images; abstract terms elude him; he must touch forms, and contemplate colors. His repetitions, embarrassed phrases, familiar comparisons, his frank style, whose awkwardness recalls the childish periods of Herodotus, and whose light-heartedness recalls tales for children, prove that if his work is

allegorical, it is so in order that it may be intelligible, and that Bunyan is a poet because he is a child.

6. Again, under his simplicity you will find power, and in his puerility intuition. These allegories are hallucinations as clear, complete, and sound as ordinary perceptions. No one but Spenser is so lucid. He distinguishes and arranges all the parts of the landscape—here the river, on the right the castle, a flag on its left turret, the setting sun three feet lower, an oval cloud in the front part of the sky—with the preciseness of a carpenter. Dialogues flow from his pen as in a dream. He does not seem to be thinking; we should even say that he was not himself there. Events and speeches seem to grow and dispose themselves within him independently of his will. Nothing, as a rule, is colder than are the characters in an allegory. His are living. Looking upon these details, so small and familiar, illusion gains upon us. Giant Despair, a simple abstraction, becomes as real in his hands as an English jailer or farmer.

7. Bunyan has the freedom, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer. He is as close to Homer as an Anabaptist tinker could be to an heroic singer, a creator of gods. I err; he is nearer: before the sentiment of the sublime, inequalities are levelled. The depth of emotion raises peasant and poet to the same eminence; and here, also, allegory stands the peasant in stead. It alone, in the absence of ecstasy, can paint heaven; for it does not pretend to paint it. Expressing it by a figure, it declares it invisible as a glowing sun at which we cannot look full, and whose image we observe in a mirror or a stream. The ineffable world thus retains all its mystery. Warned by the allegory, we imagine splendors beyond all which it presents to us.

8. Bunyan was imprisoned for twelve years and a half. In his dungeon he made laces to support himself and his family. He died at the age of sixty in 1688. At the same time, Milton lingered obscure and blind. The last two poets of the Reformation thus survived amid the classical coldness which then dried up English literature, and the social excess which then corrupted English morals.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract forms the last chapter of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, characterized by Macaulay as "the only work of its kind [the allegorical] which possesses a strong human interest." The full title of the work is, *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come, delivered under the Similitude of a Dream.* It was written by Bunyan while imprisoned in Bedford (England) jail, where he was confined for more than twelve years (1660–1672) for holding religious meetings at which he preached as a dissenting minister. The first edition of the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was published in 1678. The subsequent editions of the *Progress* have been innumerable, and it is said to have been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible.]

1. Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims* were got over the Enchanted Ground; and, entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds,

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NOTES. — Line 1. **in my dream.** The whole "progress," or journey, of the Pilgrim is represented by Bunyan "under the similitude of a dream." (See *Pilgrim's Progress*, chap. i.)

2. **Enchanted Ground.** In the geography of the Pilgrim the Enchanted Ground lies immediately beyond the Delectable Mountains, before which are, successively, Doubting Castle, the town of Vanity, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Valley of Humiliation, etc.

3. **country of Beulah.** See Isaiah lxii., 4: "Thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land [shall be called] *Beulah.*" The marginal reference in the English version translates the Hebrew term Beulah *married.*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—To what class of literary productions does the *Pilgrim's Progress* belong? *Ans.* It belongs to the class of allegories.—Define the figure allegory. (See Def. 21.)—What are some other famous allegories in the English language?

1–11. Of how many sentences does paragraph 1 consist?—To which class grammatically does each sentence belong?—How many members (independent propositions) in the first sentence? In the second? In the third?—The three sentences are of the same kind rhetorically considered: are they periods or loose sentences?—Of the 116 words in this paragraph, 82 per cent. are of Anglo-Saxon origin: select the other 21 words.

2. **were got.** Remark on this grammatical construction. See page 5, note 12 of this book.

and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of the Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle.

2. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also, here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract* between the bride and bridegroom* was renewed. Yea, here as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over

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7. **voice of the turtle.** See Song of Solomon ii., 12: "And the *voice of the turtle* is heard in our land." **turtle** = turtle-dove.

8, 9. **Valley of the Shadow of Death.** By this expression is not meant death itself, but a state of great spiritual depression. Christian, the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is represented as sorely distressed in this valley, but as passing through it unhurt. The Valley of the Shadow of Death was at the end of the Valley of Humiliation.

9–11. **Giant Despair . . . Doubting Castle.** In chap. xv. of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an account is given of how Christian and his companion Hopeful mistook their way after leaving the town of Vanity (which they reached after passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death), and fell asleep near "Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair." By him they were thrown into a dungeon; but at last they made their escape, and then went on to the Delectable Mountains.

14. **shining ones.** See Luke xxiv., 4.

16, 17. **bridegroom rejoiceth.** See Isaiah lxii., 5.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—12–24. **Here . . . out,** etc. One of the sentences in paragraph 2 is a period: which is the sentence?—Note the use of "here" as the introductory word of several of the sentences: is the order of these words the common or the rhetorical order? (See Def. **43.**)—Give synonyms of the following words used in paragraph 2: "contract" (15); "abundance" (19); "pilgrimage" (20).

12. **the city they were going to.** Is this the literary or the conversational form of expression? Change to the literary order.

13. **here met them,** etc. Remark on the order of the words.

16. **bridegroom.** What is the derivation of this word?

them. Here they had no want of corn* and wine; for in this place they met abundance* of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!" Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," etc.

3. Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound. And drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof. It was built of pearls and precious stones; also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful, also, had a fit or two of the same disease; wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out because of their pangs, "If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love."

4. But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards,* vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, "Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these?" He answered, "They are the King's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims." So the

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18. **corn and wine.** See Isaiah lxii., 8, 9.—**corn** = wheat.

32. **lay by it** = lay by, rested. The "it" here is indefinite, and is in the same construction as in "trip it" (Milton).

34. **sick of love** = love-sick. See Song of Solomon v., 8.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—18. **had no want,** etc. What is the figure of speech here? (See Def. **31.**)

20, 21. **voices . . . loud voices.** Observe the fine effect of the repetition of "voices."

23. **called them the holy people.** Give syntax of "them;" of "people."

25-34. **Now, as they walked . . . love.** How many sentences in paragraph 3? To what class, grammatically and rhetorically considered, does each belong.

gardener had them into the vineyards, and had them refresh themselves with the dainties. He also showed them there the King's walks and arbors, where he delighted to be. And here they tarried and slept.

5. Now I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than they ever did in all their journey; and being in a muse* thereabout, the gardener said even to me, "Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

6. So I saw that when they awoke they addressed* themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city — for the city was pure gold — was so extremely glorious that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

7. These men asked the pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what dangers and difficulties, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way? and they told them. Then said the men

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43. **had them into the vineyards**: that is, caused them to go, conducted them. — **had them refresh**: that is, caused them to refresh. In this instance, as in the preceding, "had" is a principal, not an auxiliary, verb, and the use of the word is idiomatic.

49. **in a muse** = in deep thought.

51, 52. **go down so sweetly . . . speak.** See Song of Solomon vii., 9.

53. **addressed themselves**: that is, prepared themselves.

55. **pure gold.** "And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."— Revelation xxi., 18.

56, 57. **with open face . . . instrument.** See 2 Corinthians iii., 18.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—49. **muse.** Give the derivation of this word.

50–52. **It is the nature . . . speak.** Remark on the form of statement in this sentence. For what logical subject does the anticipative subject "it" stand?

53–59. **So I saw . . . light.** Point out a periodic sentence in paragraph 6.

53, 54. **So I saw . . . city.** Analyze this sentence.

56. **but.** What part of speech is "but" here?

57–59. **So I saw . . . light.** What simile in this sentence?

that had met them, "You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city."

8. Christian, then, and his companion asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. "But," said they, "you must obtain it by your own faith." So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

9. Now I further saw that betwixt* them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, "You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate."

10. The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? To which they answered, "Yes; but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. Then the pilgrims — especially Christian — began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they could escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth? They said, "No;" yet they could not help them in that case: "for," said they, "you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place."

11. They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters, the billows go over my head, all the waters go over me; Selah."* Then said the other, "Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is

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75. **come at** = come to, reach.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—64. **but.** What part of speech is "but" here?

72. **no bridge to go over.** Supply the ellipsis.

77, 78. **there hath not . . . permitted.** Remark on this construction, and change the form of expression.

81. **despond in their minds.** Query as to any redundancy in this expression.

87. Give the derivation of the following words in paragraph 11: "compassed" (93); "discover" (99); "hobgoblins" (105).

89. **Hopeful.** What is the syntax of this word?

good." Then said Christian, "Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed * me about. I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey." And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also he, in a great measure, lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover * that he had horror of mind and heart-fears that he should die in that river and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here, also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began as a pilgrim. It was also perceived that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins * and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, had much ado * to keep his brother's head above water. Yea, he would sometimes be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavor to comfort him, saying, "Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us." But Christian would answer, "It is you, it is you that they wait for. You have been hopeful ever since I knew you." "And so have you," he said to Christian. "Ah, brother," said he, "surely, if I was right, He would now rise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare and left me." Then said Hopeful, "My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are

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99. **to discover,** to show.

118. **bands** = bonds.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—93, 94. **I shall not . . . honey.** Analyze this sentence.

99. **discover.** Distinguish between the signification of "discover" as used by Bunyan and its modern meaning, and trace the steps in the change.

102, 103. **he was much in the troublesome thoughts.** Modernize this form of expression.

107. **ado.** Give the derivation of this word.

107, 108. **to keep . . . water.** Adverbial phrase (purpose), modifying what verb?

109. **ere a while.** Explain this phrase.

112. **hopeful.** Do you suppose this to be intended as a pun?

117. **forgot.** Query as to this form.

not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you, but are sent to try you whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness and live upon him in your distresses."

12. Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse a while. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words: "Be of good cheer; Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, "Oh! I see him again, and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.'" Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

13. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two Shining Men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, "We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister * to those that shall be heirs of salvation." Thus they went along towards the gate.

14. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms. They had likewise left their mortal * garments behind them in the river; for though

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128. **brake** = broke.
132. **were gone.** See note 12, page 6.
137. **Shining Men.** See lines 58, 59.
139. **ministering spirits.** See Hebrews i., 14.
145. **their mortal garments:** that is, their bodies.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 122. **call to mind.** Substitute a single word for these three.

123, 124. **distresses.** Give as many synonyms of this word as you can.

125. **was in a muse.** Substitute a single-word verb.

125–135. **Then . . . over.** How many sentences in paragraph 12?—State the grammatical class of each sentence.—Is there any period in the paragraph?—Point out a simile in this paragraph.

they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. They therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river and had such glorious companions to attend them.

15. The talk that they had with the Shining Ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. "There," said they, "is Mount Sion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. You are going now," said they, "to the paradise * of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth — to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death; for the former things are passed away. You are now going to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from

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155–157. **There . . . perfect.** For the source of the terms and phrases here used by Bunyan, see Hebrews xxii., 22, 23.

158, 159. **paradise . . . tree of life.** "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the *tree of life*, which is in the midst of the *paradise of God*." — See Revelation ii., 7.

160. **white robes.** "What are these which are arrayed in *white robes?*" — See Revelation vii., 13.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—147. **agility and speed.** Which of these words is of Latin and which of Anglo-Saxon origin?

150, 151. **safely got.** Remark on the position of the adverb.

153–155. **The talk . . . inexpressible.** Note the mode in which the members of this sentence are loosely joined by the relative pronoun "who." Express the thought in a more modern manner.

154, 155. **beauty and glory . . . was.** How may the singular number of the verb be justified here?

155. **There . . . is.** What is the logical subject of "is." Hence in what number should the verb be?

the evil to come, and that are now 'resting upon their beds, each one walking in his uprightness.'" The men then asked, "What must we do in the holy place?" To whom it was answered, "You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One; for there you shall see him as he is. There also you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that followeth into the holy place after you. There also you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go, too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him."

16. Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones, "These are

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167, 168. **resting . . . uprightness.** See Isaiah lvii., 2.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—174. **sight and vision.** Which of these words is of Anglo-Saxon and which of Latin origin?—The use of a pair of synonymous words, one of Anglo-Saxon and the other of Latin origin, was common in the 17th-century writers.

175–178. **There also . . . flesh.** Transpose this sentence so as to bring the relative pronoun "whom" nearer to its antecedent.

179. **seeing.** What words must be understood as the object of "seeing?" Rewrite the sentence, fully expressing the thought.

the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey that they may go in, and look their Redeemer in the face with joy." Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." There came out also, at this time, to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow* with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

17. This done, they compassed them round on every side. Some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were, to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful

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201. **marriage supper,** etc. See Revelation xix., 9.

206. **his fellow:** that is, Hopeful.

206, 207. **welcomes from the world:** that is, welcomes on their arrival from the world.

220. **at it** = to it; **swallowed up,** transported.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—204. **melodious noises and loud.** Remark on the position of the adjectives. Observe the expression "melodious noises." [This is an illustration of a form of antithesis to which the name *oxymoron* is sometimes given. It unites words of contrary signification, and produces a seeming contradiction.]

223–226. **But above all . . . expressed.** What kind of sentence is this grammatically?

thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever—oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

18. Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

19. Then I saw in my dream that the two Shining Men bade them call at the gate. The which when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, etc.—to whom it was said, "These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction for the love that they bear to the King of this place;" and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate which they had received in the beginning. Those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, "Where are the men?" To whom it was answered, "They are standing without the gate." The King then commanded to open the gate, "that the righteous nation," said he, "that keepeth truth may enter in."

20. Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and, lo! as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them—the harps to praise withal,* and the crowns in token of honor. Then

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233. **The which.** The use of the definite article with "which" originates in an ellipsis of a noun, "which" being primarily an indefinite adjective. Compare Fr. *lequel.*

236. **City of Destruction.** The "City of Destruction" (the natural or unregenerate state of man) was the place whence the Pilgrim set out on his progress.

237. **gave in,** delivered.

241. **without the gate** = outside of the gate.

242, 243. **righteous nation . . . may enter in.** Isaiah xxvi., 2.

247, 248. **the harps to praise withal.** "Withal" (prep.) = with; and, supplying the relative, the construction is "the harps with which to praise."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 232, 233. **that the two . . . gate.** What kind of clause is this? Of what verb is it the object?

245. **transfigured.** Give synonyms of this word.

I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of your Lord." I also heard the men themselves that they sang with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

21. Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

22. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!" And after that, they shut up the gates; which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them. * * *

23. So I awoke; and behold, it was a dream.

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254. **for ever and ever.** See Rev. v., 13. | 260. **of them:** that is, some of them.

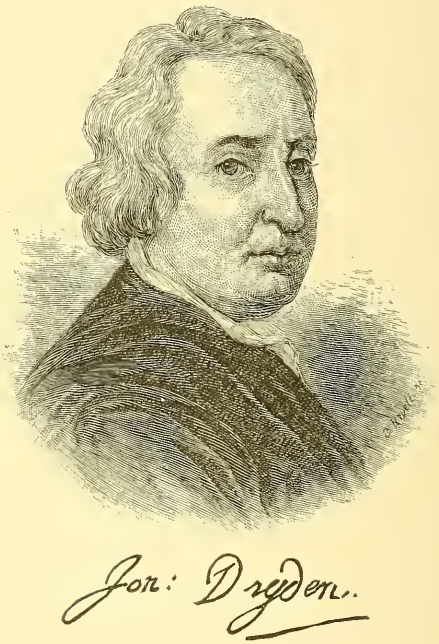
LITERARY ANALYSIS.—250, 251. **Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.** Analyze this sentence.

255–264. **Now, just . . . dream.** In the last three paragraphs, containing 103 words, only six are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin: which are these words?

VI.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1631–1700.



CHARACTERIZATION BY WALTER SCOTT.[1]

1. If Dryden received but a slender share of the gifts of fortune, it was amply made up to him in reputation. Even while a poet militant upon earth, he received no ordinary portion of that

[1] From *Life and Works of John Dryden*, by Sir Walter Scott.

applause which is too often reserved for the "dull cold ear of death." He combated, it is true, but he conquered: and, in despite of faction, civil and religious; of penury, and the contempt which follows it; of degrading patronage and rejected solicitation, the name of Dryden was first in English literature.

2. The distinguishing characteristic of Dryden's genius seems to have been the power of reasoning and of expressing the result in appropriate language. This may seem slender praise; yet these were the talents which led Bacon into the recesses of philosophy, and conducted Newton to the cabinet of nature. The prose works of Dryden bear repeated evidence to his philosophical powers. Indeed, his early and poetical studies gave his researches somewhat too much of a metaphysical character; and it was a consequence of his mental acuteness that his dramatic personages often philosophized or reasoned when they ought only to have felt. The more lofty, the fiercer, the more ambitious feelings seem also to have been his favorite studies.

3. With this power Dryden's poetry was gifted in a degree surpassing in modulated harmony that of all who had preceded him, and inferior to none that has since written English verse. He first showed that the English language was capable of uniting smoothness and strength. The hobbling verses of his predecessors were abandoned even by the lowest versifiers; and by the force of his precept and example the meanest lampooners of the year seventeen hundred wrote smoother lines than Donne and Cowley, the chief poets of the earlier half of the seventeenth century. What was said of Rome adorned by Augustus has been, by Johnson, applied to English poetry improved by Dryden: that he found it of brick, and left it of marble.

4. The satirical powers of Dryden were of the highest order. He draws his arrow to the head, and dismisses it straight upon his object of aim. In this walk he wrought almost as great a reformation as upon versification in general—a fact which will plainly appear if we consider that, before Dryden's time, satire bore the same reference to *Absalom and Achitophel* which an ode of Cowley bears to *Alexander's Feast*. But he and his imitators had adopted a metaphysical satire, as the poets in the earlier part of the century had created a metaphysical vein of serious poetry. Both required store of learning to supply the

perpetual expenditure of extraordinary and far-fetched illustration. The object of both was to combine and hunt down the strangest and most fanciful analogies; and both held the attention of the reader perpetually on the stretch, to keep up with the meaning of the author. There can be no doubt that this metaphysical vein was much better fitted for the burlesque than the sublime. Yet the perpetual scintillation of Butler's wit is too dazzling to be delightful; and we can seldom read far in *Hudibras* without feeling more fatigue than pleasure. His fancy is employed with the profusion of a spendthrift, by whose eternal round of banqueting his guests are at length rather wearied out than regaled. Dryden was destined to correct this among other errors of his age; to show the difference between burlesque and satire; and to teach his successors in that species of assault rather to thrust than to flourish with their weapon.

5. In lyrical poetry, Dryden must be allowed to have no equal. *Alexander's Feast* is sufficient to show his supremacy in that brilliant department. In this exquisite production, he flung from him all the trappings with which his contemporaries had embarrassed the ode. The language, lofty and striking as the ideas are, is equally simple and harmonious. Without far-fetched allusions or epithets or metaphors, the story is told as intelligibly as if it had been in the most humble prose. The change of tone in the harp of Timotheus regulates the measure and the melody and the language of every stanza. The hearer, while he is led on by the successive changes, experiences almost the feelings of the Macedonian and his peers; nor is the splendid poem disgraced by one word or line unworthy of it. . . . We listen for the completion of Dryden's stanza as for the explication of a difficult passage in music; and wild and lost as the sound appears, the ear is proportionably gratified by the unexpected ease with which harmony is extracted from discord and confusion. . . .

6. Educated in a pedantic taste and a fanatical religion, Dryden was destined, if not to give laws to the stage of England, at least to defend its liberties; to improve burlesque into satire; to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable; to give an example of the lyric ode of unapproached excellence; and to leave to English literature a name second only to that of Milton and of Shakespeare.

I.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

[INTRODUCTION.—The ode entitled *Alexander's Feast* was written by Dryden in 1697 for an English musical society that annually celebrated the festival of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music.[1] It was composed in a single night. Lord Bolingbroke states that Dryden said to him, when he called upon him one morning, "I have been up all night. My musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia, and I was so struck with the subject which occurred to me that I could not leave it till I had completed it. Here it is, finished at one sitting." Macaulay pronounces this ode Dryden's greatest work. "It is," he says, "the masterpiece of the second class of poetry, and ranks just below the great models of the first." Dryden himself, as it appears, shared this opinion. When Chief-justice Manlay, then a young lawyer, congratulated him on having produced "the finest and noblest ode that ever had been written in any language," "You are right, young gentleman," replied Dryden, "a nobler ode never *was* produced, nor ever *will!*"]

1.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son —
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound,
(So should desert in arms be crowned).

NOTES. — Line 1. **'Twas at,** etc. By poetic license Dryden opens with a bold ellipsis. To parse the passage, we must read somewhat thus: "It was at the royal feast on account of Persia won by Philip's warlike son that what follows happened."—**for,** on account of.

2. **Philip's warlike son.** Alexander the Great (356–323 B.C.), son of Philip, King of Macedon. He conquered "the world" (Persia in B.C. 331, 330). The "royal feast" took place at Persepolis, the capital of Persia.

7. **Their brows,** etc. At a Greek banquet the guests were garlanded with roses and myrtle leaves. (See Becker's *Charicles.*)

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—3, 4. **Aloft . . . sate.** Transpose these two lines into the prose order.

4. **sate.** Modernize.

7. **Their brows . . . bound.** What kind of phrase is this?

[1] It should be remembered that the ode was designed to be set to music. This was done at the time, and also by Handel in 1736.

The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair!

2.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty Love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:

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9. **Thaïs,** a celebrated Athenian beauty and wit, the companion of Alexander, whom she accompanied in his invasion of Persia. "Her name is best known by her having stimulated Alexander, during a festival at Persepolis, to set fire to the palace of the Persian kings; but this anecdote, immortalized as it has been by Dryden's famous ode [see lines 118–121], is, in all probability, a mere fable." (Smith's *Classical Dictionary.*)

13. **None.** Literally *no one.*

16. **Timo'theus:** a celebrated Greek musician and a great favorite of Alexander.

21. **from Jove:** that is, with Jove (Jupiter).

22. **seats.** The plural form is a Latinism; we should now use the singular number.

24. **A dragon's fiery form,** etc. The prose word-arrangement would be, "The god (Jupiter) belied (counterfeited) a dragon's fiery form."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—10. **Sate, like,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)

13–15. **None but the brave . . . brave.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **36.**)—**deserves.** With what subject does this word agree?

16–20. **Timotheus . . . inspire.** Analyze this sentence.—Point out two examples of the "historical present" tense.—What is the subject of "inspire?"

23. **Such.** What part of speech?

24. **belied.** What is the subject of "belied?"

Sublime on radiant spires he rode.

* * * * *

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,*
And seems to shake the spheres.

3.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest* face:
Now give the hautboys* breath; he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:

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25. **spires** (often incorrectly printed *spheres*), spiral lines.
32. **to nod:** that is, to signify the will of the god (Jupiter) by nodding.
35. **Bacchus.** See p. 50, note 16.
39. **honest face** = handsome face.
40. **hautboys,** oboes. The hautboy, or oboe, is a wind instrument of music like the clarinet.
41, 42. **Bacchus . . . ordain:** that is, Bacchus did first ordain drinking joys.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—25. **on radiant spires.** To what word is this expression an adjunct?

26. **the lofty sound.** What is meant by this expression?

27. **A present deity.** Supply the ellipsis.

29–33. **With ravished ears . . . spheres.** Supply the ellipsis and analyze this sentence.

34. **sung.** What form should we now use?

38. **Flushed . . . grace.** Explain this expression.

39. **honest.** Justify, from its etymology, this use of the word.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,

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52. **ardent,** burning.
55. **muse,** poetic subject.
57. **Darius:** that is, Darius III., who was king of Persia at the time of Alexander's invasion. Defeated in the great battle of Arbela, he fled into Bactria, where he was betrayed by a treacherous satrap (see line 63) and murdered.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 45, 46. **Rich the treasure . . . pleasure.** Supply the ellipsis. Remark on the position of the adjectives "Rich," "Sweet." (See Def. **45.**)

49. **Fought all his battles.** Name some of the victories that resulted in the conquest of Persia. (See *Grecian History*). **Fought . . . o'er again.** Explain this sentence.

50. **thrice he slew the slain.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

54. **Changed his . . . pride.** To whom does the former "his" refer? The latter? What fault would this be in prose? Is it avoidable here?

55. **muse.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**)

59, 60. **Fallen . . . Fallen,** etc. What is the figure? (See Def. **35.**)

On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of chance * below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

64. **exposed,** cast out.
65. **a** = *one*, its primary meaning.
67. **Revolving,** turning over, reflecting repeatedly upon. — **altered soul,** changed mood.
68. **chance,** fate, fortune.
69. **a sigh he stole:** that is, he sighed inaudibly.
72. **was in the next degree:** that is, came next in order after pity.
73. **'Twas but,** etc.: that is, all he had to do was only to move a kindred sound. — **move,** to set in motion.
75. **Lydian measures.** See *L'Allegro*, page 55, line 128, and note.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—66. **sate:** modernize.

66–70. **With downcast looks . . . flow.** Change into an equivalent sentence, using different words and the prose order.

73. **but.** What part of speech here?

78. **bubble.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) Dryden may have had in mind Shakespeare's well-known lines:

"Then a soldier
Seeking the *bubble reputation* [= honor]
Even in the cannon's mouth."

79, 80. What is it that is "Never ending," etc.? What "Fighting still," etc.?

If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

103, 104. **Furies . . . snakes.** The Furies, in Greek mythology, were divinities whose duty it was to avenge great enemies. They were represented as females, with bodies all black, serpents twined in their hair, and blood dripping from their eyes.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—81, 82. **worth.** What part of speech is this? (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, page 134.) "Winning" and "enjoying" are infinitives in *-ing* or verbal nouns (*ibid.* page 52), and are in the objective adverbial (*ibid.* page 105).

97. **rouse him.** Observe in this line that the sound is the echo of the sense.

102. **Revenge.** Supply the ellipsis.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy.
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

7.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

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113. **crew.** See *L'Allegro*, page 51.
116. **their hostile gods** = the gods of their enemies—namely, the Persians.
118. **flambeau,** a torch.
121. **Helen,** the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, was the most beautiful woman in the world, and, according to Grecian mythology, was reputed of divine origin. She was abducted by Paris, Prince of Troy. Hence the Trojan war, which lasted ten years, ending with the taking and burning of the city by the Greeks. Now, as Helen was the occasion of the Trojan war, she is represented as the cause of the burning of Troy, and hence the parallel drawn by Dryden between her and Thaïs (see note 9).
123. **bellows:** that is, of the organ.
125. **to,** with.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—108. **torch.** What is the syntax of this word.
109. **Those are . . . slain.** State the real meaning of this sentence.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress* of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

129. **Inventress of the vocal frame**: that is, the organ. The legend of St. Cecilia is obscure. She is reputed to have lived in the third century A.D., and is credited with the invention of the organ.

136. **He raised a mortal**, etc.: that is, immortalized Alexander.

137. **drew an angel down.** In the story of St. Cecilia, told in the "Golden Legends" (*Legenda Aurea*, thirteenth century), she is said to have been under the immediate and present protection of an angel; and this was probably the beginning of the tradition here referred to, and which was exquisitely painted by Raphael.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—129. What is the etymology of "Inventress?"
134–137. Give a paraphrase of the last four lines.

II.—TWO PORTRAITS IN AQUA-FORTIS.

[INTRODUCTION. — These two extracts are from Dryden's political satire called *Absalom and Achitophel*, which contains over one thousand lines, and was first published in 1681. By Achitophel is meant the Earl of Shaftesbury, the great leader of the Protestant opposition during the latter years of the reign of Charles II. Dryden had before then become a convert to Catholicity, and his object was to throw odium on Shaftesbury and his party. The brilliant, profligate Duke of Buckingham (Zimri) was a statesman and a writer, and at this time was, with Shaftesbury, a leader of the opposition. Many other personages are represented in the poem of *Absalom and Achitophel;* but these two are the most famous portraits.]

I.—ACHITOPHEL (THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY).

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked councils fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfixed in principles and place;
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace—
A fiery soul which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy* body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.*

NOTES. — Line 3. **close designs**, secret plots.

4. **turbulent of wit** = a *turbulent spirit.*

6. **In power.** Shaftesbury had been Lord-chancellor.—**disgrace:** he was at this time in the Tower awaiting trial on a charge of high-treason, of which crime he was, however, triumphantly acquitted a short time after the first publication of Dryden's poem.

8. **pygmy body.** Shaftesbury was very small in stature.

9. **o'er-informed,** over-filled, over-animated.

13. **to show his wit,** in order to show his skill.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–9. Express briefly in your own language the qualities ascribed to Achitophel in the first nine lines.

10. **A daring pilot.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.) Show how the metaphor is carried out in the subsequent lines.

13. **to show** (= in order to show), adverbial element: what does it modify?

Great wits * are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honors blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeathered, two-legged thing, a son.—
In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning * name;
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will;
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!

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14. **Great wits,** great intellect.
17. **his age:** that is, his old age.
19. **Bankrupt of life,** etc.: that is, "why should he, with a ruined constitution, prodigally sacrifice his ease."
21. **unfeathered, two-legged thing.** Plato humorously defined man as "a biped without feathers." Dryden appropriates it for the purpose of ribaldry, and makes a pointless line, the only one in the piece.
24. **the triple bond.** The alliance of England, Holland, and Sweden against France (1667). Shaftesbury was in no way responsible for its "breaking," and the line is a slander.
26. **foreign yoke.** The alliance in 1670 *with* France.
28. **all-atoning,** all-reconciling.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—17. **age . . . hours.** Syntax of these words?

23. **Resolved.** Supply the ellipsis. "To ruin or to rule," would this in prose be the best order of the antithesis?

25, 26. What two examples of metaphor in these lines?

31–34. What kind of sentence is the last?

II.—ZIMRI (THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM).

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:*
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.*
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent or over-civil
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,

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3. **various**: that is, of such diverse tastes and talents.

4. **one** = one person; **epitome**, an abridgment, a compendium.

8. **buffoon.** This trait is amplified by Pope in a brilliant characterization of this same Buckingham:

"Or just as gay at council *in a ring*
Of mimicked statesmen and their merry king."

17. **still he found too late**: that is, ever he found out too late.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—6. **Was everything,** etc. How is this general or abstract statement carried out and emphasized by specification in subsequent lines?

8. **Was chemist,** etc. What pairs of nouns contrast with each other? What is the effect?

12. Supply the ellipsis in this line.

13. **over-violent . . . over-civil.** How is each conception carried out in the next line?

15. Transpose this line into the prose order.

16. Observe the terrible sting in this line.

He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel;
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

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22. **Absalom,** the Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—18. **He had his jest,** etc. What is the figure? (See Def. **18.**)

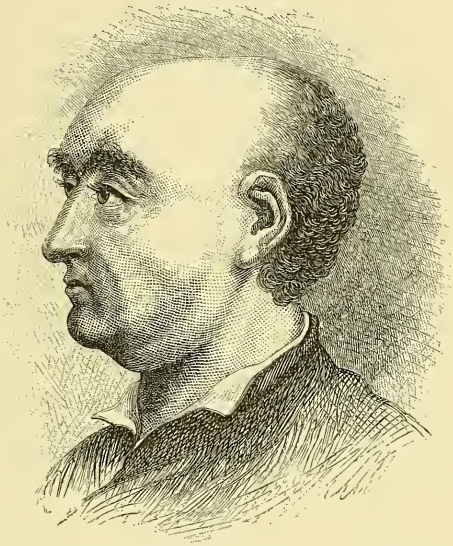
Dryden, in his *Essay on Satire*, says: "How easy it is to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave without using any of these opprobrious names! There is a vast difference between the slovenly butchering of a man and the fineness of stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place. . . . The character of Zimri, in my *Absalom and Achitophel*, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem. It is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough."

Show, in any point, the application of this remark to the characterization of Buckingham.

VII.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

1667–1745.



Jon. Swift.

CHARACTERIZATION BY LORD JEFFREY.[1]

1. The distinguishing feature of Swift's writings is the force and the vehemence of the invective in which they abound—the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance, and the dexterity

[1] *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* by Lord Jeffrey.

with which abuse and ridicule are showered upon the adversary. This, we think, was, beyond all doubt, Swift's great talent, and the weapon by which he made himself formidable. He was, without exception, the greatest and most efficient *libeller* that ever exercised the trade; and possessed in an eminent degree all the qualifications which it requires—a clear head, a cold heart, a vindictive temper, no admiration of noble qualities, no sympathy with suffering, not much conscience, not much consistency, a ready wit, a sarcastic humor, a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a complete familiarity with everything that is low, homely, and familiar in language.

2. These were his gifts, and he soon felt for what ends they were given. Almost all his works are libels—generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse—direct, vehement, unsparing invective—is his means. It is his sword and his shield, his panoply and his chariot of war. In all his writings, accordingly, there is nothing to raise or exalt our notions of human nature, but everything to vilify and degrade.

3. Though a great polemic, he makes no use of general principles, nor ever enlarges his views to a wide or comprehensive conclusion. Everything is particular with him, and, for the most part, strictly personal. To make amends, however, we do think him quite without a competitor in personalities. With a quick and sagacious spirit, and a bold and popular manner, he joins an exact knowledge of all the strong and the weak parts of every cause he has to manage; and, without the least restraint from delicacy, either of taste or of feeling, he seems always to think the most effectual blows the most advisable, and no advantage unlawful that is likely to be successful for the moment. Disregarding all laws of polished hostility, he uses at one and the same moment his sword and his poisoned dagger, his hands and his teeth, and his envenomed breath—and does not even scruple, upon occasion, to imitate his own Yahoos, by discharging on his unhappy victims a shower of filth from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford any protection.

4. The Voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver is indisputably his greatest work. The idea of making fictitious travels the

vehicle of satire as well as of amusement is at least as old as Lucian, but has never been carried into execution with such success, spirit, and originality as in this celebrated performance. The brevity, the minuteness, the homeliness, the unbroken seriousness of the narrative, all give a character of truth and simplicity to the work, which at once palliates the extravagance of the picture, and enhances the effect of those weighty reflections and cutting severities in which it abounds. Yet, though it is probable enough that without those touches of satire and observation the work would have appeared childish and preposterous, we are persuaded that it pleases chiefly by the novelty and vivacity of the extraordinary pictures it presents, and the entertainment we receive from following the fortunes of the traveller in his several extraordinary adventures. The greater part of the wisdom and satire, at least, appears to us to be extremely vulgar and commonplace; and we have no idea that they could possibly appear either impressive or entertaining if presented without these accompaniments.

5. Of Swift's style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated, praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's, less elegant than Pope's or Addison's, less free and noble than Lord Bolingbroke's, and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style—without grace, and without affectation, and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of *common* words and expressions. Other writers who have used a plain and direct style have been for the most part jejune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or even employing a word that can be called fine or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess.

6. In humor and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the Dean of St. Patrick's without a rival. His humor, though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be easily defined. The nearest description we can give of it would make it consist in

expressing sentiments the most absurd and ridiculous, the most shocking and atrocious, or sometimes the most energetic and original, in a sort of composed, calm, and unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commonplace truths, which no person could dispute, or expect to gain credit by announcing, and in maintaining them always in the gravest and most familiar language, with a consistency which somewhat palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted ingenuity which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The secret, in short, seems to consist in employing the language of humble good sense, and simple, undoubting conviction, to express in their honest nakedness sentiments which it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretences, or truths which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies.

POPE'S LINES ON SWIFT.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean,[1] Drapier,[2] Bickerstaff,[3] or Gulliver![4]
Whether thou choose Cervantes'[5] serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais'[6] easy-chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind ;
From thy Bœotia, though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

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[1] Dean, because dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

[2] Drapier, because he signed the name M. B. Drapier to a series of wonderfully vigorous letters on a local political subject.

[3] Bickerstaff, because under the name of Isaac Bickerstaff he wrote an amusing mystification in regard to astrology.

[4] Gulliver, because author of *Gulliver's Travels.*

[5] Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote.*

[6] Rabelais, the greatest of French humorists.

THE ACADEMY OF LAGADO.

[INTRODUCTION. — The following extract is from Part III. of *Gulliver's Travels*, the "Voyage to Laputa." The feigned Laputa, or flying island, seems to be located, by Swift, off the coast of China, and Lagado, the seat of the Academy described, was the chief city of the kingdom. The aim of Swift in this piece is to satirize the knavish "projectors" (inventors) and the quack philosophers, both so numerous in his day. *Gulliver's Travels* was first published in 1726.]

1. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms. The first man I saw was of a meagre* aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers,* which were to be put in vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt in eight years more that he should be able to supply the governor's gardens

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NOTES.—Line 1. **the warden:** properly the keeper of a mad-house, but applied satirically by Swift to the superintendent of the Lagado Academy, the pursuits of whose students sufficiently proclaim them to be lunatics.

3. **projectors,** inventors.

4. **meagre,** thin.

7. **eight years upon.** Supply engaged.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–17. Of the seven sentences in the first paragraph, one is simple, three are complex, and three are compound: select those of each type.—Is the order of words in the sentences direct or rhetorical? (See Defs. **44, 45.**)

8. **sunbeams out of cucumbers.** What class of persons does Swift intend to satirize in the description of the genius who was engaged on the project for "extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers?"—Considering that the success of the satire turns on the extreme absurdity of the schemes on which the projectors were engaged, what do you think as to the aptness of this example? Point out, in this paragraph, some touches characteristic of the whole class of chimerical inventors.

10, 11. **in eight years more.** Place this adverbial phrase in a position that shall be better by being nearer the word it modifies.

with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

2. I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

3. There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method of building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downward to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

4. In another department, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labor. The method is this: In an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast * or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest. Then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a

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12, 13. **his stock:** that is, his stock of sunbeams.

15, 16. **my lord:** that is, the King of Laputa.

18. **calcine,** to reduce to a powder by the action of heat.

20. **malleability,** the quality of being malleable, or extended by hammering.

28. **charges,** cost.

31. **mast,** the fruit of the oak, beech, or other forest trees.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—18. **calcine.** Define this word, and state from what the aptness of its employment here arises. Would a generic term, such as "change" or "convert," be as felicitous?—**who.** Notice the distance of the relative pronoun from its antecedent, and improve the sentence by breaking it up into two.

21. **ingenious.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **26.**)—By what two examples did this projector justify his new method of building? Note the element of the absurd in this.

26–37. **In another department . . . improvement.** In the device of ploughing by hogs, point how by the mention of minute details and exact figures, the author gives verisimilitude to the mad project.—With what ironical touch does the paragraph close?

few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

5. There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock in the town-house by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind. I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my readers with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

6. We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided. The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations; but the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness, and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knows how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and

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46. **speculative learning.** The term is used in contrast with the *practical* pursuits of the projectors.

47. **large room.** "Large," perhaps, in allusion to the vastness of the domain of speculation.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—40. **annual . . . sun.** We are not to look for astronomical accuracy in this satirical description: otherwise what should we say in regard to Swift's speaking of the "annual and diurnal motions of the earth and *sun*?"

45–81. Give synonyms of the following words in paragraph 6: "resided" (46, 47); "salutation" (48); "wonder" (51); "employed" (51); "exalted" (54); "contrivance" (56, 57); "assistance" (59, 60); "slender" (65); "command" (70); "shifted" (80).

48. **observing me to look.** Modernize this expression.

with a little bodily labor, may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with papers pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed around the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

7. Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio,* already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might

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63. **superficies,** surface.
64. **die,** singular of *dice.*
73. **disposition,** arrangement.
83. **folio,** a book in sheets once folded, a book of the largest size made.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 62–64. **The superficies . . . others.** Analyze this sentence.

78–81. **This work . . . down.** Rewrite this sentence, substituting synonymous words wherever possible.

82. **hours.** What is the grammatical construction of "hours?"

82–90. Give an example of an epithet used ironically in this sentence.

be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections. He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

8. I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honor entire, without a rival.

9. In the school of political projectors, I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favorites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild, impossible chimeras that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, "that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—99. **were.** In what mood is this verb?

104–117. **In the school . . . truth.** State in your own language the aims of the political projectors. These are characterized as "chimeras:" explain this term. What would be the condition of a country in which these aims were realized?

VIII.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

1672–1719.

J. Addison.

CHARACTERIZATION BY MACAULAY.

1. To Addison we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and fifty years in Westminster Ab-

bey.[1] We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity — some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer that in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

2. It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St. George's Channel his first contribution to the *Tatler*,[2] had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures, and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper, and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of pure gold. The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility.

3. As a moral satirist, Addison stands unrivalled. In wit, properly so called, he was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. The still higher faculty of invention he possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are

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[1] This was written by Macaulay in 1843. He himself, sixteen years afterwards (1859), was laid to sleep, near Addison, in the same famous mausoleum of England's illustrious dead.

[2] The *Tatler*—the forerunner of the *Spectator*—was a periodical paper started in 1709 by Richard Steele, who had been Addison's schoolfellow. When its publication began, Addison was in Ireland (hence the reference above to "St. George's Channel"), in official employment, and he determined to give the new literary venture his assistance.

found in his essays fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet —a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or to Cervantes.

4. But what shall we say of Addison's humor—of his sense of the ludicrous; of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyze it.

5. Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule during the eighteenth century were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment; while the dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies with the air of a man reading the commination service.

6. The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own—a look of demure severity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of

the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison.

7. But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art, nor in the purest examples of virtue; neither in the Great First Cause, nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison — a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime.

8. It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow[1] nor any of his powerful and attached friends should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey.[2] It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's *Spec-*

[1] In 1716, three years before his death, Addison married the Countess-dowager of Warwick, who survived him. She is said to have been somewhat of a shrew.

[2] Westminster Abbey.

tator, in his hand. Such a mark of respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform; and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

POPE'S VENOMED SHAFT.[1]

Peace to all such![2] but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

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[1] This malevolent but most powerful characterization of Addison, under the name of Atticus (see last line), appeared in the Prologue to Pope's *Satires*. Addison and Pope had been friends, but the bitter and suspicious temper of the latter led to a rupture, and he wrote what Macaulay styles "the brilliant and energetic lines which everybody knows by heart, or ought to know by heart." Macaulay adds: "One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations scarcely one has been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of 'damning with faint praise' appears from innumerable passages in his writings, and from none more than those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends as 'so obliging that he ne'er obliged.'"

[2] By "all such" is meant the poetasters whom Pope has been unmercifully lashing in the previous part of the poem.

Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend;
Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;[1]
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,[2]
And wonder with a foolish face of praise —
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

[INTRODUCTION.—The *Spectator*, from which these papers of Addison are taken, was a daily periodical started by Sir Richard Steele in 1711, as a successor to the *Tatler*. Sir Roger de Coverley, a fictitious character, was represented as one of a select club to which Mr. Spectator (drawn for Addison himself) belonged. The members of this club were sketched in a paper (*Spectator* No. 2) written by Steele, and here we have the first outlines of the portrait of Sir Roger. "Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is, in truth, the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar."—MACAULAY: *Essay on Addison.*]

I.—COVERLEY HALL (SPECTATOR No. 106).

1. Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 1–5. **Having . . . speculations.** What kind of sentence grammatically considered?

[1] "Obliged:" pronounced in Pope's time and long afterwards, *obleeged*, in the French fashion.

[2] "Raise" = applaud. The sting in this allusion is that when Addison's tragedy of *Cato* was first brought out, Addison's managers are said to have filled the pit with friendly literary men ("wits") and lawyers ("templars"—from the "Temple," or Inns of Court), who, it was *understood*, would carry the piece through with applause.

acquainted with my humor,* lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit; sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

2. I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him. By this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother; his butler* is gray-headed; his groom is one of the gravest men that I ever have seen; and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad* that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

3. I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them

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NOTES. — Line 6. **humor,** disposition, temper.

11. **an hedge.** The use of *an* before a sounded *h* is very common with Addison.

12. **the knight:** that is, Sir Roger.

19. **valet de chambre** [pronounced *văl-ā dĕ shahm-br*], an attendant—anglicized and shortened into *valet.*

22. **privy-councillor,** a member of the privy council; equivalent to our *cabinet officer.*

23. **pad,** an easy-paced horse.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Give the derivation of the word "humor" (6), and explain as here used.—Derivation of "butler" (20)? Of "pad" (23)?

8–10. **When the gentlemen . . . distance.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?

11. **stealing a sight.** Substitute an equivalent expression.

15, 16. **best master,** etc. What figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

18. **and grown.** Supply the ellipsis.

1–25. State in your own language some of the amiable traits of character attributed to Sir Roger in paragraphs 1 and 2.

27, 28. **ancient domestics.** Substitute synonyms.

could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged* if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered* the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good-humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

4. My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

5. My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain* above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is

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31. **they.** Strict grammar requires *he.*
33. **tempered,** gently mingled.
48. **in the nature of.** We should now say "in the *character* of."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Give an Anglo-Saxon synonym for "discouraged" (31).—State the derivation of "tempered" (33). Of "tinged" (57).—What curious piece of history in the word "chaplain" (48)?—What metaphor is in the word "insulted" (65)?

35. **engages.** What is the subject? Can the singular number be defended here?

36. **pleasant upon.** What preposition should we now use?

39. **stander-by.** Give the modern form of the word.

41–45. **My worthy . . . particular friend.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—Give the principal proposition. Point out its two adjective clauses; its adverbial clause.—What kind of sentence is this rhetorically, a period or a loose sentence?—Point out an infelicitous repetition of a word.

48. **at his house.** What preposition do we now use?

49–53. **This gentleman . . . dependent.** Make an equivalent sentence using different words.

very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

6. I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged* by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned; and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted* with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his

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65. **insulted with Latin and Greek,** etc. In the time of Sir Roger, the "fine old English gentleman" made little pretension to learning.

69, 70. **backgammon.** The word is Welsh (*bach*, little, and *cammon*, a battle), and so, also, is probably the game in its origin. It is mentioned by Shakespeare under the name of "tables."

73. **the parsonage,** the benefice or office of parson—not the residence—is here meant. Various classes of "patrons" had the right of appointing to church benefices. Sir Roger, as knight of the shire, had this right.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—55, 56. **an humorist.** What is the modern form of the article?—Is "humorist" here used in a different sense from its common modern meaning?

58–62. **This cast . . . colors.** Point out an instance of pleonasm in this sentence. How may the fault be corrected?

67–70. **a clergyman . . . backgammon.** What is there humorous in Sir Roger's ideal of a clergyman?

value, have settled upon him a good annuity* for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested* them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."*

7. As Sir Roger was going on with his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us, and upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the after-

74. **annuity,** yearly money allowance.
88. **digested,** arranged methodically.
90. **divinity,** theology.
94–97. **Bishop of St. Asaph . . . Calamy.** The names mentioned are those of eminent English divines, though, curiously enough, the two greatest preachers of the 17th century — Jeremy Taylor and Hooker — are not in the list. Dr. Barrow's sermons were of enormous length. One, preached before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, is said to have taken up three hours and a half in the delivery.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Give the etymology of "annuity" (74).—Is "digested" (88) used in its modern or in its literal sense? What is its usual modern meaning?—What word of Greek origin is synonymous with "divinity" (90)? (See "theology" in Glossary.)

76–84. **He has now . . . to me.** What traits did Sir Roger's chaplain possess in common with the "village preacher" in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village?* (See page 219 of this book.)

92. **upon the knight's asking him.** Explain the form "asking." (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, § 100, iv.)

93. **who preached to-morrow.** Would this now be considered good English?

94. **Bishop of St. Asaph . . . Dr. South.** Supply the ellipsis.

noon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

8. I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been formed by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

II.—THE COVERLEY SABBATH (SPECTATOR No. 112).

1. I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday,* and think if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages* and barbarians,* were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best

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NOTES. — 2. **only a human** = a merely human.

7. **village meet.** "Village" is a collective noun implying plurality.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—96, 97. **Archbishop Tillotson . . . Calamy.** What figure of speech is here used? (See Def. 29.)

101. **a good aspect . . . a clear voice.** What words in the latter part of the sentence correspond with these?

105. **like the composition,** etc. Show that this is not a simile.

106–111. Show the touch of humor in the concluding paragraph. Is it *quiet* or *broad* humor?

faces and in their cleanliest habits* to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics* being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

2. My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock* and a Common-Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

3. As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. Several other of

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8. **habits,** attire, clothes.
12. **puts . . . upon,** induces.
16. **'Change** = Exchange.
16, 17. **politics.** The word is treated as singular, and hence may take the adjunct "whole."
19. **churchman:** that is, Episcopalian as distinguished from a Presbyterian or Congregationalist: here it seems to signify a devoted member of the church.
25. **hassock,** a thick mat on which to kneel in church.
34. **out of it** = from it.
36. **them.** The antecedent of "them" being "anybody" (sing.), *him* should be used according to strict grammar.

the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

4. I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parishioners, who are not polite* enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

5. As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

6. The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encour-

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37. **particularities,** peculiarities.
39. **have.** Modern usage requires the singular number.
52. **polite:** that is, in the sense of the "fine manners" of the city.
53. **besides that.** Modern practice omits "that."
55. **foils.** A *foil* is something that "sets off" another thing to advantage, so that the phrase used is somewhat redundant. "Rather set off than blemish" is better thus: "Set off rather than blemish."
58. **is gone.** See page 6, note 12.
61. **do.** Strict grammar requires *does*.

agement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's* place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

7. The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson,* never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists* and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

8. Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

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67. **flitch**, the side of a hog salted and cured.

69. **clerk**, a parish officer, being a layman who leads in reading the responses of the Episcopal Church service.

80. **tithes**, the allotment of money to the clergy for their support: and **stealers** are those who keep these back.

91. **very hardly**: that is, with great difficulty.

III.—SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY (Spectator No. 329).

1. My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not, at first, imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

2. I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always

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1. **t'other** = the other (colloquial).

2. **my paper.** In a previous number of the *Spectator* (No. 26) was an essay on Westminster; but it is not Addison's.—**Westminster Abbey** is a cathedral in Westminster, which is a borough forming a part of London. It dates (though not in its present state) from the 7th century A.D. Here the British sovereigns, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, have been crowned; here, also, are monuments to most of the great poets, and to other illustrious Englishmen. (For the etymology of "minster" and "abbey," see Glossary.)

9. **Baker's Chronicle.** The book is entitled *Chronicle of the Kings of England*. Its author, Sir Richard Baker, was born 1568 (four years after Shakespeare). The work was exceedingly popular with the squires of the school of Sir Roger during the 17th and 18th centuries.

10. **Sir Andrew Freeport,** one of the members of the imaginary club to which the Spectator and Sir Roger belonged.

13. **his butler's hands, who,** etc. Our neater modern form of statement would be "the hands of his butler, who," etc.

15. **Widow Trueby's water.** "One of the innumerable 'strong waters,' drunk, it is said (perhaps libellously), chiefly by the fair sex as an exhilarant; the excuses being the colic and 'the vapors.' Addison, who pretends in the text to find it unpalatable, is accused of having been a constant imbiber of the Widow's distillations." — Wills: *Sir Roger de Coverley.*

drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

3. I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

4. He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries * in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis * among all sorts of people; to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain * have it a match between him and her. "And truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

5. His discourse was broken off by his man telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good. Upon the fellow telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

6. We had not gone far when Sir Roger, popping out his head,

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16. **abroad:** that is, not to a foreign country, but merely out of the house.

28, 29. **sickness . . . Dantzic:** that is, the plague, which raged there in 1709.

30. **hackney-coach,** a coach kept for hire, a hack.

37. **jointure,** an estate settled on a wife, and which she is to enjoy after becoming a widow.

38. **fain,** gladly.

called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

7. As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies * upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby—a great man! He whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

8. We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well

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52. **Virginia** was the common name for tobacco in England in Addison's time. The reason is obvious, the plant having first been introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, it will be remembered, was deeply interested in colonizing "Virginia."

56. **trophies.** A trophy is a representation of a pile of arms, offensive and defensive.

57, 58. **Passing . . . by Sir Cloudesley Shovel:** that is, passing by his monument. Sir Cloudesley Shovel (born 1650) rose from cabin-boy to be an admiral, and figures as one of the great seamen in the annals of the British navy. His vessel was wrecked off the Scilly Isles (on the English coast) in 1707. His monument is in the south aisle of the choir.

61. **Dr. Busby.** The doctor was headmaster of Westminster School for fifty-five years, and trained many eminent scholars, whom as school-boys he vigorously trounced. He died 1695.

64, 65. **little chapel on the right hand:** that is, the chapel of St. Edmund.

65. **historian:** that is, the attendant who conducts visitors through the Abbey.

pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

9. We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his

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69. **the statesman Cecil** (born about the middle of the 16th century, died 1612) was the son of the great Lord Burleigh, and held high office under Queen Elizabeth and James I.

71. **that martyr,** etc. This figure is described in Murray's *London* as "an alabaster statue of Elizabeth Russell, of the Bedford family — foolishly shown for many years as the lady who died by the prick of a needle." Goldsmith states that the story was one of the "hundred lies" which, in his day, the attendant was in the habit of telling "without blushing."

77. **the two coronation chairs.** These two chairs, still used at the coronations of the sovereigns of Great Britain, are in the chapel of Edward the Confessor (on whom, see note 95). One of them, the most ancient, contains the famous "stone of Scone," on which the Scottish kings were wont to be crowned, and which Edward I. carried away with him as an evidence of his absolute conquest of Scotland in 1304. How it got the name of Jacob's Pillow (see line 80) is difficult to trace. It is a piece of common rough Scotch sandstone; and Sir Roger's question was extremely pertinent. The other coronation chair was placed in the Abbey in the reign of William and Mary (1688).

84. **pay his forfeit:** namely, for having sat down on the chair.

85. **trepanned,** ensnared, caught.

good-humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

10. Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne. We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

11. Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

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87. **Will Wimble.** "Will" figures in some of the early *Spectator* papers as a neighbor and friend of Sir Roger. He was fond of whittling tobacco-stoppers and various other bits of handicraft.

90, 91. **Edward the Third's sword.** Edward the Third, father of the Black Prince, began to reign 1327, and died 1376. He conquered a great part of France. His sword, "the monumental sword that conquered France," and which he caused to be carried before him in that country, is seven feet long. It is placed with his shield near his tomb. The altar-tomb with effigy of Edward III. is in the chapel of Edward the Confessor.

95. **Edward the Confessor** (that is, Edward III. in the *Saxon* line, and who reigned 1041 to 1065) enlarged Westminster Abbey.

96, 97. **for the evil:** that is, the "king's evil," a scrofulous disease, formerly supposed to be cured by the touch of a king.

98. **fine reading,** etc. See Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*

101. **without a head.** This is the effigy of Henry V., which also is in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. The head, which was of solid silver, was stolen at the time of the Protestant Reformation.

103. **Some Whig.** Sir Roger was a Tory, of course. On these words, see Macaulay's *Engl.* vol. i. p. 241.

12. The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey. For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

13. I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

IV.—SIR ROGER PASSETH AWAY (Spectator No. 517).

1. We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley *is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sen-

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106, 107. **Henry V.** reigned 1413–1422; **Elizabeth** reigned 1558–1603.

4. **Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.** A contemporary writer says: "Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it), he said to a friend, with a certain warmth in his expression which he was not often guilty of, 'I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him.'"

8, 9. **promoting,** sustaining in a speech.

12, 13. **Captain Sentrey,** Sir Roger's nephew and heir (see below, line 63).

trey which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter without any alteration or diminution:

"HONORED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin* which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow* lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life;

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20. **Honored Sir,** etc. Notice the admirable art with which the character of the honest butler is assumed, and the delicate lights and shades of expression suitable to the character.

34, 35. **widow lady,** etc. A hint of a youthful heart-disappointment, and of a "perverse beautiful widow," the occasion whereof appears in the first slight sketch of Sir Roger by Steele.[1]

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[1] "It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards."

but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a-hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement* with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze* coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortly upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum:* the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits — the men in frieze and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentrey, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told

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43. **tenement.** In England, a house depending on a manor (the land belonging to a nobleman).

45. **frieze,** coarse woollen cloth.

56, 57. **he made a very good end.** Compare with Dame Quickly's account of the death of Falstaff (Shakespeare's *Henry V.* act ii. scene 3): "'*A made a finer end*, and went away, an it had been any christom child."

61. **quorum,** the justice-court.

him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain, truly, seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindnesses to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

"Honored sir, your most sorrowful servant,

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

"P. S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

2. This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was, in particular, the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentrey informs us that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

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69. **quit-rent,** a rent reserved, in the grant of land, by the payment of which the tenant is *quieted* or quitted from all other service.

87. **Act of Uniformity.** This act, or law, was passed by the English Parliament in 1662, during the reign of Charles II. It required all clergymen holding benefices to declare their "unfeigned assent and consent" to everything contained in the revised Prayer-book, and to receive ordination from a bishop. In one day it threw out three thousand ministers from the benefices they held.

93. **burst into tears,** etc. The circumstance of the book is noted by all critics as an irresistible stroke of nature.

IX.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688–1744.

A. Pope

DR. JOHNSON'S PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.[1]

1. Pope professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvarying liberality; and perhaps his char-

[1] From Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.*

acter may receive some illustration if he be compared with his master.

2. Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismission of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration. When occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

3. Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavored to do his best. He did not court the candor, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

4. His declaration that his care for his works ceased at their publication was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the *Iliad*, and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the *Essay on Criticism* received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigor. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

5. In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in

his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

6. Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.

7. Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

8. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion or extorted by domestic necessity. He composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

ESSAY ON MAN.—Epistle I.

[Introduction.—The *Essay on Man* consists of four Epistles, of which the first is here given entire. The title imperfectly describes the contents of the *Essay*, which is less a treatise on man than on the moral order of the world of which man is a part. It is a vindication of Providence—a vindication brought about by showing that the appearances of evil in the world arise from our seeing only a part of the whole. The philosophy of the poem is neither profound nor consistent; but this is not material, for the value of the *Essay* is in its workmanship. It is a masterpiece of metrical composition, and the student cannot find a more instructive model to dwell upon and to analyze.

The *Essay on Man* is composed in the rhymed couplet of verses of five accents. The cæsural pause may fall after the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, or the seventh syllable: thus (marking the cæsura with a double line)—

Awake,′ | my Saint′ | John ! || leave′ | all mean- | er things
To low′ | ambi′- | tı͡on, || and′ | the pride′ | of kings.
Let us′ | (since life′ || can lit′- | tle more′ | supply′
Than just′ | to look′ | about′ | us || and′ | to die)
Expa′- | tı̄ate free′ || o'er all′ | this scene′ | of man′.

While the versification is exquisite, it should also be observed that it is not faultless; and there are seventeen imperfect rhymes in the First Epistle.]

I.

Awake, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition,* and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)

Notes. — Line 1. **my St. John** (pronounced *sen'jin*), Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke (1678–1751), an English statesman and author. He was an intimate friend of Pope, and is said to have supplied the argument of the *Essay on Man*. This is probably an overstatement, though it was doubtless through Bolingbroke's conversation and correspondence that Pope was led to indulge in the kind of speculations and reflections that form the basis of the *Essay*.

Literary Analysis.—1–16. To what class, grammatically considered, does each of the first four sentences belong?

2. **low ambition.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 28.)—Give the etymology of "ambition."

Expatiate* free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze!* but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert* yield!
The latent* tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid* where we can;
But vindicate* the ways of God to man.
Say first, of God above or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

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6. **maze,** a confusing and baffling network of paths or passages; a labyrinth.
9. **beat this ample field.** "To beat" is to range over in hunting.
10. **the open . . . the covert.** "Open" is here a noun; a "covert" is a thicket affording a shelter to game.
13. **Eye nature's walks:** that is, observe the phenomena of nature.
16. **vindicate the ways,** etc. This is an adaptation of Milton's line (*Paradise Lost*, Book I., line 26):

"Justify the ways of God to man."

17. **of God:** that is, *concerning* or *respecting* God.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—5. **free.** For what part of speech is "free" used by enallage? (See Def. **41.**)—**scene.** What three nouns are in apposition with this word?

6–8. Point out words used metaphorically to denote "this scene of man" (= human life).

9, 10. **beat . . . yield.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) Change into a simile.

15. **candid.** Give the etymology of "candid."

17–20. **Say first . . . refer.** What kind of sentences are these grammatically?

He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets * circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why heaven * has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through ? or can a part contain the whole ?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?
Presumptuous * man ! the reason wouldst thou find
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother earth why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade.

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26. **circle** = circle around.

29. **this frame,** this universe. The original meaning of "frame" is anything composed of parts fitted and united together. By the Greeks the universe was called *cosmos* (order), from its perfect arrangement.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—23–28. **He, who . . . are.** What kind of sentence is this grammatically?—What is the principal proposition? The dependent clauses?—Supply the ellipses.—To what pronoun are these clauses adjuncts?

29–31. What preposition, expressed or understood, governs the following nouns — "bearings;" "ties;" "connections;" "dependencies;" "Gradations?"

33, 34. **Is . . . thee.** What is the rhetorical force of this interrogative sentence?

34. **And drawn supports.** Supply the ellipsis.

35. **Presumptuous.** Give the derivation of this word.

36. **Why formed . . . blind.** Supply the ellipsis.—Of what verb are "weak," "little," and "blind" the complements?

39–42. **Ask . . . Jove.** Are these two sentences interrogative, or are they imperative?

Or ask of yonder argent* fields above
Why Jove's satellites* are less than Jove.
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom Infinite* must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent* be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must, be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second,* too, some other use.

41. **yonder argent fields.** "Argent," resembling silver; hence shining, brilliant. Compare Milton's phrase, "those argent fields."

42. **satellites** — pronounced in Pope's time *sa-tel'-li-tēs*.[1] Jupiter's (or, as Pope, for metre's sake, has it, *Jove's*) four satellites were discovered by Galileo in 1610.

45. **full**, complete in every intermediate rank and degree.

47. **reasoning life** = rational beings.

50. **if** = whether.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—45. **coherent.** Show that this word retains here its original meaning.

46. **rise.** What auxiliary is understood?

47, 48. Query as to the rhyme.

48. **man.** Supply the ellipsis.

49. **e'er so long.** What part of speech is "long?"—What does "so" modify?—What does "e'er" modify?

50, 51. **wrong.** What part of speech is "wrong" in line 50? In 51?

54. **scarce.** What is the prose form of this word?

55. **one single.** Supply the ellipsis.

56. **to second.** What part of speech? Etymology and meaning?

[1] In Webster's Dictionary it is stated that this pronunciation is given by "an unusual stretch of poetic license;" but this is an error: the word was, in Pope's time, scarcely naturalized, and still retained the original classical pronunciation.

So man, who here seems principal * alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man 's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather,* man 's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago.

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64. **Egypt's god.** The reference is to the sacred bull kept at Memphis, and called *Apis* by the Greeks.

70. **as he ought:** that is, as he ought to be.

73–76. **If to be perfect . . . ago.** "These four lines were in the first edition of 1732 after line 98. They are irrelevant to the argument, and Pope struck them out accordingly in the edition revised by himself in 1740. Warburton replaced them in the quarto of 1743 in their present position." —PATTIESON: *Pope's Essay.*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—58. **second.** What part of speech? Etymology and meaning?

59. **Touches some wheel.** Explain the metaphor.

61–68. **When the proud steed . . . a deity.** Supply the ellipsis, and analyze this sentence.

69. **Then say.** What two clauses are the object of "say?"

70. **Say, rather.** What four clauses are the object of "say?"

73. **If to be perfect.** Supply the ellipsis.

73, 74. Query as to the rhyme.

76. **As who began,** etc. What pronoun and what verb are here understood?

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits,* know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms* or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions* soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:

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79. **From brutes,** etc.: that is, Heaven hides from brutes what men know, etc.

80. **could suffer being** = could suffer existence, suffer *to be* ("being," a gerund or infinitive in *-ing*).

93. **What future bliss.** Supply *shall be.*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—77. **hides the book of fate.** Change from figurative to plain language.

78. **All.** Object of what verb?

79. Supply the ellipsis (two words).

81, 82. **The lamb . . . Had he.** What figure of syntax is here exemplified? (See Def. 42.)

81–84. Express in your own language the *argument from example* here given.

87, 88. Does this mean that the fall of a hero is of no more account in the eye of God than the bursting of a bubble? What, then, is the meaning?

87–90. **Who sees . . . world.** Point out three instances of antithesis in these lines.

91–92. **Hope humbly . . . adore.** What kind of sentence grammatically? How many principal propositions does it contain?

92. **teacher.** What is the force of "teacher" as applied to death?

96. **Man never,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 18.)

The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way;
Yet simple* nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.*

II.

Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,*
Yet cry, If man 's unhappy, God 's unjust;

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97. **home**, the future life.
102. **solar walk**, the ecliptic, or path of the earth around the sun.
111. **that equal sky** = that sky where equality reigns.
117. **gust**, pleasure, enjoyment.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—103. **simple.** Give the etymology of this word.
104. **humbler heaven.** Humbler than what?
106. **happier island.** Happier than what?
108. **No fiends torment**, etc. Explain this by reference to the early history of the Spaniards in America.
112. It is an interesting fact that this famous passage (99–112) was composed by Pope on the basis of an account of the beliefs of the *Red Man* written by William Penn.

If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy * the skies."

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

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120. **immortal there:** that is, in the future life.

121. **His hand** = Heaven's hand; that is, God's hand.

125. **Pride still,** etc. The idea seems to be that, as of old, in their pride the angels would be gods, *so even man* in his pride "is aiming at the blest abodes."

127. **if angels fell.** The "if" is here a little misleading: the thought is that while the angels aspired to be gods and fell, so men aspire to be angels, and to that end rebel against destiny.

135. **Annual** = annually.

141. **But errs not,** etc.: that is, does not nature deviate from this supposed purpose or end of hers (see previous lines), so highly flattering to man's vanity?

143, 144. **When earthquakes . . . deep?** Shortly before Pope wrote the *Essay*, Chili was visited by a series of terrible earthquakes,

"No ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial,* but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates;* and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies
As men forever temperate,* calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
Who knows but He whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue* here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind.

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followed by a destructive tidal wave ("tempest"), the city of San Iago was swallowed up by the earthquake; the inundation overflowed the city of Conception and reached Callao.

147. **some change**, etc. The meaning is, some change, indeed, *there has been* since the beginning of all things.

156. **Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?** Cæsar Borgia, a son of Pope Alexander VI., was a monster of wickedness. Among other crimes, he poisoned his father and assassinated his brother. He died in 1507. Catiline, the Roman conspirator against whom Cicero thundered, and whose history Sallust wrote. He died 62 B.C.

159–160. **Cæsar's . . . young Ammon.** Cæsar: that is, Julius Cæsar. By "young Ammon" is meant Alexander the Great. Ammon was an Egyptian deity, to whose shrine, in the Libyan Desert, Alexander paid a visit, and was saluted by the priests as the son of their god.

But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion,* kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect,* happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic * eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?

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169. **elemental strife** = a strife of the elements.
173. **What would this man** = what, then, does man desire?
176. **To want,** at lacking.
183. **state,** condition of the animal.
184. **Nothing to add,** etc.: that is, she left nothing to add, etc.
196. **To inspect a mite . . . heaven:** that is, what were the use had man optics so fine that he could inspect a mite, if at the same time he were unable to comprehend the heavens?
197–200. **Or touch . . . pain?** This passage is very elliptical: the mean-

Or, quick effluvia * darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr * and the purling rill !
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives and what denies ?
Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual,* mental powers ascends :
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads * in the peopled grass ;
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam ;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal * wood ?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line ;

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ing is, supposing touch were tremblingly alive all over, what would it advantage us if we smarted and agonized at every pore ? or when quick effluvia darted through the brain, what should we gain by dying of a rose in aromatic pain ?

199. **effluvia**, exhalations.

202. **music of the spheres.** The Greek philosopher Pythagoras taught that the planets in their rotation gave forth sounds or notes, each emitting a note higher than that next, thus completing the entire octave. This was called the "music of the spheres."

208. **sensual** = sensuous or material.

212. **The mole's dim curtain . . . beam.** "The eyes [of the European mole] are two black glittering points, about the size of mustard seed, *concealed and protected by the surrounding skin and hair*" [*dim* curtain].—*Appletons' Cyclopædia*.—"Beam" (literally a collection of rays emitted from any luminous body) has reference to the supposed wonderful power of sight possessed by the lynx.

214. **tainted green:** that is, a field in which is the scent or odor of game.

218. **Feels.** Supply *it*, meaning the spider.

In the nice bee, what sense so subtly* true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier—
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable* line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
  See, through this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
  And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.

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219. **nice bee.** The word "nice" is here used in its subjective sense —fine-sensed, sensitive.

223. **barrier** — pronounce *bar-year'*: the word was not completely naturalized in Pope's day, and hence retained its French accent.

226. **sense from thought divide**: that is, sensation from reason.

234. **quick,** alive.

240. **glass,** microscope.

Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd* for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

251–256. **Let earth . . . God.** The meaning here is, should earth fly unbalanced from its centre, then would planets and suns run lawless through the sky. So, also, if ruling angels should, etc., then heaven's whole foundations would nod to their centre and nature would tremble, etc.

262. **to serve mere engines:** that is, to serve as mere engines.

263. **Just as absurd:** that is, to do so would be just as absurd, etc.

269. **That.** The antecedent is "soul" =the soul of the universe, God.

Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit. In this or any other sphere,
Secure* to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear—Whatever is, is right.

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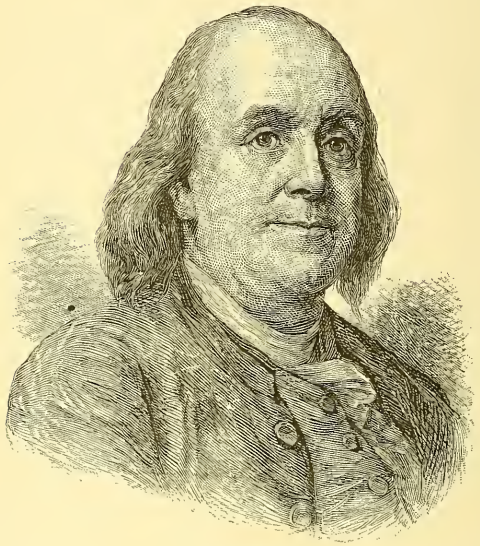
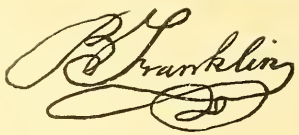
286. **Secure,** confident.

X.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

1706–1790.





CHARACTERIZATION BY LORD JEFFREY.[1]

1. In one point of view, the name of Franklin must be considered as standing higher than any of the others which illustrated the eighteenth century. Distinguished as a statesman, he was

[1] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii.

equally great as a philosopher, thus uniting in himself a rare degree of excellence in both those pursuits, to excel in either of which is deemed the highest praise. Nor was his pre-eminence in the one pursuit of that doubtful kind which derives its value from such an uncommon conjunction. His efforts in each were sufficient to have made him greatly famous had he done nothing in the other. We regard De Witt's mathematical tracts as a curiosity, and even admire them when we reflect that their author was a distinguished patriot and a sufferer in the cause of his country. But Franklin would have been entitled to the glory of a first-rate discoverer in science—one who had largely extended the bounds of human knowledge — although he had not stood second to Washington alone in gaining for human liberty the most splendid and guiltless of its triumphs. It is hardly a less rare, certainly not a less glorious, felicity that, much as has been given to the world of this great man's works, each successive publication increases our esteem for his virtues, and our admiration of his understanding.

2. The distinguishing feature of his understanding was great soundness and sagacity, combined with extraordinary quickness of penetration. He possessed also a strong and lively imagination, which gave his speculations, as well as his conduct, a singularly original turn. The peculiar charm of his writings, and his great merit, also, in action, consisted in the clearness with which he saw his object, and the bold and steady pursuit of it by the surest and the shortest road. He never suffered himself in conduct to be turned aside by the seductions of interest or vanity, or to be scared by hesitation and fear, or to be misled by the arts of his adversaries. Neither did he, in discussion, ever go out of his way in search of ornament, or stop short from dread of the consequences. He never could be caught, in short, acting absurdly or writing nonsensically. At all times, and in every thing he undertook, the vigor of an understanding at once original and practical was distinctly perceivable.

3. But it must not be supposed that his writings are devoid of ornament or amusement. The latter especially abounds in almost all he ever composed ; only nothing is sacrificed to them. On the contrary, they come most naturally into their places ; and they uniformly help on the purpose in hand, of which neither

writer nor reader ever loses sight for an instant. Thus, his style has all the vigor, and even conciseness, of Swift, without any of his harshness. It is in no degree more flowery, yet both elegant and lively. The wit, or rather humor, which prevails in his works varies with the subject. Sometimes he is bitter and sarcastic; oftener gay, and even droll, reminding us in this respect far more frequently of Addison than of Swift, as might be naturally expected from his admirable temper or the happy turn of his imagination. When he rises into vehemence or severity, it is only when his country or the rights of men are attacked, or when the sacred ties of humanity are violated by unfeeling or insane rulers.

4. There is nothing more delightful than the constancy with which those amiable feelings, those sound principles, those truly profound views of human affairs make their appearance at every opportunity, whether the immediate subject be speculative or practical, of a political or of a more general description. It is refreshing to find such a mind as Franklin's—worthy of a place near to Newton and to Washington—filled with those pure and exalted sentiments of concern for the happiness of mankind which the petty wits of our times amuse themselves with laughing at, and their more cunning and calculating employers seek by every means to discourage, sometimes by ridicule, sometimes by invective, as truly incompatible with all plans of misgovernment.

FROM FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract is from Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, which, as he himself informs us in it, was written in his "seventy-ninth year;" that is, in 1785, the year he returned from Paris, where he had lived for several years as American plenipotentiary, and where, in 1782, he signed the Treaty of Peace. This work, as first brought out in London, was garbled by his grandson, William Temple Franklin; and it was not until a few years ago that an edition which follows the original with literal exactness was published, under the supervision of Mr. John Bigelow. In the extract here given this text is followed, with the single exception that the spelling is modernized.]

1. I was put to the grammar-school at eight years of age, my father intending to devote me, as the tithe of his sons, to the service of the church. My early readiness in learning to read (which must have been very early, as I do not remember when I could not read), and the opinion of all his friends that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged him in this purpose of his. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved of it, and proposed to give me all his short-hand volumes of sermons, I suppose as a

NOTES.—Line 1. **grammar-school.** This was, of course, the grammar-school of Boston, where Franklin was born. The institution of common schools in Massachusetts dates from 1647; that is, from the seventeenth year of the first founding of the colony. In the law establishing public schools is the following clause: "It is further ordered that when any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families or householders, they shall set up a *grammar-school*, the master thereof being able to instruct youth so far as they may be fitted for the university."—PALFREY: *History of New England*, vol. ii., page 263.—**eight years of age.** This must have been in 1714, as Franklin was born in 1706.

2. **the tithe.** The "tithe" is the tenth part, and specifically the tenth part of the increase arising from the profits of land and stock, allotted to the clergy for their support. The Franklin family included seventeen children, of whom ten were sons.

8. **short-hand,** etc. His "uncle Benjamin" had been in the habit of listening to the best preachers, both in the Old Country and in Boston, and taking down their discourses in a short-hand of his own invention.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–31. What is the distinguishing quality of Franklin's style? (See Def. **49.**)—Is there a single uncommon word in the first paragraph?—Is there a single periodic sentence in this paragraph?

stock to set up with, if I would learn his character. I continued, however, at the grammar-school not quite one year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be the head of it, and, farther, was removed into the next class above it, in order to go with that into the third at the end of the year. But my father, in the meantime, from a view of the expense of a college education, which, having so large a family, he could not well afford, and the mean living many so educated were afterwards able to obtain — reasons that he gave to his friends in my hearing—altered his first intention, took me from the grammar-school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by a then famous man, Mr. George Brownell, very successful in his profession generally, and that by mild, encouraging methods. Under him I acquired fair writing pretty soon, but I failed in the arithmetic, and made no progress in it. At ten years old I was taken home to assist my father in his business, which was that of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler—a business he was not bred to, but had assumed on his arrival in New England, and on finding his dyeing trade would not maintain his family, being in little request. Accordingly, I was employed in cutting wick for the candles, filling the dipping-mould and the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going of errands, etc.

2. I disliked the trade, and had a strong inclination for the sea, but my father declared against it. However, living near the water, I was much in and about it, learned early to swim well, and to manage boats; and when in a boat or canoe with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty. And upon other occasions I was generally a leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which

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9. **his character:** that is, his method of short-hand.

12. **farther.** More correctly *further*.

26, 27. **arrival in New England.** Franklin's father emigrated from Old to New England in 1682.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—32, 33. **inclination for the sea.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**)

I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

3. There was a salt marsh that bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high-water, we used to stand to fish for minnows.* By much trampling, we had made it a mere quagmire.* My proposal was to build a wharf there fit for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and working with them diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, we brought them all away, and built our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which were found in our wharf. Inquiry was made after the removers; we were discovered, and complained of; several of us were corrected by our fathers; and, though I pleaded the usefulness of the work, mine convinced me that nothing was useful which was not honest.

4. I think you may like to know something of his person and character. He had an excellent constitution of body, was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong. He was ingenious, could draw prettily, was skilled a little in music, and had a clear, pleasing voice; so that when he played psalm tunes on his violin and sung withal, as he sometimes did in an evening after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear. He had a mechanical genius too, and, on occasion, was very handy in the use of other tradesmen's tools; but his great excellence lay in a sound understanding and solid judgment in prudential matters, both in private and public affairs. In the latter,

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39. **projecting,** enterprising.
66, 67. **prudential matters** = matters requiring the exercise of prudence or foresight.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 39, 40. **it . . . conducted.** Substitute synonymous terms for the following italicized words: "It *shows* an *early projecting* public spirit, though not then *justly conducted.*"

41–43. **There was . . . minnows.** Analyze this sentence.

43, 44. **minnows . . . quagmire.** What is the derivation of "minnow?" Of "quagmire?"

49. **like so many emmets.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)

62. **sung.** Modernize this form.

indeed, he was never employed, the numerous family he had to educate and the straitness of his circumstances keeping him close to his trade; but I remember well his being frequently visited by leading people, who consulted him for his opinion in affairs of the town or of the church he belonged to, and showed a good deal of respect for his judgment and advice. He was also much consulted by private persons about their affairs when any difficulty occurred, and frequently chosen an arbitrator between contending parties. At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbor to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might tend to improve the minds of his children. By this means he turned our attention to what was good, just, and prudent in the conduct of life; and little or no notice was ever taken of what related to the victuals* on the table, whether it was well or ill dressed, in or out of season, of good or bad flavor, preferable or inferior to this or that other thing of the kind; so that I was brought up in such a perfect inattention to those matters as to be quite indifferent what kind of food was set before me, and so unobservant of it that, to this day, if I am asked I can scarce tell, a few hours after dinner, what I dined upon. This has been a convenience to me in travelling, where my companions have been sometimes very unhappy for want of a suitable gratification of their more delicate, because better instructed, tastes and appetites.

5. To return: I continued thus employed in my father's business for two years, that is, till I was twelve years old; and my brother John, who was bred to that business, having left my father, married, and set up for himself at Rhode Island, there was all appearance that I was destined to supply his place, and become a tallow-chandler. But my dislike to the trade continu-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—72. **the church he belonged to.** Change this expression into the modern *literary* form, by supplying the relative and transposing the preposition. Would this form be any better for the purposes of simple narration?

83. **it.** What noun does "it" represent? Is there any grammatical error here?

85. **a perfect inattention.** Should we now use the article?

96, 97. **there was all appearance.** Substitute a synonymous expression.

ing, my father was under apprehensions that if he did not find one for me more agreeable, I should break away and get to sea, as his son Josiah had done, to his great vexation. He therefore sometimes took me to walk with him, and see joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, etc., at their work, that he might observe my inclination and endeavor to fix it on some trade or other on land. It has ever since been a pleasure to me to see good workmen handle their tools; and it has been useful to me, having learned so much by it as to be able to do little jobs myself in my house when a workman could not readily be got, and to construct little machines for my experiments while the intention of making the experiment was fresh and warm in my mind. My father at last fixed upon the cutler's trade, and my uncle Benjamin's son, Samuel, who was bred to that business in London, being about that time established in Boston, I was sent to be with him some time on liking. But his expectations of a fee with me displeasing my father, I was taken home again.

6. From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes. I afterwards sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections;* they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper

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114. **on liking:** that is, on trial, at the pleasure of both parties.—**a fee,** a sum of money paid to a master when an apprentice is bound to him.

120. **R. Burton's Historical Collections.** "Robert Burton" is a name which occurs in the title-page of a number of very popular historical and miscellaneous compilations, published (and supposed to have been written) by Nathaniel Crouch of London, from 1681 to 1736. The name must not be confounded with that of Robert Burton, the author of the famous *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

121. **chapmen,** peddlers.

122. **polemic,** controversial.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—110. **fresh and warm.** Are the words "fresh" and "warm" used literally or figuratively?

books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. *Plutarch's Lives* there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects*, and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to Do Good*, which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

7. This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which

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126. **Plutarch's Lives.** This famous work, styled by R. W. Emerson "the Bible of heroisms," was the production of Plutarch, a Greek biographer, who lived in the first century of the Christian era.

128, 129. **Essay on Projects.** This is one of the numerous works of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and was published in 1697.

129, 130. **Essays to Do Good.** This work is by Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, a learned New England divine, and a voluminous author. He was born in Boston, 1663; died 1728.

135. **letters:** that is, a supply of printing type.

140. **indentures,** the written agreement or contract between master and apprentice.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 126. **Plutarch's Lives there was.** This is one of Franklin's few inversions of construction. Transpose into the direct order.

132–150. **This bookish . . . wanted.** Point out three or more colloquial words or expressions in paragraph 7.

142. **only.** To what conjunction is "only" here equivalent?

144. **hand.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**)

I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

8. And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces. My brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of *Teach* (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose-writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way. . . .

9. About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*.

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161. **Grub Street.** A street in London (now called *Milton Street*), "much inhabited [in the 18th century] by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called *grub-street*."—DR. JOHNSON.

171. **The Spectator.** See page 129 of this book.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—152. **pretty collection.** What is the force of "pretty" here?

156, 157. **put me on composing.** Modernize this expression.

163, 164. **made a great noise.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

171–208. Write out an abstract from memory of the method taken by Franklin to cultivate his powers of expression, enlarge his vocabulary, etc. (Paragraph 9.)

It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse, and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it.

10. While I was intent on improving my language, I met with

an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there was two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a dispute in the Socratic method; and, soon after, I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates*, wherein are many instances of the same method. I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. . . .

11. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears

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211. **Greenwood's.** There *was* an English grammar by James Greenwood, published in London in 1711.

213. **Socratic method,** the mode of arguing pursued by Socrates, the illustrious Greek philosopher (B.C. about 471 – 399). The method consisted in systematic cross-examination, Socrates assuming the character of an ignorant learner till he involved his opponent in contradictory answers.

214. **Xenophon,** born about B.C. 444, was a distinguished soldier and in youth was a pupil of Socrates, whose sayings he recorded in the work usually called the *Memorabilia*.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 212. **there was two little sketches.** Indicate the grammatical fault.

215–223. Substitute synonymous terms for the italicized words in the following: I found this *method* safest for myself and very *embarrassing* to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a *delight* in it, *practised* it *continually*, and grew very *artful* and *expert* in drawing people, even of *superior* knowledge, into *concessions*, the *consequences* of which they did not foresee, *entangling* them in difficulties out of which they could not *extricate* themselves, and so *obtaining victories* that neither myself nor my cause always deserved."—It may be observed that, perhaps influenced by his subject, Franklin in this sentence employs, a for him unusual number of what may be called *bookish* words.

to me, or, *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or, *I imagine it to be so;* or, *it is so, if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are *to inform* or *to be informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given us—to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction, and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in pleasing your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously:

> "Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
> And things unknown proposed as things forgot;"

further recommending to us

> "To speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence."

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think, less properly,

> "For want of modesty is want of sense."

If you ask, why less properly? I must repeat the lines—

> "Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of modesty is want of sense."

Now, is not "want of sense" (where a man is so unfortunate as

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251, 252. **Men . . . forgot.** The lines are from Pope's *Essay on Criticism*.

254. **To speak . . . diffidence.** This line is from the poem named in the previous note.

259, 260. **Immodest . . . sense.** From the same poem.

to want it) some apology for his "want of modesty?" And would not the lines stand more justly thus?

> "Immodest words admit *but* this defence,
> That want of modesty is want of sense."

This, however, I submit to better judgments.

12. My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

13. He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but, being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and, writing an anonymous * paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they

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273. **At this time . . . five-and-twenty.** Franklin was writing in 1785. | At *this* time probably as many thousands.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—264, 265. What do you think of Franklin's improvement on Pope?

266. Point out the characteristic manner in which Franklin, in this line, exemplifies the precept as to "modest diffidence," laid down by him at the beginning of the paragraph.

277–280. **He had . . . us.** Rewrite this sentence in such a way as to bring the relative pronouns "who" and "which" nearer their antecedents.

285. **anonymous.** Give the derivation of this word.

called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that, in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them. . . .

14. I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey ; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul, nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest ; I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing ; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

15. Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston ; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room

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295, 296. **my journey.** His journey to Philadelphia, whither he went at the age of seventeen, having quarrelled with his brother.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 292 – 294. **I suppose . . . them.** Analyze this sentence.

295–298. **I have been . . . there.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?

in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street Wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

16. Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—295–340. Write in your words an account of Franklin's first entry into Philadelphia.

XI.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709–1784.

Sam. Johnson.

CHARACTERIZATION BY MACAULAY.

1. [Through Boswell's *Life*,] Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him, his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his

St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates, old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank—all are familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.

2. Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language ; in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse ; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love ; in a language in which nobody ever thinks.

3. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the *Journey to the Hebrides* is the translation ; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken upstairs," says he, in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the *Journey* as follows : "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "*The Rehearsal*," he said, very unjustly, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet ;" then, after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

4. Mannerism is pardonable, and is sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or of Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted on principle, and which can be sustained only by constant effort, is always offensive. And such is the mannerism of Johnson.

5. The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers, and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language ; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which therefore, even when lawfully naturalized, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the king's English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite ; his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed ; his big words wasted on little things ; his harsh inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit, and sweetness to the expression of our great old writers—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers and parodied by his assailants, till the public has become sick of the subject.

6. Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, " If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." No man surely ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson. Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy-hunter or an empty town fop, of a crazy virtuoso or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style. His speech, like Sir Piercy Shafton's euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise. Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Imlac the poet, or Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia. The gay Cornelia describes her reception at the country-house of her relations in such terms as these : " I was surprised, after the civilities of my first reception, to find, instead of the leisure and tranquillity

which a rural life always promises, and, if well conducted, might always afford, a confused wildness of care, and a tumultuous hurry of diligence, by which every face was clouded, and every motion agitated." The gentle Tranquilla informs us that she "had not passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship and the joys of triumph; but had danced the round of gayety amidst the murmurs of envy and the gratulations of applause, had been attended from pleasure to pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and had seen her regard solicited by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gayety of wit, and the timidity of love." Surely Sir John Falstaff himself did not wear his petticoats with a worse grace. The reader may well cry out, with honest Sir Hugh Evans, "I like not when a 'oman has a great peard: I spy a great peard under her muffler."

7. As we close Boswell's book, the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuffbox, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge massy face seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with the scorched foretop, the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the "Why, sir?" and the "What then, sir?" and the "No, sir!" and the "You don't see your way through the question, sir!"

8. What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion! To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity! To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings which he probably

expected to be immortal is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table-talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.

I.—COWLEY AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract is from Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, from which already two selections have been made—the *Characterization of Shakespeare*, page 1, and the *Parallel between Pope and Dryden*, page 147. "Much of Johnson's criticism," says Leslie Stephen, "is pretty nearly obsolete; but the child of his old age—the *Lives of the Poets*—a book in which criticism and biography are combined, is an admirable performance in spite of serious defects. It is the work that best reflects his mind, and intelligent readers who have once made its acquaintance will be apt to turn it into a familiar companion."]

1. Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasures in the mind of man, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

2. Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seven-

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NOTES.— Line 1. **Cowley.** Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) was the most popular poet of his time; however, he soon fell out of favor (see line 4 above), as is shown by Pope's lines—

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart."

The "epic" and "Pindaric" art is in allusion to Cowley's two representative works — the *Davideis*, an epic poem on the life and troubles of David; and *Pindaric Odes*, a collection replete with beauties and with blemishes.

5. **Wit,** literary invention.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–4. **Cowley . . . another.** To what class, rhetorically, does the first sentence belong?—Point out two examples of antithesis in this sentence.

5–10. **Wit . . . account.** In paragraph 2 which sentence is complex, and which compound?

teenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the *metaphysical poets*, of whom, in a criticism on the works of Cowley, it is not improper to give some account.

3. The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavor; but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry* they only wrote verses;* and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

4. If the father of criticism has rightly denominated poetry *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets, for they cannot be said to have imitated anything: they neither copied nature from life, neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

5. Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to

8, 9. **the metaphysical poets.** Besides Cowley, the two principal poets whom Johnson includes in this designation are Donne (1573–1631), the first and best of the school, and Crashaw (died about 1650), whose "power and opulence of invention" are praised by Coleridge. The fitness of the term "metaphysical" as descriptive of these poets has been questioned, and perhaps the name, the *fantastic school* (equivalent to the Italian school of the *concetti*), would be more appropriate.

18. **the father of criticism**: that is, Aristotle (B.C. 384–322), the famous Greek philosopher, who, in his *Rhetoric* and his *Poetics*, first laid down the canons of literary criticism.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—11–17. **The metaphysical . . . syllables.** Point out an example of antithesis in this sentence.

13, 14. **poetry . . . verses.** What is the distinction between "poetry" and "verses?" (See Defs. 3, 4, 10.)—Give the derivation of each of these words.

14, 15. **stood the trial of the finger,** etc. Explain this expression.

16. **only.** Improve the position of this word by placing it nearer the adverbial phrase which it modifies.

20, 21. **they cannot be said to have imitated anything.** What three particular statements are used to amplify and illustrate this general statement?—Note the felicitous use of three verbs nearly synonymous with "represented."

24–27. **Those . . . poetry.** In this paragraph point out two pairs of verbs contrasted in meaning.

be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

6. If wit be well described by Pope as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavored to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous; he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

7. If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it wonders how he missed, to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

8. But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more vigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors*—a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus

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28, 29. **Pope . . . expressed.** The exact words of Pope are in the following couplet from his *Essay on Criticism:*

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

45, 46. **discordia concors,** literally a harmonious discord, or variance.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—28–32. **If wit . . . diction.** What kind of sentence is this, grammatically and rhetorically?

34. **happiness of language.** Give an equivalent expression.

35–40. **If . . . risen.** What kind of sentence is this grammatically and rhetorically.

40–43. **Their thoughts . . . found.** In this balanced sentence point out the corresponding or contrasting parts.

defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

9. From this account of their compositions, it will be readily inferred that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed in something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds. They never inquired what, on any occasion, they should have said or done, but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as Epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow.

62, 63. **Epicurean deities.** According to the doctrine of the Greek philosopher Epicu'rus (B.C. 342–270), the "gods live in eternal bliss, that is to say, *in absolute inactivity*, in the quiet enjoyment of sublime wisdom and virtue."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 48, 49. **The most heterogeneous ideas,** etc. A single illustration may serve to show the justice of Johnson's criticism on the strained conceits of the metaphysical poets. Donne has to describe a broken heart: he enters a room where his sweetheart is present—

"Love alas!
At one first blow did shiver it [the heart] as glass."

This image he then proceeds to amplify thus:

"Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite;
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite.
And now, as broken glasses show
A hundred faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love, can love no more."

57–59. **that uniformity of sentiment,** etc. Compare this periphrastic elaboration with the powerful simplicity of Shakespeare's thought—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

10. Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity* is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety,* which in its original import means exility* of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits* and labored particularities, the prospects of nature or the scenes of life than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

11. What they wanted, however, of the sublime, they endeavored to supply by hyperbole: their amplification had no limits; they left not only reason, but fancy, behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

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76. **exility,** thinness, fineness.
82. **conceits,** fancies.
86. **hyperbole.** See Def. **34.**
87. **fancy,** imagination.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—68–84. **Nor was . . . noon.** How many sentences in this paragraph? State the class of each sentence grammatically and rhetorically. Select one which is an example of a short balanced (antithetical) compound sentence.—The attention of the pupil is called to this finely expressed paragraph. Notice the variety of sentences—variety as to *type* (complex or compound, loose sentence or period) and as to *length*—and observe how the passage is rounded with a sentence noble in its elocution and splendid in its imagery.

85–89. **What . . . imagined.** Rewrite the sentence, substituting equivalents for the italicized words: "What they *wanted*, however, of the *sublime*, they *endeavored* to *supply* by *hyperbole:* their *amplification* had no *limits;* they left not only reason, but fancy, behind them; and *produced combinations* of *confused magnificence* that not only could not be *credited*, but could not be *imagined*."

12. Yet great labor, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost: if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth; if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme and volubility* of syllables.

13. In perusing the works of this race of authors,* the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity* has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity* and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

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93. **worth the carriage:** that is, worth the bringing from *afar*, whence they were "fetched."

98. **hereditary similes:** that is, similes that have come down from generation to generation, and to which every successive poet is heir.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—95. **born a metaphysical poet.** Contrast this with Horace's dictum, "The poet is born, not made" (*Poeta nascitur, non fit*). What conclusion may be drawn as to metaphysical poets being poets at all?

100–110. Give the derivation of the following words: "author" (100); "absurdity" (106); "perspicuity" (110).

II. — DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

[INTRODUCTION.—In explanation of Dr. Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield, the following circumstances may be stated. In 1747 Johnson had put forth a prospectus for an English Dictionary, addressed, at the suggestion of the publisher Dodsley, to Lord Chesterfield, "then Secretary of State, and the great contemporary Mæcenas." Johnson's language implies that his lordship and himself had been, to some extent, in personal communication concerning the project, but that Johnson was rebuffed. In the meantime, the work on the Dictionary had gone on for seven years, and in 1755 it was published. Just before publication Lord Chesterfield took occasion to write two articles in the London *World*, in which, with various courtly compliments, he described Dr. Johnson's fitness for the task of preparing a Dictionary—the object being to secure the dedication of the work to himself. Johnson readily saw through the manœuvre, and bestowed upon the noble earl a piece of his mind in the celebrated letter which was, as Carlyle calls it, "the far-famed blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield, and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more."]

MY LORD,—I have lately been informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*[1] — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When once I had addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of

[1] The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.

which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary,[1] and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity, not to confess obligations when no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

III.—VANITY OF MILITARY AMBITION.[2]

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:

NOTES.—2. **Swedish Charles.** Charles XII. of Sweden (born 1682, killed at the siege of Frederickshall, Norway, 1718) succeeded to the throne in 1697, at the age of fifteen. There is a well-known popular history of Charles XII. from the pen of the celebrated French writer Voltaire.

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[1] Dr. Johnson's wife, to whom he was passionately devoted, had died two years before, in 1752.

[2] From Dr. Johnson's fine poem entitled *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field.
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign.
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost.
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.

---

3. **A frame of adamant, a soul of fire.** Voltaire speaks of "that body of iron (*corps de fer*) controlled by a soul so bold and unshakable."

9. **surrounding kings.** Charles IV. of Denmark, Augustus II. of Poland, and Peter the Great of Russia.

10. **one capitulate:** namely, the King of Denmark, in 1700.—**one resign:** namely, the King of Poland.

13. **On Moscow's walls.** It is recorded that after Charles XII. had begun his invasion, the Czar attempted to negotiate; but the former replied, "I will treat with the Czar at Moscow."—**Gothic:** that is, Swedish.

20. **Pultowa's day:** that is, the battle of Pultowa (July 8, 1709), where Charles's advance on the city of Moscow was checked by the arrival of the Czar Peter with 70,000 men. Charles suffered a signal defeat, and fled to Bender, in Turkey.

23, 24. **Condemned . . . debate.** Charles was hospitably entertained by the Sultan after his flight into Turkey, and soon began to dream of enlisting that power in his designs against Russia. In these efforts he sought by bribes to win to his side the ladies of the seraglio and successive viziers ("slaves"); but the Czar had more gold than he.

But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

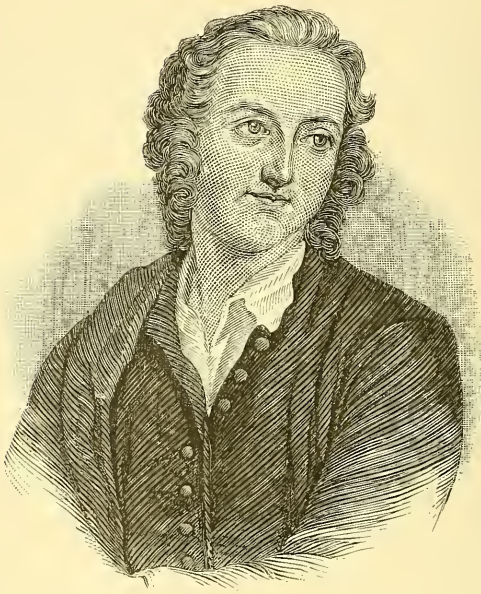
---

25. **Chance,** Fortune.
29. **barren strand,** Norway.
30. **petty fortress,** Frederickshall. — **a dubious hand,** in allusion to the question whether the bullet which struck him came from the enemy or from his own camp.

XII.

THOMAS GRAY.

1716–1771.



T. Gray

CHARACTERIZATION BY MACKINTOSH.[1]

1. Gray was a poet of a far higher order than Goldsmith, and of an almost opposite kind of merit. Of all English poets, he was the most finished artist. He attained the highest kind of

[1] From *Miscellaneous Essays* by Sir James Mackintosh.

splendor of which poetical style seems capable. If Virgil and his scholar Racine may be allowed to have united somewhat more ease with their elegance, no other poet approaches Gray in this kind of excellence. The degree of poetical invention diffused over such a style, the balance of taste and of fancy necessary to produce it, and the art with which the offensive boldness of imagery is polished away are not, indeed, always perceptible to the common reader, nor do they convey to any mind the same species of gratification which is felt from the perusal of those poems which seem to be the unpremeditated effusions of enthusiasm. But to the eye of the critic, and more especially to the artist, they afford a new kind of pleasure, not incompatible with a distinct perception of the art employed, and somewhat similar to the grand emotions excited by the reflection on the skill and toil exerted in the construction of a magnificent palace. They can only be classed among the secondary pleasures of poetry, but they never can exist without a great degree of its higher excellencies.

2. Almost all Gray's poetry was lyrical—that species which, issuing from the mind in the highest state of excitement, requires an intensity of feeling which, for a long composition, the genius of no poet could support. Those who complained of its brevity and rapidity, only confessed their own inability to follow the movements of poetical inspiration.* Of the two grand attributes of the ode, Dryden had displayed the enthusiasm, Gray exhibited the magnificence. He is also the only modern English writer whose Latin verses deserve general notice, but we must lament that such difficult trifles had diverted his genius from its natural objects. In his Letters he has shown the descriptive powers of a poet, and in new combinations of generally familiar words, which he seems to have caught from Madame de Sévigné (though it must be said he was somewhat quaint), he was eminently happy. It may be added that he deserves the comparatively trifling praise of having been the most learned poet since Milton.

I.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

[INTRODUCTION.—This famous poem was begun by Gray in 1742, finished in 1750, and first printed in 1751. It has been pronounced "the most widely known poem in our language"—a popularity to be sought in the fact that "it expresses in an exquisite manner feelings and thoughts that are universal," and are therefore intelligible to all. Though not wholly free from faults, the *Elegy* is, on the whole, to use Gray's felicitous phrase, "a gem of purest ray serene."]

1. The curfew * tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2. Now fades the glimmering landscape * on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

NOTES.—Line 1. **curfew.** See note on *Il Penseroso*, page 59, Note 65, of this book. — **parting,** departing.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Define *Elegy*. (See Def. **10.**) — How many lines does each stanza contain?—What of the prosody of the poem? *Ans.* Each quatrain consists of four lines of iambic pentameter, rhyming alternately. Define iambic pentameter. (See Swinton's *New School Composition*, page 90, III. and note.)

1–4. **The curfew . . . me.** What kind of sentence grammatically? — This stanza contains only two words not of Anglo-Saxon origin: which are these words?—What word in this stanza belongs to the diction of poetry? — State the derivation of "curfew."—Which line in this stanza contains two examples of alliteration?

1. **Tolls the knell.** What figure of speech is this? (See Def. **20.**)—Change into a simile. (See Def. **20, ii.**)

3. **The ploughman . . . way.** A critic points out that this line is quite peculiar in its possible transformations, and adds that he has made "twenty different versions *preserving the rhythm, the general sentiment, and the rhyming word.*" Let pupils try how many of these variations they can make.

5–8. **Now . . . folds.** In this stanza what epithets are applied to "landscape?" "stillness?" "flight?" "tinkling?" "fold?" Rewrite this stanza, omitting the epithets designated.—Are meaning and metre still preserved?—What is lacking?—Gray has been accused of going to excess in the use of epithets.

6. **air.** Is this word subject or object?—Transpose into the prose order.

3. Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,*
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet* sleep.

5. The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion,* or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6. For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children* run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

---

12. **reign.** The word is here used in the sense not of *rule*, but of *realm*.

16. **rude,** rustic, unpolished.

20. **their lowly bed,** not the grave, as many have supposed, but the bed on which, during their life, they were wont to lie.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—9–12. **Save . . . reign.** Is this stanza a principal or a subordinate proposition?—**Save.** What part of speech here? What originally? (See Glossary.)

11. **as.** What part of speech here?

13–16. **Beneath . . . sleep.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?—Change into the direct order.

15, 16. **Each . . . sleep.** With what noun is "each" in apposition?—What adjective phrase modifies "each?"—What is the figure of speech in this passage? (See Def. **20.**)—Express the thought in prose diction.

19. **clarion.** Literal or metaphorical?

20. **No more shall rouse,** etc. What noun forms the compound grammatical subject of "shall rouse?"—What thought in the previous stanza does this sentence carry out?

22. **ply her evening care.** What is the figure here? (See Def. **20.**) Change into a plain expression.[1]

23. **run to lisp.** Compare with a passage in Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*, page 277, lines 21, 22 of this volume.

23, 24. **No children . . . share.** In these lines point out two infinitives (of purpose) that are used adverbially. What does each modify?—In the word "children," how is the plural formed? (See Glossary.)

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[1] Hales remarks that "this is probably the kind of phrase that caused

7. Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe* has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8. Let not Ambition* mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9. The boast of heraldry,* the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

---

26. **furrow**, used metaphorically for plough.—**glebe**, ground.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—25–28. **Oft . . . stroke.** Change this stanza into equivalent sentences, using your own words.

26. **broke.** State the correct prose form, and account for Gray's using "broke."

29, 31. **Ambition . . . Grandeur.** "Ambition" is equivalent to *the ambitious* (figure synecdoche). To what, in like manner, is "Grandeur" equivalent?

31. **smile.** With what word is "smile" made to rhyme? Is it a perfect rhyme?

33–36. **The boast of heraldry . . . to the grave.** This solemnly impressive stanza is associated with a striking event in American history. On the night before the attack on Quebec, as the boats were silently descending the St. Lawrence, the gallant General Wolf "repeated in a low tone to the other officers in his boat those beautiful stanzas with which a country church-yard inspired the muse of Gray, and at the close of the recitation, 'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.'"[1] For himself, he was within a few hours to find fulfilment of that noble line—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

36. **but.** What part of speech here?

Wordsworth to pronounce the language of the *Elegy* unintelligible"—a judgment assuredly too censorious. Wordsworth, in the following direct manner, conveys the thought which Gray thus veils:

"And she I cherished *turned her wheel*
Beside an English fire."

[1] Lord Mahon's *History of England.*

10. Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle* and fretted* vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11. Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke* the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

12. Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

13. But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14. Full many a gem of purest ray serene*
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

---

39. **fretted,** ornamented with *fretwork,* or bands intersecting at right angles.—**vault,** arched roof.

41. **storied.** See *Il Penseroso,* page 63, line 150, *note.*

43. **provoke,** to call forth, to rouse to activity — the etymological meaning of the word. (See Glossary.)

51. **rage,** inspiration, enthusiasm.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—38. **Memory . . . no trophies raise.** What combination of figures of speech here? (See Defs. **22, 20.**)

39, 40. **Where, through . . . note of praise.** Express this in plain language.

41–44. **Can storied . . . death?** Analyze this stanza. What is the rhetorical effect gained here by the use of the interrogative form?

46–48. By what circumlocutions does Gray express *some saint? Some mighty ruler? Some great poet?*

47. **Hands.** Supply the ellipsis.

49, 50. **her ample page . . . unroll.** How is this thought connected with the original meaning of the word *volume?* (See Glossary.)

52. **froze,** etc. What is the figure? (See Def. **20.**)

53. **many a . . . purest ray serene.** What is the position of the adjectives with reference to the noun?—Of whose word-order is this an imitation? (See *L'Allegro,* page 51, line 32, *note.*)

15. Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

16. The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17. Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

18. The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

---

57. **Hampden.** John Hampden (born 1594; died 1647)—a cousin of the great Cromwell—was an English statesman and patriot. He was a strenuous opponent of Charles the First's illegal acts, and subsequently a leader in the civil war.

60. **Cromwell.** Oliver Cromwell (born 1599; died 1658) was the great leader in the English civil war, which resulted in the execution of Charles I. Cromwell became "lord protector" (virtually king) of England in 1653.

66. **Their growing virtues** = the growth of their virtues.

69. **conscious** = consciousness of.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—57–60. What form of the figure synecdoche is exemplified in the names "Hampden," "Milton," "Cromwell," as here used? (See Def. 28.)

59. **Some mute,** etc. Do you believe it possible that there *could* be a "mute inglorious Milton?"

60. **Some Cromwell guiltless,** etc. How does Gray imply that he believed Cromwell *guilty* "of his country's blood?"[1]

65. **forbade.** What four noun *phrases* are the object of "forbade?"

66, 68. In what respects did their lot "confine their crimes?" (See subsequent lines.)

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[1] The prejudice against Cromwell was exceedingly strong during the 18th century, and it is only in our own time that justice has been done to that heroic character.

19. Far from the madding* crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

20. Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth* rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21. Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22. For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

---

73. **the madding crowd,** the wild or furious crowd.

77. **these bones:** that is, the bones of these.

85. **who, to dumb,** etc.: that is, "Who ever resigned this pleasing anxious being [life] as a prey to dumb forgetfulness?"

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—75, 76. **Along the cool . . . way.** Express this thought in your own language.

77–80. Substitute sentences with different but equivalent words.

81, 84. Explain "unlettered muse;" "rustic moralist."

84. **That teach.** What is the antecedent of "that?" Consequently, of what number is it? And what rule of syntax is violated in the use of the form "teach?"

85–88. **For who . . . behind.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—With what verbal noun is "prey" in apposition?—What is the subject of "left?" Of "cast?" In what emphatic way does the poet convey the thought that "no one ever resigned this life of his with all pleasures and pains to be utterly ignored and forgotten?"—Observe that the second question is a repetition or amplification of the first.

23. On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24. For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

25. Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

26. "There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

---

90. **pious**, filial.
93. **For thee who**: that is, as for thee—namely, the poet himself.
95. **If chance** = if perchance.
103. **His listless length**: that is, his tired body.

Literary Analysis.—89–92. Observe that in this exquisite stanza the poet answers the question (twice repeated) in the previous stanza.—Which line is an amplification of 89? Which of 91?

90. **pious.** Show that this word is here used in its original Latin sense. (See Glossary.)

92. **in our ashes . . . fires.** Compare this fine expression with Chaucer's line—

"Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken."

97–100. In this stanza there is but one word not of Anglo-Saxon origin: what is that word?

100. **upland lawn.** See *L'Allegro*, line 84, page 53 of this volume.

101–103. **beech . . . stretch.** Remark on the rhyme.

104. **brook that babbles by.** What is the figure here? (See Def. **20.**)

27. "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

28. "One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

29. "The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.*

30. Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

31. Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

---

107. **wan,** having a pale or sickly look.
111. **Another:** that is, another morn.
114. **church-way,** the path leading church-*way* or church-*ward;* or, as has been suggested, "church-way may be a corruption of the old English word church-hay = church-yard."
115. **lay.** The "lay" refers to the rhymed epitaph which follows.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—105. To what word is the adjective phrase "now smiling as in scorn" an adjunct?

109. **One morn.** Query as to the construction of "morn."

115. **(for thou canst read).** What may be inferred as to the "hoary-headed swain's" ability to read?

117. **rests.** What is the subject of this verb?

117–120. Give examples of personification in this stanza.

119. **Fair Science . . . birth.** Express the thought in your own language.

123. **Misery.** What is the figure of speech?—**tear.** With what is this word in apposition?

32. No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God. 125

II.—THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[INTRODUCTION.—The *Progress of Poesy* is called by Gray a "Pindaric Ode;" that is, an ode after the manner of Pindar, the Greek lyric poet (born in Thebes about B.C. 520). It must be said, however, that though it may have the Pindaric form, it has little of the Pindaric fire. Still, the Ode is a beautiful and interesting composition: it shines everywhere, and in some passages rises to sublimity. It was first published in 1757.

The Ode is written, not in uniform stanzas, but in uniform groups of stanzas, the nine stanzas forming three uniform groups. Thus the 1st, 4th, and 7th stanzas are exactly intercorrespondent; so the 2d, 5th, and 8th, and so the remaining three.]

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy* progress take;

NOTES.—1. **Æolian lyre.** Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, "Æolian song," "Æolian strings;" so that Gray's expression is equivalent to *lyre such as Pindar struck*. "Æolian," pertaining to Æolia, a Greek colony in Asia Minor, where Greek lyric genius was first developed.

1–12. Gray himself thus explains the "motive" of the first stanza: "The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet, majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swollen and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions."

2. **rapture:** that is, poetic rapture.

3. **Helicon's . . . springs.** In the mountain range of Helicon (in Bœotia) were two fountains sacred to the Muses.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 125, 126. What words in these lines are used antithetically?

The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs!
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car,
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and the lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered * to thy warbled lay.

---

9. **Ce'res** (Greek Dēmētēr), one of the greater divinities, the protectress of agriculture and of all the fruits of the earth.

10. **amain,** with force or strength.

13–24. The motive of this stanza is thus explained by Gray: "Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar."

15. **shell,** the lyre, in allusion to the myth that Mercury made the first lyre from the shell of a tortoise.

17. **the Lord of War,** Mars, believed to have his abiding-place in Thrace.

21. **the feathered king.** The usual attributes of Jupiter (Zeus) are the sceptre, *eagle,* and thunderbolt.

25–41. The motive of this stanza is thus explained by Gray: "Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body."

O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day;
With antic * Sport and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic * measures,
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet.
To brisk notes in cadence * beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way.
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;

---

27. **Idalia** (for *Idalium*), a town in Cyprus where Venus was worshipped.
29. **Cytherea,** Venus.
30. **antic,** fantastic.
42–53. Gray says, in explanation of this stanza, "To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terror of the night."
46. **fond,** foolish.
47. **Jove** = Jupiter.
50. **boding,** foreshowing, presaging.

Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight * gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous * shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured * chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous shame,
The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown the Ægean deep,

---

53. **Hyperion,** the sun. The accent is, properly, on the penult (Hyperi'on). Gray, with most of the poets, wrongly makes it on the antepenult.

54–65. Gray says, in explanation of this stanza, "Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty and the virtues that naturally attend on it."

54. **solar road,** the ecliptic. The expression is here equivalent to the extreme north. Compare with an expression of Pope's in the *Essay on Man*, line 102, page 156, of this book.

56. **broke** = broken.

62. **cinctured,** girt.

64. **pursue.** This use of the plural verb with the first of a series of subjects is an imitation of the Greek idiom.

66–82. Gray says, in explanation of this stanza, "Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England."

66. **Delphi's steep** is at the foot of the southern uplands of Mount Parnassus, which ends in a precipitous cliff.

Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths * creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound,
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power
And coward Vice that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! * next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal * year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

---

68. **Ilis'sus.** This stream flows through the east side of Athens.

69, 70. **Mæander's . . . waves . . . labyrinths creep.** On the banks of the river Mæander, in Asia Minor, was the city of Miletus, one of the earliest seats of Hellenic culture. In its lower course this river flows through a wide plain, where it wanders in intricate turnings and windings. Hence our verb *to meander*.

77. **Nine,** the nine Muses.

78. **Latian plains** = plains of Latium, or Italy.

82. **Albion,** England.

84. **nature's darling:** that is, Shakespeare. Compare *L'Allegro*, page 55, line 125, of this book.

86. **mighty mother,** nature.

III. 2.

Nor second he that rode sublime*
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy*
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of place and time;
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous* car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal* race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more:
O lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit

---

95. **he**: that is, Milton. Gray was a profound student, an enthusiastic admirer, and a frequent imitator of Milton, and here pays a sublime tribute to the Puritan bard.

99. **The living throne**, etc. See Ezekiel i., 20, 26, 28.

101. **blasted . . . light.** Compare Milton's expression (*Paradise Lost*, iii., 380): "Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear."

103. **Dryden.** Gray "admired Dryden almost beyond bounds." He told Beattie that "if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great poet."

105. **Two coursers**, meaning the heroic couplet (as in *Absalom and Achitophel*), which in Dryden's hands acquired great vigor.

107. **his hands**: that is, Dryden's.

111. "We have had in our language no other ode of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on *St. Cecilia's Day*."—GRAY.

113. **Wakes thee now**: that is, in this poem.—**he.** Gray is here modestly referring to himself.

Nor the pride nor ample pinion*
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far! but far above the great.

---

115. **Theban eagle,** Pindar.

120. **With orient hues.** Compare Milton (*Paradise Lost*, i., 546): "with orient colors waving."

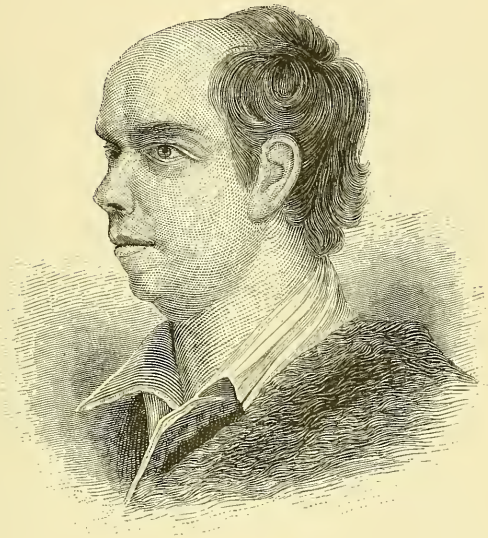
122. **Beyond . . . fate.** Gray's original manuscript has, "Yet never can he fear a vulgar fate." The change is an improvement.

123. **the great,** the merely worldly great, high in station.

XIII.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728–1774.



Oliver Goldsmith

THACKERAY'S TRIBUTE TO GOLDSMITH.[1]

1. Who, of the millions whom Goldsmith has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man! A wild youth, wayward, but full of ten-

[1] From Thackeray's *Humorists of the Eighteenth Century.*

derness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out-of-doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem full of the recollections and feelings of home —he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast.

2. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes today in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you.

3. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

4. Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave

it. His humor delights us still; his song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words are in all our mouths; his very weaknesses are beloved and familiar. His benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[INTRODUCTION.—The *Deserted Village* was first published in 1770, and immediately became exceedingly popular. The work belongs to the class of didactic poems, the purpose being to set forth the evils of the luxury that prevailed in the England of Goldsmith's day. It has often been pointed out that the poet blundered in his political economy; but it is of little moment to inquire is he right or wrong—our interest being, not in the moral of the poem, but in its art; in its charming "interiors," in its fine bits of portraiture, and in the sweetness and grace that pervade its melodious lines.]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain;
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers* of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

NOTES.—Line 1. **Sweet Auburn.** There have been various claimants for the honor of being the village intended by Goldsmith, but it is doubtful whether "Auburn" ever existed in any other geography than the poet's own imagination.

2. **swain.** See Gray's *Elegy*, page 202.

4. **parting.** See Gray's *Elegy*, page 202.

5. **bowers:** *poeticè* for dwellings.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—What other poem, previously studied, does the *Deserted Village* resemble in versification?

1. **village.** Grammatical construction of this word?

3, 4. **Where smiling . . . delayed.** Express the meaning of this couplet in your own language.—What figure of speech is there in this couplet? (See Def. 22.)

How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent* church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train,* from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol* frolicked* o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long* looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;

---

10. **cot** = cottage.
12. **decent**, suitable, proper.
16. **remitting**, being over.—**lent its turn to**, gave way to.
17. **village train**: that is, the whole body of villagers *drawn* along together to the sport.
19. **circled**, went round.
21. **gambol frolicked**, etc.: that is, many a sportive prank was played in a frolicsome manner.
25. **simply**, in a simple manner, with simplicity.
27. **smutted**, blackened, dirty.

Literary Analysis. — 9–14. The abstract term "every charm" is explained by a series of *particulars* that give a concrete conception of what these charms were: enumerate these particulars. Could a picture be painted from the description?

14. **talking age.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**)
21. **gambol frolicked.** Give the derivation of these words.
24. **band.** Is this word in the direct or poetic order?

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way:
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry,* their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

---

35. **lawn.** The word is here equivalent to "*plain*" in line 1.
37. **tyrant's hand:** that is, the despotism of the great land-owners.
39. **One only** = one sole.
40. **stints,** deprives of beauty and luxuriance.
44. **bittern,** a wading bird of Europe, related to the herons: it stalks among reeds and sedges, feeding upon fish. Dryden calls the sound it makes *bumping*. See Isaiah xiv., 23; xxxiv., 11.
49, 50. **shrinking . . . land:** that is, owing to the absorption of the land by great proprietors, the peasantry were forced to emigrate.
52. **decay,** decrease in number.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—41–48. By what fine touches does Goldsmith convey a vivid idea of the utter desolation into which the village had fallen?

51. **Ill . . . ills.** Perhaps the use of "ill" (adverb) and "ills" (noun) in the same line may fairly be deemed infelicitous. A word should not be repeated in the same sentence, unless the repetition is *artistic*.

51, 52. **Ill . . . decay.** Transpose this couplet into the prose order.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn * confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain.

---

58. **rood,** another form of *rod.*
63. **trade's . . . train:** that is, the people that trade *brings with it.*
76. **confess,** show.
81. **busy train:** that is, all the things that memory calls up.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—58. **When . . . man.** Explain this statement.

59. **light labor.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 22.)—**her.** Why "her?"

62. **And his . . . wealth.** Explain what is meant by saying that "ignorance of wealth was his best riches."

64. **Usurp.** How do you justify the use of the plural number?

66. **Unwieldy . . . repose.** What is the figure of speech?

67, 68. **want . . . pang.** Of what verb, understood, are "want" and "pang" the subjects?

69. **that plenty bade to bloom.** Express this in plainer language.

69–74. **These gentle hours . . . no more.** Analyze this sentence.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;

---

100. **an age** = an old age.
105. **in guilty state**: that is, in an array that of itself betrays the criminal luxury of the proprietor.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—83-88. **In all . . . repose.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?

85. **my latest hours to crown.** What kind of phrase, and modifying what?

87. **To husband.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) Change into plain language.

92. **And tell . . . saw.** Analyze this sentence.

93, 94. **And, as an hare . . . flew.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **19.**)—Should we now say "*an* hare?"—Give an example of pleonasm in line 94.

99. **crowns.** Is this verb used in a literal or in a metaphorical sense?

102. **to combat . . . to fly.** To combat what?—To fly from what?

103. **For him.** For whom?

104. **tempt the dangerous deep.** Change into plain language.

106. **imploring famine.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**)

But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed * the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale * had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

---

107. **his latter end:** that is, his death; a Biblical expression.
110. **slopes,** eases.
115. **careless,** free from care.
121. **bayed,** barked at.
122. **spoke,** bespoke, indicated.
123. **sought the shade:** that is, these various sounds were heard in the evening-tide.
124. **pause,** a stop or intermission in the song of the nightingale.
126. **fluctuate,** float. — **gale,** not here used in its full meaning, but as equivalent to breeze, wind.

Literary Analysis. — 113, 114. **Sweet . . . rose.** Transpose this couplet into the prose order.

115. **careless steps and slow.** Remark on the position of the adjectives.

117. **The swain . . . sung.** Change into plain language.—**sung.** Modernize.

118. **herd.** Tell from the pronoun the number in which Goldsmith intends "herd" to be. Compare Gray's *Elegy*, page 196, line 2.

119. Point out an instance of alliteration in this line.

122. Observe the true touch in this line; but does it mean that *every* "loud laugh" indicates a vacant mind?—Give an Anglo-Saxon synonym of "vacant."

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

II.

Near yonder copse,* where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion * rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:

128. **bloomy** = blooming. This form is used by Milton and Dryden.
130. **plashy**, puddle-like.
137. **copse**, underbrush.
142. **passing**, very. Forty pounds seems to have been the average salary of a curate in England during the 18th century.
144. **place**, position.
149. **vagrant train**, tramps.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—129–136. Observe that the absence of life in the deserted village is rendered the more impressive by this particular instance of the presence of life. In this description of the

"widowed, solitary thing,"

which do you think is the most picturesque circumstance mentioned?

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place:
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:

---

155. **broken**, retired from service, *broken down.*

171. **parting.** See Gray's *Elegy*, page 202, line 89.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

194. **furze**, an evergreen shrub.
199. **boding** = foreboding.
209. **terms and tides presage.** "Terms" and "tides" are here equivalent to times and seasons. *Tide* literally means *time*. — **presage**, foretell.
210. **gauge**, measure the capacity of vessels.
219. **thorn** = thorn-tree.

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendor of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;

221. **that house,** the inn. — **nut-brown draughts** = draughts of nut-brown ale.

229. **double debt to pay,** to serve a double purpose.

232. **The twelve good rules.** These rules were: 1. Urge no healths [= health-drinkings]. 2. Profane no divine ordinances. 3. Touch no state matters. 4. Reveal no secrets. 5. Pick no quarrels. 6. Make no comparisons. 7. Maintain no ill opinions. 8. Keep no bad company. 9. Encourage no vice. 10. Make no long meals. 11. Repeat no grievances. 12. Lay no wagers.—**the royal game of goose,** the game of the fox and the geese.

236. **chimney,** fireplace. See Milton's *L'Allegro*, page 56, line 103, of this book.

244. **woodman's ballad.** Woodman = hunter, forester; and woodman's ballad = one of the tales of Robin Hood, the hero of foresters.

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green:

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248. **mantling bliss**, foaming ale.

Around the world each needful product flies
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise;
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where, shall poverty reside,
To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;

283, 284. **Around the world . . . supplies:** that is, the country exports products needed for home consumption, in order to obtain mere superfluities and luxuries.

293. **to bless:** that is, to bless some one with her hand.

298. **vistas,** sights.

316. **artist** = artisan. — **the sickly trade** = some trade injurious to health.

Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train:
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the loveliest train,—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

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344. **Altama**, the river Altamaha in Georgia. The grant of land obtained by Oglethorpe and the "Trustees" was between the Altamaha and Savannah rivers. The first settlement was made in 1732. Bancroft mentions a settlement made on the Altamaha, near Darien, by some Scotch Highlanders. Goldsmith's geography of Georgia—its "various terrors," "crouching tigers," etc. — will amuse the 19th-century student.

Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
  Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

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368. **seats**, sites, localities.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural Virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;
And Piety with wishes placed above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!

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399. **anchoring** = lying at anchor.

402. **strand,** beach.

413. **Thou source . . . woe.** Compare Wither's fine lines to his Muse, in his poem of *The Shepherd's Hunting* (quoted by Hales):

"And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make me trouble,
Ten times more than ten times double,
I should love and keep her too
Spite of all the world could do. . . .
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow,
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace," etc.

Farewell, and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed,
Though very poor, may still be very blessed;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

418. **Torno's cliffs.** The poet probably has reference to the heights around Lake Torneo, in the extreme north of Sweden.—**Pambamarca's side.** Pambamarca is a mountain in South America near Quito.

422. **Redress . . . clime.** Compare Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, page 207, lines 54–62, of this book.

XIV.

EDMUND BURKE.

1729–1797.

CHARACTERIZATION BY HAZLITT.

1. There is no single speech of Burke which can convey a satisfactory idea of his powers of mind. To do him justice, it would be necessary to quote all his works: the only specimen of Burke is, *all he wrote.* With respect to most other speakers, a specimen

is generally enough, or more than enough. When you are acquainted with their manner, and see what proficiency they have made in the mechanical exercise of their profession, with what facility they can borrow a simile or round a period, how dexterously they can argue and object and rejoin, you are satisfied: there is no other difference in their speeches than what arises from the difference of the subjects. But this was not the case with Burke. He brought his subjects along with him; he drew his materials from himself. The only limits which circumscribed his variety were the stores of his own mind. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meagre facts, meagrely stated, of half a dozen commonplaces tortured in a thousand different ways; but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart and various as the sources of human nature. He therefore enriched every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasions of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted.

2. Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowery writer that he was one of the severest writers. His words are the most like things; his style is the most strictly suited to the subject. He unites every extreme and every variety of composition; the lowest and the meanest words and descriptions with the highest. He exults in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force, and intensity of his ideas; he is led on by the mere impulse and vehemence of his fancy, not by the affectation of dazzling his readers by gaudy conceits or pompous images. He was completely carried away by his subject. He had no other object but to produce the strongest impression on his reader, by giving the truest, the most characteristic, the fullest, and most forcible description of things, trusting to the power of his own mind to mould them into grace and beauty. He did not produce a splendid effect by setting fire to the light vapors that float in the regions of fancy, as the chemists make fine colors with phosphorus, but by the eagerness of his blows struck fire from the flint, and melted the hardest substances in the furnace of his imagination. The wheels of his imagination did not catch fire from the rottenness of the materials, but from the rapidity of their motion. He most frequently produced an effect by the remoteness and novelty of his combinations, by the force of contrast, by the striking

manner in which the most opposite and unpromising materials were harmoniously blended together; not by laying his hands on all the fine things he could think of, but by bringing together those things which he knew would blaze out into glorious light by their collision. The florid style is a mixture of affectation and commonplace. Burke's was a union of untamable vigor and originality.

3. Burke was not a verbose writer. If he sometimes multiplies words, it is not for want of ideas, but because there are no words that fully express his ideas, and he tries to do it as well as he can by different ones. He had nothing of the *set* or formal style, the measured cadence, and stately phraseology of Johnson and most of our modern writers. This style, which is what we understand by the *artificial*, is all in one key. It selects a certain set of words to represent all ideas whatever as the most dignified and eloquent, and excludes all others as low and vulgar. The words are not fitted to the things, but the things to the words.

4. Burke was altogether free from the pedantry which I have here endeavored to expose. His style was as original as expressive, as rich and varied as it was possible; his combinations were as exquisite, as playful, as happy, as unexpected, as bold and daring as his fancy. If anything, he ran into the opposite extreme of too great an inequality, if truth and nature could ever be carried to an extreme.

5. Burke has been compared to Cicero—I do not know for what reason. Their excellences are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they can well be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glossy neatness, the artful regularity, the exquisite modulation, of Cicero; he had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp of diction.

I.—LORD CHATHAM.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract is from Burke's speech on *American Taxation*, delivered in the House of Commons in 1774. It was made in support of a motion (introduced April 19, 1774) that "the House take into consideration the duty of threepence per pound on tea, payable in all his Majesty's dominions in America," with a view to repealing the same. In the course of his long speech, Burke reviews the policy of several successive British ministries in their conduct towards the Anglo-American colonies, and the extract begins with his characterization of Lord Chatham (William Pitt), who became prime minister in 1766.]

1. I have done with the third period of your policy—that of your repeal and the return of your ancient system and your ancient tranquillity and concord. Sir, this period was not as long as it was happy. Another scene was opened, and other actors appeared on the stage. The state, in the condition I have described it, was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this

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NOTES. — Line 1. **the third period.** Burke had reviewed the commercial policy of Great Britain towards the American colonies as it had appeared in three periods—1, the period of the Navigation Acts; 2, that of the attempts to raise revenue from America; and 3, that of the repeal of the Stamp Act.

2. **your repeal.** The Stamp Act (for the provisions of which see *United States History*) was passed by Parliament in 1765; but owing to the vigorous opposition of the colonies, expressed through the First Colonial Congress and supported by the eloquence of those illustrious friends of America, Burke and Chatham, the Act was repealed in the following year (1766), Lord Chatham becoming then prime minister.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—What are the distinguishing qualities of Burke's style? *Ans.* They are sublimity of thought and splendor of imagery.

3, 4. **not as long as it was happy.** Change this from the negative to the positive form of statement.

4, 5. **Another scene . . . stage.** What are the two figures of speech in this sentence? (See Def. **20.**)

5, 6. **in the condition I have described it.** Supply the ellipsis.

7. **that keeps the name,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

"Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, multum et nostræ quod proderat urbi."

2. Sir, the venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind; and, more than all the rest, his fall from power—which, like death, canonizes * and sanctifies * a great character—will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure I may have leave to lament. For a wise man he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. I speak with the freedom of history, and, I hope, without offence. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our

10, 11. **Clarum et venerabile nomen,** etc. From the Latin poet Lucan: "A name venerable and illustrious to all nations, and which greatly advantaged our city."

12–15. **the venerable age . . . fall from power.** William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, was born in 1708, and at the time Burke delivered his speech was sixty-six years of age; he died four years afterwards, in 1778.—In explanation of the expression "his merited rank," it may be stated that when he became prime minister in 1766, he was created Earl of Chatham. — "His fall from power" took place in 1768, when he resigned office, though in the House of Lords he continued to do magnificent service in the cause of American liberty.

24. **maxims . . . not the most indulgent,** etc. "He made far too little distinction between gangs of knaves, associated for the mere purpose of robbing the public, and confederacies of honorable men for the promotion of great public objects."—MACAULAY: *Essay on Chatham.*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—12–17. **Sir, the venerable . . . conduct.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **33.**)—What kind of sentence is this, grammatically and rhetorically?

15, 16. What is the derivation of "canonizes?" Of "sanctifies?"

17, 18. **I am afraid . . . him.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

18, 19. **Let those . . . malevolence.** Analyze this sentence.

20, 21. **censure . . . lament.** What is the distinction between to "censure" and to "lament?"

24, 25. **our unhappy species.** Translate into a plain term.

unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself, and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country—measures the effects of which, I am afraid, are forever incurable.

3. He made an administration so checkered and speckled, he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed, a cabinet so variously inlaid, such a piece of diversified mosaic,* such a tessellated pavement without cement—here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white, patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans, Whigs and Tories, treacherous friends and open enemies—that it was, indeed, a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?"—"Sir, you have the advantage of me."—"Mr. Such-a-one."—"I beg a thousand pardons." I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives until they

30. **joinery**, the work of a joiner, or cabinet-maker.

31. **variously inlaid** = inlaid with various kinds of wood.

32. **mosaic**, inlaid work in which the effect of painting is produced by the combination of pieces of colored stone, etc.—**tessellated**, laid with checkered work.

34. **king's friends.** This name now began to be applied to the persons who supported King George III. in his despotic policy towards America.

38. **boards**, the tables around which the members of the cabinet assembled for consultation on public affairs.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—28. **incurable.** Is the word here used in the literal or the figurative sense?

29–37. **He made . . . stand on.** This passage has been called a specimen of "dictionary eloquence," and it has been censured for its violation of the canon against mixed metaphors. (See Def. **20, iii.**) But both criticisms are pedantic: it was, on the contrary, a fine piece of rhetorical art in Burke to construct a piece of imagery as curiously complex as that "piece of joinery," Lord Chatham's cabinet. The thought is marvellously *inlaid* in the "tessellated pavement" of Burke's figures.

found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

4. Sir, in consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer minister.

5. When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, who, with the names of various departments of ministry, were admitted to seem as if they acted a part under him, with a modesty that becomes all men, and with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed upon any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, meas-

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43, 44. **heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.** A handful of pins shaken together will be found to have heads and points confused: in like manner two persons get more space in a narrow bed (truckle-bed = a narrow bed that runs on wheels under another) by lying, pig-fashion, opposite ways.

49. **gout.** Chatham was from childhood tormented by the gout, and after 1768 it afflicted him so severely that he seldom appeared in public.

54. **When his face,** etc. See Isaiah liv., 8.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—43. **pigging together.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

51–53. **When he had . . . minister.** Observe how, by the double statement, the thought is enforced.

54, 55. **his whole system . . . compass.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

61–68. **Deprived . . . policy.** To what image in the first part of this paragraph does the author here recur?—What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

ures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends; and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when everything was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant.

72, 73. **an act declaring,** etc. All the good effect of the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1766 was undone in 1767 by Parliament's declaring it expedient to raise a revenue in America and imposing a tax on the importation into the colonies of tea, paints, paper, glass, and lead. This scheme was carried in Parliament through the influence of Charles Townshend (the "other luminary" referred to below, line 76), who held the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Chatham's ministry. "He was," says Hildreth (*History of the United States, First Series*, vol. ii., p. 538), "a man of brilliant parts, but without any settled principles."

73, 74. **this splendid orb:** that is, Lord Chatham.

76, 77. **lord of the ascendant.** In the astrological theories of the Middle Ages the "lord of the ascendant" was that planet or star that was supposed to rule the destiny of a person or nation.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—73–77. **For even then, sir,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)—This passage is acknowledged to contain the most gorgeous image in modern oratory. It should be committed to memory by the pupil.

II.—THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract is from Burke's speech on *Conciliation with America*, perhaps his most finished oration. It was delivered in the House of Commons, March 22, 1775. Burke's plan of conciliation was to admit the Americans "to an equal interest in the British constitution, and place them at once on the footing of Englishmen." The passage here given is that part of the speech devoted to the analysis of the temper of the Americans as exhibited in their sturdy resistance to taxation.]

1. These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and its commerce,—I mean its *temper and character*.

2. In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

3. First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from

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NOTES.—1. **These, sir, are my reasons.** Burke, at this point of his oration, has just summed up its preceding part by the statement of *four* definite reasons why military force should not be employed to coerce the colonies.

22, 23. **emigrated from you when,** etc. The New England colonies had their origin in the time of the great struggle against the Stuarts (namely, James I. and Charles I.), when the spirit of civil liberty was peculiarly active in England.

you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point which, by way of eminence, becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged, in ancient parchments and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much further; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people; whether the old records had delivered

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28. **Liberty inheres in some sensible object:** that is, embodies itself in some concrete form, and is not contended for as an abstraction, but is made the issue in some particular causes, as in the right of taxing, etc.

30. **their happiness.** A confusion of number will be noticed: "their" should be *its*, if "has" and "itself" are correct. Burke is, however, an uncommonly accurate writer.

33, 34. **in the ancient commonwealths:** that is, in Greece and Rome—notably in Rome.

37, 38. **the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues.** The reference is to such men as Hampden, Pym, and Selden.

44. **ancient parchments,** etc. Especially the "Charter of Liberties," or "Great Charta" (*Magna Charta*), granted by King John in 1215, and thirty times confirmed. —**blind usages,** custom, as contrasted with written law.

this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy, indeed, to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

4. They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

5. If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people

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50. **this oracle**, this truth.

69, 70. **Their governments are popular.** A popular government is one in which the legislative functions are exercised by the people.—**merely popular** = entirely, purely popular. This was the case with New England, which indeed was an aggregate of pure *democracies*. (See De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, vol. i.) Other of the colonies were not so purely popular, some being proprietary governments (as Pennsylvania and Maryland), and others royal provinces (as Virginia and the Carolinas).

73, 74. **aversion from.** This is etymologically better than our modern "aversion to," since "from" expresses the force of *a*.

is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants, and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches from all that looks like absolute government is so much to be sought in their religious tenets as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England, too, was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our Northern colonies is a refinement of the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence * of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations, agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the Northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing, most probably, the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing into these colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

6. Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description; because in the South-

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80. **of that kind,** etc.: that is, Presbyterians, Puritans, etc.

83. **averseness** = aversion.

109. **have.** Supply *who.*

ern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and *as broad and general as the air*, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, among them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the Southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

7. Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country perhaps in the world is the law so general a study. The

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125. **as broad and general as the air.** "As broad and general as the casing air." — SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*.

134. **Gothic.** Incorrect, unless "Gothic" be used in the widest sense, as synonymous with *Teutonic*. The forefathers of the people of England belonged to the Low-Dutch branch of the Germanic or Teutonic family.

134, 135. **were the Poles:** that is, till 1772, when, to quote Campbell's familiar line,

"Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

142. **is the law so general a study.** This is an extremely interesting and important fact, and one of which our historians (Bancroft, Hildreth, and others) have not taken sufficient note.

profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the Deputies sent to the Congress were lawyers. But all who read (and most do read) endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's *Commentaries* in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the State, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial* cast, judge of an ill principle in

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155, 156. **in Boston . . . chicane.** (See Bancroft, vol. vii., ch. viii.) General Gage, in pursuance of the powers given him by the coercive statutes, had prohibited the *calling* of town meetings after August 1, 1774. A town meeting was, however, held, and asserted to be legal, not having been "called," but *adjourned over*. "By such means," said the puzzled Gage, "you may keep your meeting alive ten years." He brought the subject before the new Council. "It is a point of *law*," said they, "and should be referred to the Crown lawyers."

167. **Abeunt studia.** The quotation is evidently adopted from Bacon's *Essay of Studies* (see page 34, line 36, of this book).

government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil, and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur* misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

8. The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that you should fret and rage, and bite the chains of Nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She complies too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

9. Then, sir, from these six capital sources—of descent; of form of government; of religion in the Northern provinces; of

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183, 184. **winged ministers,** etc. The British men-of-war. — **bolts in their pounces,** in allusion to the thunder-bolts placed by the Greek artists in the talons of the eagle, the bird of Jove.

manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government;—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth—a spirit that, unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

III.—TREATMENT OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF FRANCE.

[INTRODUCTION.—This extract is from Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, written in 1790. In this work Burke takes strong grounds against the principles of the French revolutionary leaders, and reviews the events in Paris up to the date when the king and queen were conducted by the mob from Versailles to Paris, October 6, 1789.]

1. I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day (one is interested that beings made for suffering should suffer well), and that she bears all the succeeding days,—that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs,—with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage; that, like her, she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace; and that if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

NOTES.—1. **the great lady**, the queen, Marie Antoinette.

2. **the triumph**, the so-called "joyous entry," October 6, 1789, when the king and queen were brought by the mob from Versailles to Paris.

8, 9. **a sovereign**, etc.: that is, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, and mother of Marie Antoinette.

11. **in the last extremity.** Alluding to the queen's carrying poison about with her.

2. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendor and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart I must have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers.* I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone,

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14. **It is now**, etc. In regard to the incident recorded in this passage, Burke, in a letter to Sir Philip Francis (the supposed author of *Junius*), makes the following interesting observations: "I tell you again that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the Queen of France in the year 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy, splendor, and beauty, with the prostrate homage of a nation to her, and the abominable scene of 1789, which I was describing, *did* draw tears from me, and wetted my paper. These tears came again into my eyes, almost as often as I looked at the description; they may again."

15. **the dauphiness.** Marie Antoinette had been married to the grandson of Louis XV. while that grandson was still the dauphin, or heir apparent, of France; and four years succeeded the marriage before he came to the throne as Louis XVI. "Dauphiness"=the wife of the dauphin.

22. **titles of veneration:** as, for example, that of queen.

24. **sharp antidote.** See note to line 11.

30. **sophisters** = sophists.

that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

3. This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the ancient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss, I fear, will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its advantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from those states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

4. But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

5. On this scheme of things, a king is but a man, a queen is but

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55. **fellows**, equals.

73. **this scheme**: that is, the scheme of the French revolutionists and political theorists.

a woman, a woman is but an animal, and an animal not of the highest order. All homage paid to the sex in general as such, and without distinct views, is to be regarded as romance and folly. Regicide and parricide and sacrilege are but fictions of superstition, corrupting jurisprudence by destroying its simplicity. The murder of a king, or a queen, or a bishop, or a father is only common homicide; and if the people are by any chance, or in any way, gainers by it, a sort of homicide much the most pardonable, and into which we ought not to make too severe a scrutiny.

6. On the scheme of this barbarous philosophy, which is the offspring of cold hearts and muddy understandings, and which is as void of solid wisdom as it is destitute of all taste and elegance, laws are to be supported only by their own terrors, and by the concern which each individual may find in them from his own private speculations, or can spare to them from his own private interests. In the groves of *their* Academy, at the end of every visto, you see nothing but the gallows! Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth. On the principles of this mechanic philosophy, our institutions can never be embodied, if I may use the expression, in persons, so as to create in us love, veneration, admiration, or attachment. But that sort of reason which banishes the affections is incapable of filling their place. These public affections, combined with manners, are required sometimes as supplements, sometimes as correctives, always as aids, to law. The precept given by a wise man, as well as a great critic, for the construction of poems is equally true as to states: "Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto." There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.

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91. **visto** = vista.

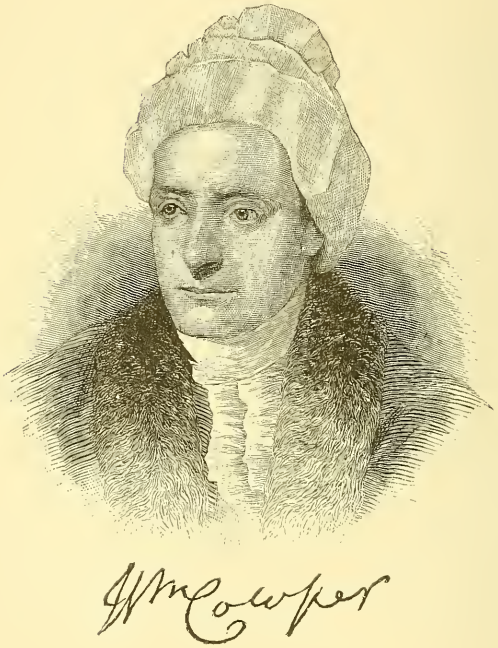
93. **mechanic** = merely mechanical.

100–102. **wise man . . . sunto**: that is, Horace. The passage is from the *Ars Poetica*, and means, "It is not enough that poems be beautiful, they must also be sweet."

XV.

WILLIAM COWPER.

1731–1800.



Wm Cowper

CHARACTERIZATION BY CAMPBELL.

1. The nature of Cowper's works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects

of fiction and passion for those of real life and simple nature, and for the development of his own earnest feelings in behalf of moral and religious truth.

2. His language has such a masculine, idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being whose fine spirit had been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity.

3. He was advanced in years before he became an author; but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, and even a vein of humor so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility; and, though he sports very much with his subjects, yet, when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.

4. It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on this unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of himself, because he forms a striking instance of genius, writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like a work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama; but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition, of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings.

5. But looking to his poetry as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in steadfast principles of

belief; and if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arches may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive, and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet, altogether, it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind. Young's works are as devout, as satirical, sometimes as merry, as those of Cowper, and undoubtedly more witty. But the melancholy and wit of Young do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being. He has sketched in his pages the ingenious but incongruous form of a fictitious mind; Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes.

6. Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem of his genius, like the moss and fungus that cling to some noble oak of the forest amidst the damps of its unsunned retirement.

MRS. BROWNING'S STANZAS ON COWPER'S GRAVE.

1. It is a place where poets crowned
   May feel the heart's decaying;
   It is a place where happy saints
   May weep amid their praying.
   Yet let the grief and humbleness
   As low as silence languish,
   Earth surely now may give her calm
   To whom she gave her anguish.

2. O poets! from a maniac's tongue[1]
   Was poured the deathless singing!
   O Christians! at your cross of hope
   A hopeless hand was clinging!
   O men! this man in brotherhood,
   Your weary paths beguiling,
   Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
   And died while ye were smiling.

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[1] Cowper was of an extremely melancholy temperament (yet he wrote *John Gilpin!*). During his whole life he was subject to temporary fits of mental aberration, and before his death became wholly insane.

3. And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory;
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face
Because so broken-hearted.

4. He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK.

[INTRODUCTION.—These touching lines were written by Cowper in 1790, ten years before his death. The occasion was the receipt of his mother's portrait from his cousin Ann Bodham, and in a letter to that lady he uses the following words: "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy."]

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1. **Oh that,** etc. What kind of sentence grammatically? Observe that "oh" here is the emotional interjection, not the mere sign of the vocative case, which should be written *O*. Translated from emotional into intellectual expression, "Oh" is equivalent to the sentence *How I wish that!*[1]

2. **but roughly.** What is the force of "but" here?

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[1] "Speech is the expression of *thought*, but an interjection is the expression

Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here,
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long!
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,*
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—5. **else how distinct.** What is the force of "else?"—For what word is "distinct" here used by poetic license?

6. **Grieve not . . . away.** Analyze this sentence.

7. **meek intelligence.** Explain.

8–10. **the art . . . it.** To what art does the author refer?—Translate this periphrasis into plain language.

12. **O.** Is this the emotional interjection, or the sign of the vocative case?

13, 14. **artless song, Affectionate.** Remark on the order of words. See Milton's *L'Allegro*, page 51, note 32, of this book.

16. **as the precept were her own.** In this construction modern prose usage requires the conjunction *if* after as; but the old English idiom is "as" alone followed by a verb in the subjunctive.

19. **Elysian revery.** Explain. Discriminate between "revery" and *dream*.

21. **My mother!** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 23.)

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of feeling; so that it is not, strictly speaking, a part of speech. Indeed, in place of being a *part* of a sentence, it is itself an entire though unanalyzed utterance of emotion, and expresses, in its own way, what it would require a whole sentence to state—provided this statement were possible."—SWINTON: *New English Grammar*, page 196.

Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss?
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse* that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!*
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more.
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—24. **Wretch even then.** See note to Mrs. Browning's lines, page 250.

25. **unfelt.** What is the grammatical construction?

26. **if souls . . . bliss.** Arrange this expression in the prose order, and explain its meaning.—What is the figure of speech in "bliss?" (See Def. **29.**)

27. **maternal smile.** Vary the form of expression.

28–31. **I heard . . . adieu.** Analyze this sentence. — **slow.** Give the prose form.

32. **such.** Supply the ellipsis.

35. **pass my lips.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

38. **What . . . believed.** Arrange in the prose order, and analyze.

39. **And . . . deceived.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

42. **sad to-morrow came,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)

46. **Where once . . . more.** Cowper's father was rector of Great Berkhamstead, England. He died in 1756.

And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed,—
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—50. **bauble.** The word is ultimately connected with *babe*, and hence the meaning of the epithet as here used.

51. **scarlet mantle warm.** Remark on the order of words. — **velvet-capped.** Explain.

52. **'Tis now become.** Modernize.

53. **pastoral house.** Why "pastoral?"

54. **fair.** Substitute a synonymous word for "fair" as here used.

56. **Still outlives,** etc. "I can truly say," wrote Cowper, nearly fifty years after his mother's death, "that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her: such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

57. **themes.** What is the force of this word as here used?

65, 66. **Thy constant . . . breaks.** Point out the metaphorical words in these lines.

67. **humor.** What is meant by "humor" here?

68. **legible . . . page.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while;
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no! what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
  Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—71. **numbers**, a conspicuous word in the poetic diction of last century: what does it mean? Compare Pope's

"I lisped in *numbers*, for the numbers came."

72. **frail memorial.** In what line of Gray's *Elegy* does this expression occur? Explain it.

75. **thy vesture's tissued flowers.** Explain.

86, 87. **to constrain . . . again.** Express in your own language.

88–105. Point out how the metaphor is developed.

97. The line is quoted from a poem called *The Dispensary*, by Garth.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh! the thought that thou art safe, and he,
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell! Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—103. **compass lost.** What fact in Cowper's life adds immense force to this expression? which explain.

106. **and he.** Supply the ellipsis.

109. **loins.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 28.)—Cowper's mother traced her ancestry through four different lines to Henry III. of England.

119. **mimic show.** Explain.

121. **Thyself removed . . . left.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 18.)

XVI.

EDWARD GIBBON.

1737–1794.

GIBBON'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS GREAT HISTORY.[1]

1. It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of

[1] From Gibbon's *Memoir of My Life and Writings.*

writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious task.

2. No sooner was I settled in my house and library than I undertook the composition of the first volume of my History. At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true era of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the division of the chapters, and the order of the narrative; and I was often tempted to cast away the labor of seven years. The style of an author should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is the fruit of exercise. Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation. Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by three successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed, without any loss of facts or sentiments. An opposite fault may be imputed to the concise and superficial narrative of the first reigns from Commodus to Alexander; a fault of which I have never heard, except from Mr. Hume in his last journey to London. Such an oracle might have been consulted and obeyed with rational devotion; but I was soon disgusted with the modest practice of reading the manuscript to my friends. Of such friends, some will praise from politeness, and some will criticise from vanity. The author himself is the best judge of his own performance; no one has so deeply meditated the subject; no one is so sincerely interested in the event.

3. It was not till after many designs and many trials that I preferred, as I still prefer, the method of grouping my picture by nations; and the seeming neglect of chronological order is surely compensated by the superior merits of interest and perspicuity. The style of the first volume is, in my opinion, somewhat crude and elaborate; in the second and third it is ripened into

ease, correctness, and numbers; but in the three last I may have been seduced by the facility of my pen, and the constant habit of speaking one language and writing another may have infused some mixture of Gallic idioms.

4. Happily for my eyes, I have always closed my studies with the day, and commonly with the morning; and a long but temperate labor has been accomplished without fatiguing either the mind or body; but when I computed the remainder of my time and my task, it was apparent that, according to the season of publication, the delay of a month would be productive of that of a year. I was now straining for the goal, and in the last winter many evenings were borrowed from the social pleasures of Lausanne. I could now wish that a pause, an interval, had been allowed for a serious revisal.

5. I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

6. I will add two facts, which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or at least of five, quartos: 1. My first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, has been sent to the press; 2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and the printer. The faults and the merits are exclusively my own.

THE OVERTHROW OF ZENOBIA.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following extract is from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the first volume of which was published in 1776. Sir Archibald Alison speaks of Gibbon as "the architect of a bridge over the dark gulf which separates ancient from modern times, whose vivid genius has tinged with brilliant colors the greatest historical work in existence."]

1. Aurelian had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire, nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is, perhaps, the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor.

NOTES. — Line 1. **Aurelian,** a Roman emperor, was born in the early part of the third century A.D., and was assassinated in A.D. 275.

2. **Tetricus,** a Roman senator, one of the numerous usurpers of the imperial purple in the third century A.D., who are distinguished in Roman history by the name of the Thirty Tyrants. — **Zenobia,** Septimia, was the daughter of an Arab chief who ruled the southern part of Mesopotamia. Her second husband was Odenathus, Prince of Palmyra, after whose assassination, in A.D. 267, she succeeded him, extended her sway over considerable portions of Mesopotamia and Syria, and assumed the title of Queen of the East.

3. **Palmyra,** an ancient city in an oasis in the Syrian desert, was an independent city, and a great emporium of trade. In the reign of Hadrian it formed an alliance with Rome.

6, 7. **Semiramis,** a queen of Assyria, who, according to fabulous traditions handed down by classical authors, reigned about B.C. 2000.

11. **Cleopatra,** the last queen of Egypt, was born in B.C. 69, and died B.C. 30.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 1–3. **Aurelian . . . East.** What kind of sentence, grammatically and rhetorically?

5, 6. **such distinguished characters.** Can you name any celebrated female sovereigns the contemporaries of Gibbon?

Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome* of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

2. This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was, in a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the great king, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united

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23. **Longi'nus** (born about A.D. 213) was a Greek writer who removed to Palmyra on invitation of Zenobia, and became not only her literary instructor, but also her principal political counsellor. His chief work was a treatise *On the Sublime*.

26. **the friend . . . hero:** that is, the friend and companion of Odenathus.

36. **the great king:** that is, the King of Persia (Sapor), to whom the Roman emperor Valerian surrendered, but who was pursued and twice defeated by Odenathus.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 17. **manly understanding.** Substitute equivalent words.

18. **not ignorant.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **31.**)

21. **epitome.** State the derivation of this word.—Give a synonym.

fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

3. After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city of Emesa, in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason, and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle, and, though admonished of his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse — a mark of ignominy among the barbarians — and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement. The offence was soon forgot, but the punishment was remembered, and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

4. With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly councils Palmyra, Syria, and the East above five years. By the death

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42. **insensible son of Valerian.** The reference is to the Roman emperor Gallienus.

42, 43. **accepted . . . colleague.** After the defeat of Sapor by Odenathus, the latter was associated by Gallienus in the government of the Roman empire with the title of Augustus.

62. **his:** that is, Odenathus's.

Literary Analysis.—40. **their.** To what noun does "their" refer?

46. **Invincible in war.** What kind of phrase, and an adjunct to what word?

47, 48. **cause . . . occasion.** What is the distinction between these two words?

54. **forgot.** Query as to this form of the word.

62–92. **With . . . East.** Distinguish which of the twelve sentences in paragraph 4 are periodic and which loose sentences.

of Odenathus, that authority was at an end which the senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals, who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity, and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that, while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity;* nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

5. When Aurelian passed over into Asia, against an adversary

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65. **the senate:** that is, the Roman senate. See note to line 42.

88, 89. **the successors of Cyrus:** that is, the kings of Persia.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—69–72. Substitute synonymous terms for the italicized words in the following sentence: "*Instead* of the *little passions* which so *frequently perplex* a *female* reign, the *steady administration* of Zenobia was guided by the most *judicious maxims* of *policy*."

84. **ambiguity.** Give the etymology of this word.

93–96. **When . . . Zenobia.** What kind of sentence, grammatically and rhetorically?

whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers; a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius, the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emesa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

6. Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar, in almost every circumstance, that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch, and the second near Emesa. In both the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and

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102. **Apollonius.** Apollonius Tyanæus, a Pythagorean philosopher, was born at Tyana, in Cappadocia, about B.C. 4.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—108, 109. **the wishes . . . arms.** Express the thought in your own language.

110–112. **had she . . . capital.** What kind of proposition is this?

121. **were.** Justify the use of the plural form.

at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the meantime, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

7. Amid the barren deserts of Arabia, a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean, was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, and, connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe a humble

147. **corn**, wheat.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—128. **exposed their naked sides.** Explain this expression.

137–140. **She . . . same.** Analyze this sentence.

141. **barren deserts.** Remark on this expression.

141–166. **Amid . . . glory.** Give an abstract from memory of Gibbon's description of Palmyra.

142. **ocean.** Is the word here used literally or metaphorically?

neutrality, till at length, after the victories of Trajan, the little republic sank into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and porticos of Grecian architecture whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travellers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra, for a while, stood forth the rival* of Rome; but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

8. In his march over the sandy desert between Emesa and Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers, who watched the moment of surprise, and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the emperor, who, with incessant vigor, pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods, and of the event of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation: to the queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens,

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181. **balistæ.** The *balista* was a machine in the form of a cross-bow, used by the ancients in war for throwing stones, etc.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—156. **sank . . . Rome.** Express in plain language. 164. **rival.** Give the derivation of this word.

their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

9. The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that in a very short time famine would compel the Roman army to repass the desert, and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in the defence of their most natural ally. But fortune, and the perseverance of Aurelian, overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the councils of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra were easily intercepted either by the arms or the liberality of the emperor. From every part of Syria a regular succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus with his victorious troops from the conquest of Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emesa, and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

10. When the Syrian queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian, he sternly asked her how she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome! The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness: "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallie-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—194, 195. **But fortune . . . obstacle.** Observe that this proposition, which logically connects itself with the preceding proposition as part of a compound sentence, is made a separate sentence.

198, 199. **by the arms . . . emperor.** Express in other language.

217–221. **The answer . . . sovereign.** Show how Zenobia's answer was a "prudent mixture of respect and firmness."—Who was "Aureolus?" "Gallienus?"

nus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial. She trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the queen who betrayed, or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce, unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint, he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends.

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11. Since the foundation of Rome, no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian; nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—221, 222. **But . . . consistent.** Vary the phraseology. 224, 225. **forgot . . . Cleopatra.** Explain the historical allusion.

who reluctantly attended his triumph — Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the Emperor Tetricus and the Queen of the East. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trousers, a saffron tunic, and a robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot, in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn, on this memorable occasion, either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude swelled the acclamations of the multitude; but the satisfaction of the senate was clouded by the appearance of Tetricus; nor could they suppress a rising murmur, that the haughty emperor should thus expose to public ignominy the person of a Roman and a magistrate.

12. But, however in the treatment of his unfortunate rivals Aurelian might indulge his pride, he behaved towards them with a generous clemency, which was seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors. Princes who, without success, had defended their throne or freedom, were frequently strangled in prison, as soon as the triumphal pomp ascended the Capitol. These usurpers, whom their defeat had convicted of the crime of treason, were permitted to spend their lives in affluence and honorable repose. The emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.

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260. **Tetricus.** See note to line 2.

XVII.

ROBERT BURNS.

1759–1796.

Robert Burns

CHARACTERIZATION BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

1. We love Burns, and we pity him; and love and pity are prone to magnify. Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business: we are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True

and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy: time and means were not lent him for this; but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer around him, till only death opened him an outlet.

2. Conquerors are a race with whom the world could well dispense. Nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathizing loftiness, and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us, in general, with any affection: at best it may excite amazement; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the "eternal melodies," is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation. We see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

3. Such a gift had Nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns; but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment, and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own was not given. Destiny,—for so, in our ignorance, we must speak,—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived.

4. And so kind and warm a soul—so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning! The "daisy" falls not

unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that "wee, cowering, timorous beastie," cast forth, after all its provident pains, to "thole the sleety dribble, and cranreuch cauld." The "hoar visage" of Winter delights him. He dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation: but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for "it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*" A true poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music!

5. But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending, fellow-feeling! what trustful, boundless love! what generous exaggeration of the object loved! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden, are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him. Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart: and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

6. And so did our Peasant show himself among us: "a soul like an Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody." And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on before another such is given us to waste.

7. With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble. Neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through

the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK'S TRIBUTE TO BURNS.

1. There have been loftier themes than his,
   And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
   And lays lit up with Poesy's
   Purer and holier fires:

2. Yet read the names that know not death;
   Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
   And few have won a greener wreath
   Than that which binds his hair.

3. His is that language of the heart
   In which the answering heart would speak,
   Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
   Or the smile light the cheek;

4. And his that music to whose tone
   The common pulse of man keeps time,
   In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
   In cold or sunny clime.

5. And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
   Before its spell with willing knee,
   And listened, and believed, and felt,
   The poet's mastery?

6. O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
   O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
   O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
   O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

7. On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo.
From throne to cottage hearth?

8. What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne," is sung!

9. Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his "Cotter's" hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

10. And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

11. Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

12. And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived, died, in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

13. Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

14. He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

15. Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

16. Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,—
As when a loved one dies.

17. Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas, of the mind.

18. Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

19. And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

20. Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest land.

21. All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

22. They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

23. But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

I.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

[INTRODUCTION.—The *Cotter's*[1] *Saturday Night* was written by Burns in 1785 (his twenty-sixth year). It was dedicated to his warm friend Robert Aiken, a legal practitioner in the town of Ayr, Scotland, and at once attained a popularity which it still holds, not only in the bard's native land, but wherever the English language is spoken. "It is easy," says Hales, "to see in this piece the influence of Gray, of Goldsmith, and of Pope; but easier still to observe the freshness and originality of it. There are few, if any, *interiors* in our literature that rival the one here given for truthfulness, and sincere but not exaggerated sentiment."

The poem is written partly in Scottish (in the dialect of Ayrshire, Burns's birthplace) and partly in English—the more homely passages being in the poet's vernacular. The metre is the Spenserian stanza of nine lines.]

1. My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary* bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!*

NOTES.—Line 1. **My . . . friend.** Robert Aiken: see Introduction.
4. **meed,** reward.
6. **lowly train.** See *Deserted Village*, page 223, line 252.
9. **ween,** deem.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–9. **My . . . ween!** Is the diction of this stanza mainly English or Scottish? Give the reason for your opinion.
2. **No mercenary bard.** Substitute a synonymous expression.
4. Supply the omitted verb in this line.
6. **The . . . scene.** Compare with the line in Gray's *Elegy*,

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

and change the line into prose diction.
7. **The native feelings strong.** Remark on the order of words.

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[1] Cotter, "one who inhabits a cot or cottage, dependent on a farm."

2. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;* 10
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh:
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,—
This night his weekly moil* is at an end,— 15
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

3. At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee, 25
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

---

10. **wi' angry sugh:** that is, with angry, sough, or moaning sound.
12. **beasts,** cattle.—**frae** = from.—**pleugh** = plough.
13. **craws** = crows.
17. **the morn,** on the morrow, next day.
19. **cot** = cottage.
21. **wee,** little.—**stacher,** stagger.—**toddlin',** walking with short steps.
22. **flichterin',** fluttering.
23. **ingle,** fireplace.
26. **kiaugh,** anxiety.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—10–18. **November . . . bend.** Observe the transition from the Anglicism of the first stanza to the Scotticism of the second stanza. Select the Scottish words, or forms of words.

12, 13. What is the grammatical construction of these two lines?

15. **night.** What is the grammatical construction of "night?"

17. **Hoping.** Of what word, expressed or understood, is this an adjunct?

18. What is the subject of "does bend?"—Compare Gray's *Elegy*, page 196, line 3, of this book.

21, 22. **Th' expectant . . . glee.** Express the thought in English prose.

24. What diminutival form occurs in this line?

26, 27. **Does . . . makes.** Can you justify the use of the singular number in these verbs?

4. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or déposite her sair-worn penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

5. Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

6. Their master's and their mistress's command
The younkers a' are warnéd to obey,
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:

---

28. **Belyve,** by-and-by. — **bairns,** children.
30. **ca'** = drive (literally *call*). — **tentie rin** = run heedfully, attentively.
31. **cannie,** careful.
34. **braw,** handsome.
35. **sair-worn,** dearly earned.—**penny-fee,** wages paid in money.
38. **spiers,** inquires.
40. **uncos** = news.
44. **Gars,** makes, compels. — **claes,** clothes. — **amaist,** almost. — **weel's** = well as.
47. **younkers,** youngsters.
48. **eydent,** diligent.
49. **jauk** = trifle.

Literary Analysis.—28–36. State in your own language the substance of stanza 4.

35. Observe the accentuation.

41. **eye their hopeful years.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**)

42. What instance of personification is there in this line?

"An' oh, be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

7. But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears its nae wild, worthless rake.

8. Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben—
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.*
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But, blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

---

51. **duty**, prayers.
52. **gang** = go.
56. **wha** = who.
58. **convoy her**, see her.
62. **hafflins** (merely half), partly.
64. **ben**, in: that is, into the *room* (kitchen and parlor).
67. **cracks**, talks.—**kye**, cows.
69. **blate**, bashful; **laithfu'**, hesitating.
72. **the lave**, the rest.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—50. **An' oh.** Observe here the transition from the direct to the oblique form of narration.

54. **They . . . aright.** Analyze this line.

56. **wha . . . same.** What kind of clause, and adjunct to what?

59. **conscious flame.** Explain.

65. **taks the mother's eye.** Explain.—Why "eye" in this line and "e'e" in 60?

67. **kye.** Give an allied old English form of the plural of *cow*.

9. O, happy love !—where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures !—bliss beyond compare !
I've pacéd much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

10. Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild ?

11. But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food ;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :

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88. **ruth,** pity, tenderness.
92. **parritch,** porridge, oatmeal - pudding.
93. **soupe,** here = milk.—**hawkie,** a pet name for a cow (properly, one with a white face).
94. **hallan,** a screen or partition between the fireplace and the door.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—73-81. What reason can you give for the transition to the English diction in stanza 9, continued also in stanza 10 ?

78. **cordial.** Is the word here used literally or figuratively ?—**melancholy vale.** Explain.

82. **Is there.** Supply the ellipsis.

89. **Points.** What is the subject of this verb ?

94. **That.** What is the antecedent ?

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell.
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'was a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

12. The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide.
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

13. They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,

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96. **weel-hained,** carefully kept. — **kebbuck,** cheese.—**fell,** tasty.
99. **towmond,** twelvemonth. — **sin' lint was i' the bell** = since flax was in flower. (The meaning is that the cheese was a year old *last* flax-blossoming.)
103. **ha' Bible,** family Bible.
105. **lyart,** mixed gray.—**haffets,** temples.
107. **wales,** chooses.
111–113. **Dundee's . . . measures, Martyrs, Elgin,** well-known Scottish psalm-tunes.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—95. **complimental.** Remark on the form of the word.
96. **weel-hained kebbuck fell.** Remark on the order of the adjectives.
100. **wi' serious face.** To what is this an adjunct?
106, 107. **Those strains . . . care.** Transpose into the prose order, supplying the ellipsis.
109. **guise.** What does the word mean here?
110. **by . . . aim.** Grammatical construction?

Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

14. The priest-like father reads the sacred page—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

15. Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banishéd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

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113. **beets the . . . flame** = supplies the flame with fuel.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—113. **beets the heavenward flame.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

115. **Italian trills are tame.** What do you think of Burns's musical judgment?

116. **raise.** Query as to the grammar.

118-126. In stanza 14, point out felicitous combinations of words.

127. **theme.** Meaning of the word here?

133. **How he, who,** etc. To whom is the reference?

16. Then, kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays
(Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing")
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

17. Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.

18. Then homeward all take off their several way:
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

144. **society,** social enjoyment.
151. **stole,** a long narrow scarf with fringed edges.
155. **take off,** depart.
157. **secret homage:** that is, private devotions.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—138. **prays.** Justify the use of the singular number here.
145. **sphere.** What is meant by "sphere" here?
146–154. Explain stanza 17.
155. **way.** Why does Burns use the singular form?
159. **clam'rous nest.** Explain.

19. From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of humankind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

20. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

21. O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard.

166. See Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, page 215, line 53, of this book.

167. See Pope's *Essay on Man* (Epistle IV., line 247).

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—165. **That.** What is the antecedent?

169. **cottage . . . palace.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**)

179. **crowns and coronets.** What is the figure of speech?

182. **poured the patriotic tide.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

183. **Wallace's undaunted heart.** Who was "Wallace?" Did Burns commemorate him in any other poem?

184. **Who.** What is the antecedent?

185. **the second glorious part.** Explain.

II.—TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL, 1786.

1. Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

2. Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

3. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

4. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

5. There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,

NOTES.—3. **maun**, must.—**stoure**, dust.
9. **weet**, wet.
15. **glinted**, glanced, peeped.
20. **wa's**, walls.
21. **bield**, shelter.
23. **Adorns** = adorn'st.—**histie**, dry.

Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise:
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

6. Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

7. Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

8. Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

9. Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

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27. **lifts** = lift'st.

39. **card,** compass.

III.—FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

1. Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

2. What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
Gie folks their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

3. Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

4. A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!

NOTES.—8. **gowd,** gold.
10. **hoddin-grey,** woollen cloth of a coarse quality.
11. **Gie** = give.
17. **birkie,** a forward, conceited fellow.
20. **coof,** a blockhead.
28. **fa' that,** try that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warl' o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

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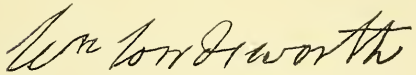
36. **bear the gree,** be victorious.

XVIII.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770–1850.



CHARACTERIZATION BY LOWELL.[1]

1. It cannot be denied that in Wordsworth the very highest powers of the poetic mind were associated with a certain tendency to the diffuse and commonplace. It is in the understand-

[1] From *Among My Books*, by James Russell Lowell.

ing (always prosaic) that the great golden veins of his imagination are imbedded. He wrote too much to write always well; for it is not a great Xerxes' army of words, but a compact Greek ten thousand, that march safely down to posterity. He set tasks to his divine faculty, which is much the same as trying to make Jove's eagle do the service of a clucking hen. Throughout "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" he seems striving to bind the wizard Imagination with the sand-ropes of dry disquisition, and to have forgotten the potent spell-word which would make the particles cohere. There is an arnaceous quality in the style which makes progress wearisome. Yet with what splendors, as of mountain sunsets, are we rewarded! what golden rounds of verse do we not see stretching heavenward with angels ascending and descending! what haunting harmonies hover around us, deep and eternal, like the undying baritone of the sea! and if we are compelled to fare through sand and desert wildernesses, how often do we not hear airy shapes that syllable our names with a startling personal appeal to our highest consciousness and our noblest aspiration, such as we wait for in vain in any other poet!

2. Wordsworth's mind had not that reach and elemental movement of Milton's, which, like the trade-wind, gathered to itself thoughts and images, like stately fleets, from every quarter; some deep with silks and spicery, some brooding over the silent thunders of their battailous armaments, but all swept forward in their destined track, over the long billows of his verse, every inch of canvas strained by the unifying breath of their common epic impulse. It was an organ that Milton mastered, mighty in compass, capable equally of the tempest's ardors or the slim delicacy of the flute; and sometimes it bursts forth in great crashes through his prose, as if he touched it for solace in the intervals of his toil. If Wordsworth sometimes puts the trumpet to his lips, yet he lays it aside soon and willingly for his appropriate instrument, the pastoral reed. And it is not one that grew by any vulgar stream, but that which Apollo breathed through, tending the flocks of Admetus,—that which Pan endowed with every melody of the visible universe,—so that ever and anon, amid the notes of human joy or sorrow, there comes suddenly a deeper and almost awful tone, thrilling us into dim consciousness of forgotten divinity.

3. None of our great poets can be called popular in any exact sense of the word, for the highest poetry deals with thoughts and emotions which inhabit, like rarest sea-mosses, the doubtful limits of that shore between our abiding divine and our fluctuating human nature, rooted in the one, but living in the other, seldom laid bare and otherwise visible only at exceptional moments of entire calm and clearness. Of no other poet, except Shakespeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth. If Pope has made current more epigrams of worldly wisdom, to Wordsworth belongs the nobler praise of having defined for us, and given us for a daily possession, those faint and vague suggestions of other world lines, of whose gentle ministry with our baser nature the hurry and bustle of life scarcely ever allowed us to be conscious. He has won for himself a secure immortality by the depth of intuition which makes only the best minds at their best hours worthy, or indeed capable, of his companionship, and by a homely sincerity of human sympathy which reaches the humblest heart. Our language owes him gratitude for the habitual purity and abstinence of his style, and we who speak it, for having emboldened us to take delight in simple things, and to trust ourselves to our own instincts. And he hath his reward. It needs not to bid

> "Renowned Chaucer lie a thought more nigh
> To rare Beaumond, and learned Beaumond lie
> A little nearer Spenser;"

for there is no fear of crowding in that little society with whom he is now enrolled as fifth in the succession of the great English poets.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

[INTRODUCTION.—This noble ode, characterized by Emerson as the "high-water mark of English thought in the 19th century," was composed partly in 1803 and partly in 1806. The mood of mind out of which it grew is set forth by Wordsworth himself in an explanatory piece, herewith appended. (See page 300.) It may be noted that the word "immortality" in the title is used in a larger sense than its ordinary meaning: it implies not only deathlessness, but *eternality* of existence; that is, eternal *pre-existence* as well as eternal *future* existence.]

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled* in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;*
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

NOTES.—Line 6. **of yore.** Not in the sense of *olden times*, but as related to the poet's own experience as expressed in the first line—"There was a time when meadow, grove," etc.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–5. Analyze the first sentence.

4. What is the primitive meaning of "Apparelled?"

1–9. Show the antithesis in the first stanza.—Compare the first stanza with this from Shelley:

"Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint breast with grief, but with delight
No more—O never more!"

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose.
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

---

21. **tabor,** a small drum.
22. **To me alone there came** = to me there came only.
25. **The cataracts.** Wordsworth has in his mind the many falls of the beautiful English "Lake country," where he lived.
28. **the fields of sleep:** that is, "the yet reposeful, slumbering country side. It is early morning, and the land is still, as it were, resting."
31. **jollity.** See *L'Allegro*, page 50, line 18, of this book.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—10–18. Express briefly (and in general terms) the idea contained in stanza ii.

26. **No more . . . wrong.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)—Express the thought in plainer language.

30, 31. **Land . . . jollity.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)

And with heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shout, thou happy
Shepherd boy !

IV.

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make, I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;*
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,*
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day ! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy* at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

---

37. **Ye blessed creatures:** that is, the objects of nature, animate and inanimate, mentioned in the preceding stanza.
39. **jubilee,** shout of joy.
41. **coronal,** a crown or garland (as at banquets in the days of Greece and Rome).
57. **visionary** = vision-like.
58. **dream.** See line 5.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—32. **with heart of May.** Vary the phraseology.
39, 41, 55. Give the etymology of "jubilee ;" "coronal ;" "pansy."
44, 49. What is the grammatical construction of "herself?" Of "flowers?"
58. **is . . . dream?** How do you justify "is" and "it" where the reference is to "the glory and the dream?"

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us—our life's star—
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel still is nature's priest.
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

59. **a forgetting:** that is, a forgetting of what took place in the antenatal life. The doctrine of preexistence was held by Plato and Pythagoras (as well as by the seers of Egypt and India). Perhaps to every fine soul the thought comes in flashes.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—59. **Our birth,** etc. The transition of thought here is, perhaps, somewhat abrupt. There was an interval of more than two years between the writing of stanza iv. and that of stanza v. — Stanza v. may be committed to memory.

63–66. **forgetfulness . . . our home.** Compare the poet Campbell's remark: "Children have so recently come out of the hands of their Creator, that they have not had time to lose the impress of their divine origin."

67–77. With the thought in these lines compare the exquisitely tender verses of Hood:

"I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.

"It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

72–75. **The youth . . . attended.** Transpose into the prose order.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—
A six years' darling of a pigmy* size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learnéd art—
A wedding or a festival, a mourning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—

86, 87. **the child . . . A six years' darling.** Though the idea applies to childhood in general, Wordsworth had in his mind a particular child — Hartley Coleridge.

Literary Analysis. — 78–85. Express in your own words the idea in stanza vi.

78. **fills her lap.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

82, 83. **homely nurse . . . foster-child.** Explain these expressions.

89. **Fretted.** What is the meaning of the word as here used?

102. **The little actor cons,** etc. Is the language here literal or figurative?

Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

---

104. **persons** = Lat. *personæ*.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—103. "**humorous stage.**" From what author is this expression quoted?

107. **Thou.** See note to lines 86, 87.

107, 108. **whose . . . immensity.** Express the thought in your own words.

109, 110. **who yet . . . heritage.** Explain by reference to line 67.

110. **thou eye.** What is the figure of speech?

116. This line was omitted by the author in a later edition. It is wanted for the rhyme's sake.

125. **thy soul shall have,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

126. **custom.** Explain the word as here used.

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive.
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised!
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—140. **obstinate questionings.** See Wordsworth's *note*, page 300.

142. **Fallings from us, vanishings:** that is, fits of utter dreaminess and abstraction, when nothing material seems solid, but everything mere mist and shadow.

153. **seem moments:** that is, seem but moments.

Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song,
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not—rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—160–166. The pupil will observe the grandeur of the thought imaged in these splendid lines, which should be committed to memory.

167–169. **Then sing . . . sound.** What kind of sentence grammatically?

174–185. What kind of sentence rhetorically?

185. **In . . . mind.** Explain.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality!
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—189. **only.** What does the word modify? 201, 202. With what beautiful thought does the poem close?

NOTE BY WORDSWORTH. — This was composed during my residence at Town-End, Grasmere. Two years at least passed between the writing of the first four stanzas and the remaining part. To the attentive and competent reader the whole sufficiently explains itself, but there may be no harm in adverting here to particular feelings or experiences of my own mind on which the structure of the poem partly rests. Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own being. I have elsewhere said,

A simple child
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

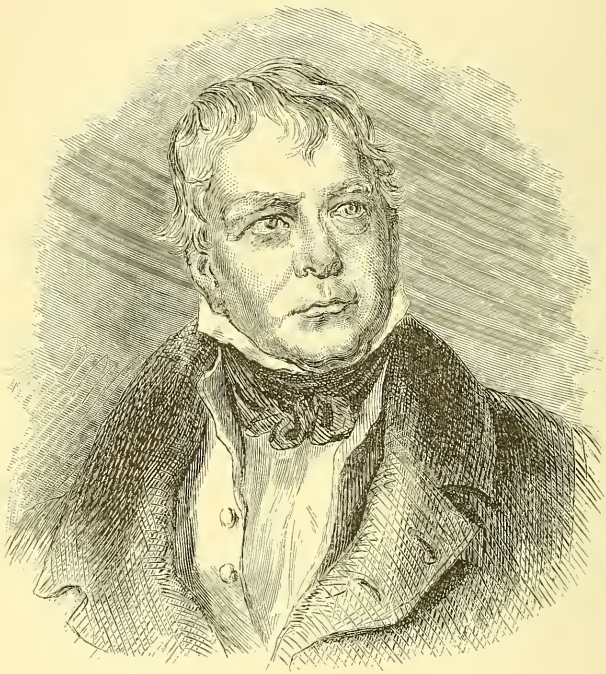
But it was not so much from the source of animal vivacity that *my* difficulty came as from a sense of the indomitableness of the spirit within me. I used to brood over the stories of Enoch and Elijah, and almost persuade myself that, whatever might become of others, I should be translated in something of the same way to heaven. With a feeling congenial to this, I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I com-

muned with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of mere processes. In later periods of life I have deplored, as we have all reason to do, a subjugation of an opposite character, and have rejoiced over the remembrances, as is expressed in the lines *Obstinate Questionings*, etc. To that dreamlike vividness and splendor which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here; but having in the poem regarded it as a presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion which has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be recommended to faith as more than an element in our instincts of immortality. But let us bear in mind that though the idea is not advanced in Revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the creed of many nations, and among all persons acquainted with classic literature is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the immortality of the soul, I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.

XIX.

WALTER SCOTT.

1771–1832.



Sir Walter Scott

CHARACTERIZATION BY R. H. HUTTON.[1]

1. The most striking feature of Scott's romances is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but few exceptions—*The An-*

[1] From *Sir Walter Scott*, by Richard H. Hutton.

tiquary, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Guy Mannering* are the most important—Scott's novels give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse alike. You can hardly read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. And yet there is no artificiality, no elaborate attitudinizing before the antique mirrors of the past, like Bulwer's, no dressing-out of clothes-horses, like G. P. R. James. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites, and freebooters, preachers, school-masters, mercenary soldiers, gypsies, and beggars, all living the sort of life which the reader feels that in their circumstances, and under the same conditions of time and place and parentage, he might have lived, too. Indeed, no man can read Scott without being more of a public man, whereas the ordinary novel tends to make its readers rather less of one than before.

2. Next, though most of these stories are rightly called romances, no one can avoid observing that they give that side of life which is unromantic quite as vigorously as the romantic side. This was not true of Scott's poems, which only expressed one half of his nature, and were almost pure romances. But in the novels the business of life is even better portrayed than its sentiments. Indeed, it was because Scott so much enjoyed the contrasts between the high sentiments of life and its dry and often absurd detail, that his imagination found so much freer a vent in the historical romance than it ever found in the romantic poem. Yet he clearly needed the romantic excitement of picturesque scenes and historical interests, too. I do not think he would ever have gained any brilliant success in the narrower region of the domestic novel. He said himself, in expressing his admiration of Miss Austen: "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and the sentiments, is denied to me." Indeed, he tried it to some extent in *St. Ronan's Well*, and, so far

as he tried it, I think he failed. Scott needed a certain largeness of type, a strong-marked class-life, and, where it was possible, a free, out-of-doors life, for his delineations. No one could paint beggars and gypsies, and wandering fiddlers, and mercenary soldiers, peasants and farmers and lawyers, and magistrates, and preachers, and courtiers, and statesmen, and, best of all, perhaps, queens and kings, with anything like his ability.

3. I think the deficiency of his pictures of women, odd as it seems to say so, should be greatly attributed to his natural chivalry. His conception of women of his own or a higher class was always too romantic. He hardly ventured, as it were, in his tenderness for them, to look deeply into their little weaknesses and intricacies of character. With women of an inferior class, he had not this feeling. Nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which he blends the dairy-women and women of business in Jeanie Deans with the lover and the sister. But once make a woman beautiful, or in any way an object of homage to him, and Scott bowed so low before the image of her that he could not go deep into her heart. He could no more have analyzed such a woman, as Thackeray analyzed Lady Castlewood, or Amelia, or Becky, or as George Eliot analyzed Rosamond Vincy, than he could have vivisected Camp or Maida.[1] To some extent, therefore, Scott's pictures of women remain something in the style of the miniatures of the last age—bright and beautiful beings without any special character in them. He was dazzled by a fair heroine. He could not take them up into his imagination as real beings as he did men. But then how living are his men, whether coarse or noble!

4. Some of the finest touches of Scott's humor are no doubt much heightened by his perfect command of the genius as well as the dialect of a peasantry in whom a true culture of mind and sometimes also of heart is found in the closest possible contact with the humblest pursuits and the quaintest enthusiasm for them. But Scott, with all his turn for irony—and Mr. Lockhart says that even on his death-bed he used towards his children the same sort of good-humored irony to which he had always accustomed them in his life—certainly never gives us any example of

[1] Scott's dogs.

that highest irony which is found so frequently in Shakespeare, which touches the paradoxes of the spiritual life of the children of earth, and which reached its highest point in Isaiah. The irony of Hamlet is far from Scott. His imagination was essentially one of distinct embodiment. He never even seemed so much as to contemplate that sundering of substance and form, that rending away of outward garments, that unclothing of the soul, in order that it might be more effectually clothed upon, which is at the heart of anything that may be called spiritual irony. The constant abiding of his mind within the well-defined forms of some one or other of the conditions of outward life and manners, among the scores of different spheres of human habit, was, no doubt, one of the secrets of his genius; but it was also its greatest limitation.

THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN CAVALIER.

[INTRODUCTION.—The passage at arms here given forms the introductory chapter of Scott's novel of the *Talisman*, the finest of his Oriental romances. The "Christian Knight" is Richard Cœur de Lion, and the "Saracen Cavalier" is Saladin. The portraits are drawn with great power.]

1. The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home, and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—To what class of literary composition does the *Talisman* belong? *Ans.* To the historical novel.

1–7. **The burning . . . waters.** Observe the masterly manner in which, in a single sentence, the scene and the principal actor in the romance are brought before the reader's imagination.—By what form of words does Scott make the statement that it was not yet noon?

5, 6. **where . . . sea.** What word in this clause is an infelicitous repetition of a word in the preceding member? Can you remodel and improve the last part of the sentence?

2. Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendor, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain.

3. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

4. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—8–12. **Upon . . . plain.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—What two synonymous verbs are used in this sentence?—By what touch does the author convey a vivid impression of the lifeless desolation of the desert?—Of what statement in the sentence is the last member a repetition?

13–34. **The dress . . . wearer.** In the description of costume Scott is always peculiarly at home. Observe the skilful manner in which the details are presented.—Give the meaning of the following terms (see Dictionary): "mail" (15); "helmet" (18); "hauberk" (20); "falchion" (24); "poniard" (25); "pennoncel" (29).

17. **there was.** What is the logical subject of "was?" Query as to the grammar.

5. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep—wake me not.*" An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

6. The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace-of-arms, and which hung to the saddle-bow; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

7. But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply* a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent, and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

8. Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defi-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 35, 36. **The surcoat . . . defaced.** Analyze this sentence.

37. **with the motto.** To what word is this phrase an adjunct?

43. **were come to war.** Remark on the form "were come."—What part of speech is "war" here?

54–60. In paragraph 7, seventeen words are of classical origin: what are these words?

61–66. **Nature . . . kind.** Point out a simile and a personification in this sentence.

ance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

9. Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his mid-day station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

10. As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, proved to be a Saracen cavalier.* "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb* as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—66–73. **His . . . swords.** What kind of sentence is this rhetorically?—Grammatically? Indicate the principal propositions.—The subordinate propositions.—Explain "Norman line."

74–84. What connective marks the transition to a new paragraph?—In this sentence point out an epithet used figuratively.

94. **the infidel.** Explain the application of the word here.

might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

11. The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

12. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 97–102. **He disengaged . . . contests.** Change this sentence by transforming the first and second members into adjective phrases.

103–115. Observe how, by a few vivid touches, the Saracenic horseman is brought before the mind's eye.

109. **its slender circle.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 28.)

113. **he.** What noun does "he" represent? Is there any ambiguity in the reference? Would it not be better to repeat the noun?

116–130. How many synonyms of "horse" are used in this paragraph?

122–130. **Equally . . . yards.** In this sentence select the principal propositions (giving only the grammatical subjects and predicates), and observe the skilful manner in which the subordinate parts are introduced.

wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

13. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

14. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

15. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—131. **like a hawk,** etc. Point out the aptness of the simile.—**the heathen.** Of what word previously used is this a synonym?

133–139. Substitute equivalent terms for the following italicized words and phrases: "A third time he *approached in the same manner*, when the Christian *knight, desirous* to *terminate* this *illusory warfare*, in which he might *at length* have been *worn out* by the *activity* of his foeman, *suddenly seized* the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a *strong* hand and *unerring* aim, *hurled* it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his *enemy appeared*."

140. **just.** Place this word nearer the phrase it modifies.

144, 145. **Ere . . . mishap.** What word does this clause modify?

146. **calling on his steed.** To what word is this phrase an adjunct?

cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force ; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

16. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce : he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

17. "There is truce* betwixt our nations," he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders ; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard ; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene,* from whom I

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—155–162. **Planting . . . places.** Improve this rather long and loose-jointed sentence by breaking it up into two sentences.

should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

18. The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

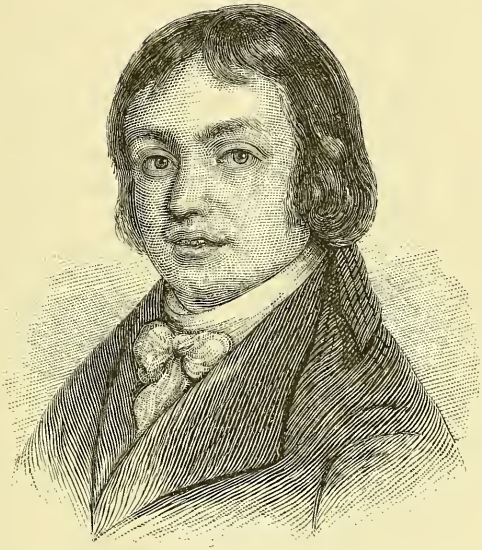
19. The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—201–204. In the last paragraph which words are of Anglo-Saxon, and which of classical, origin?

XX.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772–1834.



S. T. Coleridge

CHARACTERIZATION BY CRAIK.[1]

1. Coleridge's poetry is remarkable for the perfection of its execution, for the exquisite art with which its divine spirit is endowed with formal expression. The subtly woven words, with

[1] From *English Language and Literature*, by G. L. Craik, LL.D., vol. ii., p. 478 et seq.

all their sky colors, seem to grow out of the thought or emotion, as the flower from its stalk, or the flame from its feeding oil. The music of his verse, too, especially of what he has written in rhyme, is as sweet and as characteristic as anything in the language, placing him for that rare excellence in the same small band with Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher (in their lyrics), and Milton, and Collins, and Shelley, and Tennyson.

2. It was probably only quantity that was wanting to make Coleridge the greatest poet of his day. Certainly, at least, some things that he has written have not been surpassed, if they have been matched, by any of his contemporaries. And (as, indeed, has been the case with almost all great poets) he continued to write better and better the longer he wrote : some of his happiest verses were the produce of his latest years. Not only, as we proceed from his earlier to his later compositions, does the execution become much more artistic and perfect, but the informing spirit refined and purified, the tenderness grows more delicate and deep, the fire brighter and keener, the sense of beauty more subtle and exquisite. Yet from the first there was in all he wrote the divine breath which essentially makes poetry what it is. There was "the shaping spirit of imagination," evidently of soaring pinion and full of strength, though as yet sometimes unskilfully directed, and encumbered in its flight by an affluence of power which it seemed hardly to know how to manage ; hence an unselecting impetuosity in these early compositions, never indicating anything like poverty of thought, but producing occasionally considerable awkwardness and turgidity of style, and a declamatory air, from which no poetry was ever more free than that of Coleridge in its maturer form.

3. Of Coleridge's poetry, in its most matured form, and in its best specimens, the most distinguishing characteristics are vividness of imagination and subtlety of thought, combined with unrivalled beauty and expressiveness of diction, and the most exquisite melody of verse. With the exception of a vein of melancholy and meditative tenderness, flowing rather from a contemplative survey of the mystery—the strangely mingled good and evil—of all things human than connected with any individual interests, there is not in general much of passion in his compo-

sitions, and he is not well fitted, therefore, to become a very popular poet, or a favorite with the multitude.

4. His love itself, warm and tender as it is, is still Platonic and spiritual in its tenderness, rather than a thing of flesh and blood. There is nothing in his poetry of the pulse of fire that throbs in that of Burns; neither has he much of the homely every-day truth, the proverbial and universally applicable wisdom of Wordsworth. Coleridge was, far more than either of these poets, "of imagination all compact." The fault of his poetry is the same that belongs to that of Spenser—it is too purely or unalloyedly poetical. But rarely, on the other hand, has there existed an imagination in which so much originality and daring were associated and harmonized with so gentle and tremblingly delicate a sense of beauty. Some of his minor poems especially, for the richness of their coloring combined with the most perfect finish, can be compared only to the flowers which spring up into loveliness at the touch of "great creating nature." The words, the rhyme, the whole flow of the music seem to be not so much the mere expression or sign of the thought as its blossoming or irradiation of the bright essence, the equally bright though sensible effluence.

I.—LOVE.

1. All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
   Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
   All are but ministers * of Love,
   And feed his sacred flame.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—To what class of poetry does this poem belong? *Ans.* It belongs to the class of lyric poetry.

State the versification of the poem. *Ans.* The poem is written in stanzas of four lines, the first three of which are iambic tetrameter, while the fourth is an iambic trimeter; the fourth and second lines rhyme.

What are the chief characteristics of the poem? *Ans.* They are a fine union of passion with delicacy, and of both with the sweetest, richest music.

1–4. **All . . . flame.** What kind of statement is made in the first stanza, a particular or a general statement? What purpose does this stanza serve?—Point out an example of personification in these lines.—Explain "ministers" as here used.

2. Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

3. The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

4. She leaned against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

5. Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

6. I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—5–8. **Oft . . . tower.** Arrange this stanza in the prose order.—Explain "waking dreams."—Give an instance of alliteration in this stanza.

7–10. State in your own words what was the scene of the romance. Is it effective for the poet's purpose? Why?

11. **And . . . joy.** What two metaphors in this line?

15, 16. **She . . . light.** Point out examples of alliteration.

17. **Few . . . own.** What is the most emphatic word in this line? By what device is it brought into prominence? Transpose into the prose order, and note the difference.

17–20. In this stanza, how many words are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin?

18. **My hope! my joy!** Note the fine effect of the recurrence of these terms used in line 11.

20. **grieve.** Were it not for rhyme's sake, do you think the poet would use a word so strong as "grieve?" What is perhaps a more fitting word?—Select, from Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, a line expressing a thought similar to that in lines 19, 20.

7. She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

8. I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

9. I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

10. She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

11. But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

12. That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—25–28. Observe how preparation is made for the introduction of the story—how (stanza 5) we are told that Genevieve loved best when listening to songs that made her grieve, and how (line 22) the lover sang a "moving story;" then how, before proceeding with the story as began in stanza 8, a fine effect is obtained by the pause in stanza 7.

28. **But.** Grammatical construction?

31. **And . . . wooed.** Supply the ellipsis. — What is the peculiar force of "long" as here used?

37, 38. Of what lines are these an iteration?—Observe the context of these lines in each instance.

41–44. In stanza 11, name two words derived from Latin through French.

45–47. **That sometimes . . . once.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 36.)—To what word is the phrase "starting up at once" an adjunct?

13. There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,*
This miserable knight;

14. And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

15. And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate*
That scorn that crazed his brain;

16. And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

17. His dying words—But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,*
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—49, 50. **There came . . . bright.** Transpose into the prose order, and point out which effects are obtained by the use of the poetic order.

51, 52. Point out an instance of pleonasm in these lines.

57–59. Note the employment of the conjunction *and* to introduce each clause.[1]

59. **expiate.** Etymology?

63. **yellow.** What does the use of this epithet suggest?

64. **man.** Grammatical construction?

65. **His dying words.** Note the sudden pause by which the conclusion is left unexpressed. What is this figure of speech called? (See Def. **38.**)

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[1] The employment of conjunctions to an unusual degree is sometimes made a distinct figure of speech under the name of *polysyndeton.*

18. All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

19. And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

20. She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

21. Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

22. She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

23. 'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

24. I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—71–76. In the enumeration of details in these lines, which particulars are to be classed as "impulses of soul," and which as "impulses of sense?"

74. **undistinguishable throng.** Explain.

75, 76. **subdued, Subdued.** Notice the use of the same word at the end of one phrase and at the beginning of another.[1]

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[1] This is sometimes made a distinct figure under the name of *anadiplosis*.

II.—MORNING HYMN TO MONT BLANC.

1. Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

2. Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

3. Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

4. Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn

Co-herald! wake, oh wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

5. And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

6. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"
"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!"

7. Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise.

8. Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain, thou
That, as I raise my head, a while bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, O, ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth.
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch, tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

III.—PASSAGE FROM CHRISTABEL.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

XXI.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775–1834.

C. Lamb

CHARACTERIZATION BY DE QUINCEY.[1]

1. Without attempting any elaborate analysis of Lamb's merits, which would be no easy task, one word or two may be said generally about the position he is entitled to hold in our litera-

[1] From *Biographical Essays*, by Thomas De Quincey.

ture, and, comparatively, in European literature. In the literature of every nation, we are naturally disposed to place in the highest rank those who have produced some great and colossal work—a *Paradise Lost*, a *Hamlet*, a *Novum Organum*—which presupposes an effort of intellect, a comprehensive grasp, and a sustaining power, for its original conception, corresponding in grandeur to that effort, different in kind, which must preside in its execution.

2. But after this highest class, in which the power to conceive and the power to execute are upon the same scale of grandeur, there comes a second, in which brilliant powers of execution, applied to conceptions of a very inferior range, are allowed to establish a classical rank. Every literature possesses, besides its great national gallery, a cabinet of minor pieces, not less perfect in their polish, possibly more so. In reality, the characteristic of this class is elaborate perfection: the point of inferiority is not in the finishing, but in the compass and power of the original creation, which (however exquisite in its class), moves within a smaller sphere. To this class belong, for example, *The Rape of the Lock*, that finished jewel of English literature; *The Dunciad* (a still more exquisite gem); *The Vicar of Wakefield* (in its earliest part); in German, the *Luise* of Voss; in French—what? Above all others, the fables of La Fontaine. He is the pet and darling, as it were, of the French literature.

3. Now, I affirm that Charles Lamb occupies a corresponding station in his own literature. I am not speaking (it will be observed) of kinds, but of degrees, in literary merit; and Lamb I hold to be, as with respect to English literature, that which La Fontaine is with respect to French. For though there may be little resemblance otherwise, in this they agree, that both were wayward and eccentric humorists; both confined their efforts to short flights; and both, according to the standards of their several countries, were occasionally, and in a lower key, poets.

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG.

[INTRODUCTION.—The subjoined piece is one of the *Essays of Elia*, under which pseudonym Lamb contributed to the *London Magazine* this charming series of papers. Says Sir T. N. Talfourd: "They are carefully elaborated; yet never were works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences."]

1. Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following.

2. The swine-herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast* for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers* of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—To what class of compositions does this piece belong? *Ans.* To the *Essay*.—What are the chief characteristics of the piece? *Ans.* They are raciness and humor.

1–10. **Mankind . . . following.** By what means does Lamb give an appearance of truthfulness to the narrative?

2, 3. **seventy thousand ages.** The claims of the Chinese to a vast antiquity give point to this remarkable number.

9. **the elder brother.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

11–17. **The swine-herd . . . ashes.** What kind of sentence, grammatically and rhetorically?

14. **younkers.** Etymology?

17–20. **Together . . . perished.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement,* which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

3. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelled that smell before; indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 29, 30. **an odor . . . experienced.** Express in other words.

36. **He knew not what to think.** What kind of sentence grammatically?

36, 37. **He next . . . it.** Is this mode of statement better than "He next stooped down to feel if there were any signs of life in the pig?"—**if.** Is this the proper conjunction?

39. **booby.** Etymology?

41. **in the world's life.** What effect does Lamb gain by making the discovery of crackling an epoch in the "world's life?"

42. **he tasted—crackling!** What is gained by the use of the dash here?

46. **delicious.** Grammatical construction?

and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats!"

4. The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig. Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and, fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! only taste!—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

5. Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable* thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same rem-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 53. **which Bo-bo . . . flies.** Transfer this clause to the next sentence, making necessary verbal alterations: the unity of each sentence will thus be better preserved.

60. **devouring.** Grammatical construction?

61. **me**—an example of the *ethical dative.*

66. **eats.** Remark on the form of expression.

75, 76. **abominable thing.** Why this expression?—Give the derivation of "abominable."

77. **for.** What is the force of the preposition here?

edy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess,* and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

6. Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

7. The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked* at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—85–109. **Bo-bo . . . Guilty.** Point out the humorous touches in paragraph 6.

90, 91. **Nothing . . . forward.** What is the effect of the omission of the verb?

110. **who . . . fellow.** What kind of clause is this, and what word does it modify?—**winked.** What is the figure of speech?

went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction; fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later—I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious, arts make their way among mankind.

8. Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

9. Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*. I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork,

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NOTES. — Line 135. **mundus edib'ilis,** literally the *edible world*, the whole range of things eatable.

136. **princeps obsoniorum,** prince of viands. (*Obsoniorum*, genitive plural of *obsonium*.)

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—114. **took wing.** Explain the expression.

116. **The insurance,** etc. Point out the element of humor.

117. **shut up shop.** Remark on the expression.

126. **By such,** etc. Observe how the drollery of the history is heightened by the solemnity of this remark.

132, 133. Why "especially in these days?"

135–143. **Of all . . . grunt.** In this paragraph by what device does the author add a ludicrous dignity to his subject?

those hobbydehoys — but a young and tender suckling, under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty; with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest; his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

10. *He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled, but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

11. There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called: the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance, with the adhesive oleaginous—O, call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it, the tender blossoming of fat, fat cropped in the bud, taken in the shoot, in the first innocence, the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

12. Behold him while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

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140. **amor immunditiæ,** love of filth. | 142, 143. **præludium,** prelude.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—138. **hobbydehoys.** In what consists the funny felicity of this term?

139. **with no original speck,** etc. Explain the allusion.

144. **not ignorant.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **31.**)

145, 146. **exterior tegument.** Explain. But would any plainer terms be equally effective for Lamb's purpose?

147–158. **There is . . . substance.** The pupil cannot fail to note the exquisite art of this long, broken, but most deftly managed sentence—the piling of epithet on epithet, the delicious exaggeration of terms, the drollery of the mock heroics.

13. See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! —wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal, wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away

> "Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care."

His memory is odoriferous; no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon; no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages; he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure,* and for such a tomb might be content to die.

14. He is the best of sapors. Pineapple is great. She is, indeed, almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause; too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her; she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish; but she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite; and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

15. Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

16. Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—164. **his second cradle.** What is the figure of speech? —**lieth.** What is the effect of using the ancient form?

169. **sins.** Remark on the use of this word.

175. **such a tomb,** etc. The allusion is to a line of Milton in his sonnet on Shakespeare. See page 4 of this book.

177. **sapors,** delicacies.

177–185. Observe the skilful construction of paragraph 14: first two short pithy sentences, and then—as if the gusto of his thought carried the author away—an expanded, cumulative sentence.—Point out an example of antithesis in this paragraph.

186–188. **Pig . . . palate.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled* without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbors' fare.

17. I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under the pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

18. I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and, in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satis-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—194. **He . . . banquets.** Explain.

196–211. In paragraph 17 how does the author contrive to convey a notion of his superlative appreciation of pig?

200, 201. **Presents . . . absents.** Point out the play upon words.

202. **villatic,** pertaining to a village. The quotation is from Milton.

212–238. Make an abstract from memory of paragraph 18. — Point out touches of delicate irony in this paragraph.

faction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake. And what should I say to her the next time I saw her? How naughty I was to part with her pretty present! And the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last. And I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and, above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

19. Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

20. I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—239. **nice.** Meaning here?

244. **intenerating,** rendering tender.—**dulcifying,** rendering sweet. These are instances of Lamb's fondness for rare or obsolete words.

246. **refining a violet.** Query as to this expression.

249–256. **I remember . . . decision.** Observe the drollery of this imitation of the kind of questions argued by the mediæval schoolmen.

in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

21. His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread-crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are; but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

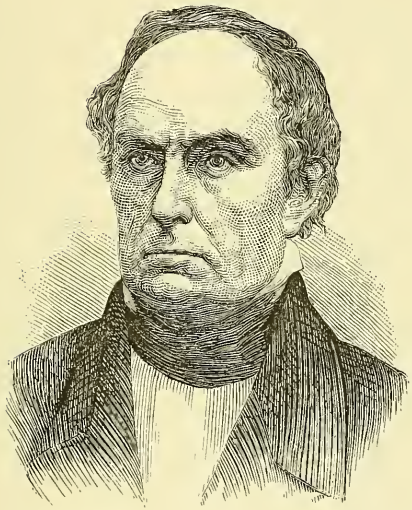
LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 256. **I forget the decision.** Would it have been good art to *remember* it?

257–263. In the last paragraph point out an example of alliteration. Of metaphor.

XXII.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

1782–1852.



Daniel Webster

CHARACTERIZATION BY RUFUS CHOATE.

1. Little anywhere can be added now to that wealth of eulogy that has been heaped upon the tomb of Webster. Before he died, even, renowned in two hemispheres, in ours he seemed to be known with a universal nearness of knowledge. He walked

so long and so conspicuously before the general eye; his actions, his opinions, on all things which had been large enough to agitate the public mind for the last thirty years and more, had had importance and consequences so remarkable—anxiously waited for, passionately canvassed, not adopted always into the particular measure, or deciding the particular vote of government or the country, yet sinking deep into the reason of the people—a stream of influence whose fruits it is yet too soon for political philosophy to appreciate completely; an impression of his extraordinary intellectual endowments, and of their peculiar superiority in that most imposing and intelligible of all forms of manifestation, the moving of others' minds by speech—this impression had grown so universal and fixed, and it had kindled curiosity to hear him and read him so wide and so largely indulged; his individuality altogether was so absolute and so pronounced, the force of will no less than the power of genius; the exact type and fashion of his mind, not less than its general magnitude, were so distinctly shown through his musical, transparent style; the exterior of the man, the grand mystery of brow and eye, the deep tones, the solemnity, the sovereignty, as of those who would build states, where every power and every grace did seem to set its seal, had been made—by personal observation, by description, by the exaggeration even, of those who had felt the spell — by art, the daguerreotype and picture and statue—so familiar to the American eye, graven on the memory like the Washington of Stuart; the narrative of the mere incidents of his life had been so often told (by some so authentically and with such skill), and had been so literally committed to heart,—that when he died there seemed to be little left but to say when and how his change came; with what dignity, with what possession of himself, with what loving thought for others, with what gratitude to God, uttered with unfaltering voice, that it was appointed to him there to die; to say how thus, leaning on the rod and staff of the promise, he took his way into the great darkness undismayed, till death should be swallowed up of life; and then to relate how they laid him in that simple grave, and turning and pausing, and joining their voices to the voices of the sea, bade him hail and farewell. . . .

2. But there were other fields of oratory on which, under the influence of more uncommon springs of inspiration, he exempli-

fied, in still other forms, an eloquence in which I do not know that he has had a superior among men. Addressing masses by tens of thousands in the open air, on the urgent political questions of the day; or designated to lead the meditations of an hour devoted to the remembrance of some national era, or of some incident marking the progress of the nation, and lifting him up to a view of what is, and what is past, and some indistinct revelations of the glory that lies in the future, or of some great historical name, just borne by the nation to his tomb—we have learned that then and there, at the base of Bunker Hill, before the corner-stone was laid, and again when from the finished column the centuries looked on him; in Faneuil Hall, mourning for those with whose spoken or written eloquence of freedom its arches had so often resounded; on the rock of Plymouth; before the Capitol, of which there shall not be one stone left on another before his memory shall have ceased to live—in such scenes, unfettered by the laws of forensic or parliamentary debate; multitudes uncounted lifting up their eyes to him; some great historical scenes of America around; all symbols of her glory and art and power and fortune there; voices of the past, not unheard; shapes beckoning from the future, not unseen—sometimes that mighty intellect, borne upwards to a height and kindled to an illumination which we shall see no more, wrought out, as it were in an instant, a picture of vision, warning, prediction: the progress of the nation; the contrasts of its eras; the heroic deaths; the motives to patriotism; the maxims and arts imperial by which the glory has been gathered and may be heightened—wrought out, in an instant, a picture to fade only when all record of our mind shall die.

3. We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness;" our encircling ocean; the resting-place of the Pilgrims; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools; all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and national policy and law, and the Constitution, give us back

his name. What American landscape will you look on; what subject of American interest will you study; what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that it does not recall him? . . .

4. But it is time that this eulogy was spoken. My heart goes back into the coffin there with him, and I would pause. I went —it is a day or two since—alone, to see again the home which he so dearly loved, the chamber where he died, the grave in which they laid him—all habited as when

> "His look drew audience still as night,
> Or summer's noontide air"—

till the heavens be no more. Throughout that spacious and calm scene all things to the eye showed at first unchanged. The books in the library; the portraits; the table at which he wrote; the scientific culture of the land; the course of agricultural occupation; the coming-in of harvests, fruit of the seed his own hand had scattered; the animals and implements of husbandry; the trees planted by him in lines, in copses, in orchards, by thousands; the seat under the noble elm, on which he used to sit to feel the southwest wind at evening, or hear the breathings of the sea, or the not less audible music of the starry heavens, all seemed at first unchanged. The sun of a bright day, from which, however, something of the fervors of midsummer were wanting, fell temperately on them all, filled the air on all sides with the utterances of life, and gleamed on the long line of ocean. Some of those whom on earth he loved best still were there. The great mind still seemed to preside; the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory.

5. And such it shall be in all the future of America! The sensation of desolateness and loneliness and darkness with which you see it now will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in, and the same emotions shall greet and bless, the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster.

FROM THE SPEECH IN REPLY TO HAYNE.

[INTRODUCTION.—The speech of which the first of the subjoined extracts forms the exordium, and the second the peroration, is known as Webster's *Second Speech on Foot's Resolution*. In the latter part of 1829, Senator Foot, of Connecticut, moved in the Senate a resolution in relation to the disposal of the public lands in the West. On this subject Webster delivered a brief speech, to which Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, responded. In his speech Hayne departed widely from the subject of the resolution, opening up a variety of political and constitutional questions. This course rendered a response incumbent upon Webster, who acquitted himself in the magnificent speech delivered before the United States Senate, January 26, 1830.]

I.

1. When this debate, sir, was to be resumed, on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable gentleman, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. That shot, sir, which he thus kindly informed us was coming, that we might stand out of the way or prepare ourselves to fall by it and die with decency, has now been received. Under all advantages, and with expectation awakened by the tone which preceded it, it has been discharged, and has spent its force. It may become me to say no more of its effect than that, if nobody is found, after all, either killed or wounded, it is not the first time in the history of human affairs that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto.*

2. The gentleman, sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the Senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–3. **When . . . elsewhere.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically?

4. **He had a shot,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)

5–10. **That shot . . . force.** To what use does Webster in these sentences turn Hayne's metaphor?—Point out any ironical expression.

10–15. **It . . . manifesto.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

16–48. **The gentleman . . . aimed.** It will be noted that, as in paragraph 1 Webster occupies himself with tossing his antagonist on the point of his own metaphor, so in paragraph 2 he takes up another of Hayne's remarks and adroitly turns the edge of it against him.

there was something rankling* here, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing *here*, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either — the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing either originating *here* or now received *here* by the gentleman's shot. Nothing originating here, for I had not the slightest feeling of unkindness towards the honorable member. Some passages,* it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body which I could have wished might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy and forgotten them. I paid the honorable member the attention of listening with respect to his first speech; and when he sat down, though surprised, and I must even say astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intention than to commence any personal warfare. Through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided, studiously and carefully, everything which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, sir, while there is thus nothing originating *here*, which I have wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat, also, that nothing has been received *here* which rankles, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war; I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were, or were not, dipped in that which would have caused rankling if they had reached their destination, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 20–23. **There is . . . wrong.** How is the general statement in the first part of the sentence enforced by the latter part?

24, 25. **There is . . . shot.** In this sentence a double denial is made: show what sentences carry out the first denial, and what the second.

31, 32. **though surprised.** Supply the ellipsis.

40. **I will not,** etc. What is there in the form of statement that adds great force to this sentence?—Point out the metaphor.

42–45. **But whether . . . mark.** Where is the sting in this sentence?

45–48. **If he . . . aimed.** Compare the last sentence of paragraph 2 with the last of paragraph 1: note that the former is, in a modified form, an iteration of the latter; but, as hurled forth in paragraph 2, what prodigious increase of momentum the statement has gained!

gather up those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere: they will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

3. The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others also the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply, it is quite a mistake. Owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting the next morning in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true. I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well.

4. But the gentleman inquires why *he* was made the object of

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—49–72. In paragraph 3, Webster pursues the same tactics as in the two previous paragraphs; that is, he seizes upon an observation of his opponent and presses it back upon him.—Divide this paragraph into its three principal parts.

51. **his friend.** Senator Benton.

56–61. **Would . . . them?** What is the effect of the use of the interrogative form in these three sentences?

62. **it is quite a mistake.** Note the temperance of the statement. A frothy orator would have "hurled back the imputation," etc.

71. **I slept,** etc. What inference does Webster wish to be drawn from this statement?

such a reply? Why was *he* singled out? If an attack has been made on the East, he, he assures us, did not begin it; it was made by the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill. I found a responsible endorser* before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me whether I had turned upon him, in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *modestiæ gratia*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question forbid me thus to interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, something of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—80. **drawer of the bill.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)—Show how this figure is carried out in the subsequent part of the sentence.

87–91. **If . . . feelings.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

88. **modestiæ gratia**, for modesty's sake.

94. **withholden.** Why does Webster use this form?

5. Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing more likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part, to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—105–148. In paragraph 5, notice the fine combination of the different types of sentence—simple, complex, and compound; periodic and loose; long and short.—Point out examples of words used figuratively; examples of words used in a particularly felicitous manner.

dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper: but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry* of his resources.

II.

6. Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation,* such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness.

7. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of ad-

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Literary Analysis.—150. **to.** Query as to this preposition.—**advanced and maintained.** What is the distinction between these words?

152, 153. **deliberation.** Etymology?

160–162. Substitute equivalent terms for the following italicized words: "I *profess*, sir, in my *career hitherto*, to have *kept steadily* in *view* the *prosperity* and *honor* of the whole *country*, and the *preservation* of our Federal Union."

165. **That Union.** Notice the rhetorical order of the word "Union," and the effect of this position in preserving the unity of the subject under exposition.

versity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread further and further, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

8. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 167. **It had its origin,** etc. Explain the historical reference.

175. **national,** etc. How is the climax made effective here?

176-207. **I have . . . inseparable!** What words are used figuratively in this paragraph?—Give examples of majestic diction.

189-207. **God grant . . . inseparable!** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **24, i.**)—In this peroration the Anglo-Saxon words are in the proportion of eighty per cent. Select the classical words, and commit the passage to memory.

ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies * streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterwards;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

XXIII.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1783–1859.

Washington Irving.

CHARACTERIZATION BY THACKERAY.

1. Irving was the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old.[1] He was born almost with the repub-

[1] Irving preceded nearly all the authors whose works we think of as constituting American *literature*—Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Channing, Emerson,

lic ;[1] the *pater patriæ*[2] had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name ; he came among us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good-will.

2. His new country (which some people here[3] might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet, and socially the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered ? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart ?

3. In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peace-maker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. Every large city has its "Irving House." The country takes pride in the fame of its men of letters.

4. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River[4] was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut no one out. I had seen many pictures of his house, and read descriptions of it, in both of which it was treated with a not unusual American exaggeration. It was but a pretty little cabin of a place ; the gentleman of the press who took notes of it, while his kind old host was sleeping, might have visited the house in a couple of minutes.

5. And how came it that this house was so small, when Mr.

Whittier, Hawthorne, Holmes, and the rest. Two great writers, and two only, appeared during the colonial period—Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards ; but the one was a philosopher, the other a theologian, and neither belonged to the *literary* guild in the strict sense of the term. Irving was a year younger than Daniel Webster.

[1] Born April 3, 1783 ; on the 19th of the same month Washington proclaimed the news of peace in his camp at Newburgh, N. Y.

[2] "The father of his country."

[3] That is, in England.

[4] "Sunnyside :" the railroad station is called Irvington, about twenty-five miles from New York city.

Irving's books were sold by hundreds of thousands—nay, millions; when his profits were known to be large, and the habits of life of the good old bachelor were notoriously modest and simple? He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her.

6. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart, and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time.

7. Irving had such a small house and such narrow rooms because there was a great number of people to occupy them. He could only live very modestly because the wifeless, childless man had a number of children to whom he was as a father. He had as many as nine nieces, I am told—I saw two of these ladies at his house—with all of whom the dear old man had shared the produce of his labor and genius. "*Be a good man, my dear.*" One can't but think of these last words of the veteran Chief of Letters, who had tasted and tested the value of worldly success, admiration, prosperity. Was Irving not good? and of his works, was not his life the best part?

8. In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable with the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful. He was, at the same time, one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and a pure life.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[INTRODUCTION.—The paper here given is from the *Sketch Book*, a collection of essays written in England during Irving's second visit to that country (1815). These were sent home, and, during 1818–19, were published in parts in New York.]

1. On one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial * to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

2. I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I

NOTES.—Lines 4, 5. **Westminster Abbey.** See Addison's paper, page 138, note 2. (For "minster" and "abbey," see Glossary.)

9. **Westminster School.** In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Westminster Abbey was made a "collegiate church." Westminster School is a part of the collegiate establishment, and is endowed out of the revenues of the former abbey.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 1–8. The student will observe the beautiful simplicity with which the introduction to this paper is made in two sentences.

1–5. **On one . . . Abbey.** Grammatically, what kind of sentence? Rhetorically, period or loose sentence?—What two epithets are applied to "days?" Is this a literal or a figurative use of these words?—What fault may be found with the expression "mingle together?"

5–8. **There was . . . ages.** Point out an instance of alliteration in this sentence.—Point out a simile.

9–27. **I entered . . . decay.** Notice the admirable variety of sentences (as to *kind* and *length*) in paragraph 2.—How many sentences? How many simple? Complex? Compound? — What kind of sentence (and that of how many members) rounds off the paragraph?—Which sentence brings before the mind a vivid picture, and hence is *picturesque?*

11, 12. Substitute Anglo-Saxon words for the italicized words of Latin origin in the phrase "by *circular perforations* in the *massive* walls."

had a distant view of the cloisters,* with the figure of an old verger,* in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre * from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps and crumbling with age ; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural * monuments, and obscured the death's-heads and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches ; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty ; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations * of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

3. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles * of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

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13. **cloisters.** A cloister is a covered arcade forming part of a monastic or collegiate establishment, surrounding the inner quadrangular area of the buildings, with numerous large windows looking into the quadrangle.

14. **verger,** beadle, or attendant.

19. **damps,** moisture.

24. **keystones.** A keystone is the stone on the top or middle of an arch or vault which binds the work.

29. **square of the cloisters,** the inner quadrangular area. See note 13.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—13. **cloisters.** Etymology?

22. **funereal.** Distinguish between the adjectives *funereal* and *funeral.* (Glossary.)

22–27. A vigorous mode of statement is first to *specify* and then to *generalize.* Show how the principle is exemplified in this sentence.

25. **dilapidations.** What is the primary signification of *dilapidation?* Is there a peculiar felicity in its use here?

4. As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies* of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs* were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times (Vitalis . Abbas . 1082, and Gislebertus . Crispinus . Abbas . 1114, and Laurentius . Abbas . 1176). I remained some little while musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage* in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial.

5. While I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress* to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is al-

39. **in relief.** A figure *in relief* is one that projects above or beyond the ground or plane on which it is formed. Relief is of three kinds—high, demi, and low relief. The last, low relief (*basso-rilievo*), is where the figure projects but little; and in this kind of relief are the figures spoken of above.

40. **effigies.** An effigy is a likeness or representation of a person, whether a full figure or a picture of the whole or a part, in sculpture, bass-relief, etc.

41. **abbots,** superiors or governors of abbeys.

43. **Abbas** = abbot.

54. **buttress,** a projecting support to the exterior of a wall, most commonly applied to churches in the Gothic style.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—35–40. **As I passed . . . generations.** What kind of sentence rhetorically? Change into the direct order.

35, 36. **mingled picture of glory and decay.** What were the points of glory in the "mingled picture?" What the features of "decay?"

45. **casual relics of antiquity.** Explain. — **left like wrecks,** etc. What is the figure?—What fact in the inscription authorizes the phrase "*distant* shore of time?"

48. **pride which hopes,** etc. What is the figure? (See Def. **22.**)

51. **memorial.** What is a memorial? Why will the monument "*cease* to be a memorial?"

most startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults * of the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe.* We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible * of the quiet we have interrupted.* It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

6. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust: what parsimony is observed in doling * out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—57. **has rolled.** Is this expression literal or metaphorical? Does a billow *roll* anything? Is "rolled" the best word then? Substitute a better.

63. **and man.** Supply the ellipsis.

66. **awe.** Discriminate between "awe" and *dread* and *reverence* (Glossary, "awe"), and show that "awe" is the fitting word here. To the thought raised by the word "awe," show what is added by the epithets "profound" and "mysterious."

70. **as if.** Query as to the use of "if."

75. **it almost provokes,** etc. "It" is the *anticipative subject* to provokes: what is the full logical subject? (This instance well illustrates the convenience of this idiom.)

77. **parsimony.** Etymology?—**doling.** Etymology?

77, 78. How many expressions does Irving employ to denote the *small space* given to each of the dead great ones? Is this combination chargeable with tautology? Give reasons *pro* or *con*.

when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy ; and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

7. I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor.* Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories ; but the greater part have busts, medallions,* and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions ;* for indeed there is something of companionship between the

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84. **Poets' Corner.** Poets' Corner occupies nearly a half of the south transept. It is so called from the tombs and honorary monuments of Chaucer (died 1400), Spenser, Shakespeare, and many others of the greatest English poets.

87, 88. **Shakespeare and Addison . . . statues.** The monument to Shakespeare was erected in the reign of George II. "Shakespeare stands like a sentimental dandy." — CUNNINGHAM : *Hand-book of London.* The *body* of Shakespeare lies in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. The statue of Addison (by Westmacott) was erected 1809; his body lies in another part of the abbey (Henry VII.'s Chapel).

89. **medallions,** circular tablets on which figures are embossed.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—84–110. To what is this paragraph devoted?—State briefly, in your own language, the different feelings with which visitors (of sensibility) regard the memorials of illustrious authors and those of the merely worldly great.—Explain what is meant by the remark that the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is "ever new," etc.

88. **have.** What is the grammatical construction?

89–92. **Notwithstanding . . . them.** Analyze this sentence.

95. **these.** What noun does "these" represent? Is there any ambiguity in the reference?

author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune* with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

8. From Poets' Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels,* but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance* of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together;

101, 102. **sacrificed surrounding enjoyments.** Spenser, who is buried in the abbey, died in Westminster "from lack of bread," as is recorded. The same can be said of not a few of the other illustrious literary men who lie in this splendid mausoleum.

115. **cognizance,** a badge or other emblem of a noble "house" or family.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 97–100. **Other men . . . immediate.** What is the figure? (See Def. 18.)

104. **Well may the world,** etc. How is "well" here made emphatic?

105. **for it has been purchased,** etc. Effectiveness is obtained in this sentence by a negative form of statement first, and then the positive.

106–110. **Well may . . . language.** Remark on the mode of statement with reference to the point in the last note.

112. **which contains,** etc. Change from an adjective clause to an adjective phrase.

118. **some.** With what noun is "some" in apposition?

warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers* and mitres,* and nobles in robes and coronets,* lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

9. I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast; the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed, in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a crusader*—of one of those military enthusiasts* who so strangely mingled religion and romance,* and whose exploits form the connecting-link between fact and fiction, between the history and the fairy-tale. There is something extremely picturesque* in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the

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120, 121. **crosier,** the official staff of an archbishop, terminating at the top in a cross.—**mitre,** a covering for the head worn on solemn occasions by bishops, cardinals, abbots, etc.—**coronet,** an inferior crown worn by noblemen.

124. **that fabled city.** See *Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

127. **buckler,** a kind of shield or defensive piece of armor: it was often so long as to cover nearly the whole body.

129. **morion,** a kind of open helmet resembling a hat.

131. **crusader,** a person who went on one of the *crusades*, or expeditions to Palestine to recover the Holy Land from the hands of the Saracens. They took place during the 12th and 13th centuries.

136. **armorial bearings,** emblems or de-

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 122–125. **In glancing . . . stone.** Period or loose sentence?—Change into the loose order.

126–157. **I paused . . . virtuous.** Which part of this paragraph is descriptive? Which part is reflective?

131–134. **It was . . . fairy-tale.** Analyze this sentence.

135. **adventurers.** Is this word here used in its depreciatory sense?

chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by, of beings passed from recollection, of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs, extended as if in the sleep of death or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth

vices on an escutcheon, or coat of arms.—**Gothic sculpture.** "In an era of partial and prejudiced ideas, buildings of this style were contemptuously called 'Gothic,' because it was supposed that only such barbarians as the old Goths could produce such works. Latterly, however, this Gothic style has won an honorable place, and may justly bear its old name; the more so, that the experimental names of 'Teutonic,' 'old Teutonic,' 'German,' or 'pointed-arch style' are neither exact nor exhaustive."—LÜBKE: *History of Art*, ii., 5.

155. **an epitaph,** etc. In a *Spectator* paper, Addison writes more fully: "I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, younger sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant,[1] and all the sisters virtuous.'"

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—140. **which poetry has spread,** etc. Do you know of any famous Italian poem on the crusades? What modern novelist has thrown around them the colors of romance?

146. **vague and visionary.** Note alliteration. What is the precise meaning of "visionary" as here used?

150. **overwrought conceits.** Explain.

[1] Irving has miscopied the word as "brave"—perhaps an instance of what is sometimes called *heterophemy*.

and honorable lineage* than one which affirms of a noble house that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

10. In the opposite transept to Poets' Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art, but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead, or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

11. While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear—the rumbling of the passing equipage, the murmur of the multitude, or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around; and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges* of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

12. I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening

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161. **tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac.** The monument is, in point of fact, to *Mr.* and Mrs. Nightingale. Mrs. Nightingale (*née* Lady Elizabeth Shirley) was the wife of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale. — **Louis François Roubillac** (1695–1762) was a distinguished French monumental sculptor, most of whose life was passed in England.

prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers,* in their white surplices,* crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's Chapel. A flight of steps leads up to it, through a deep and gloomy but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

13. On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

14. Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque* decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended

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187, 188. **choristers . . . surplices.** "Chorister," one of a choir (not necessarily one who *leads* a choir—the sense in the United States). "Surplice," a white *over*-garment.

189. **Henry the Seventh's Chapel.** It is sometimes called the Chapel of the Virgin Mary. "The entrance gates are of oak, ornamented with brass, gilt, and wrought into various devices. The chapel consists of a central aisle, with five small chapels at the east end, and two side aisles north and south."—CUNNINGHAM.

191. **gates of brass.** Not literally accurate (see preceding note for the precise details).

200. **fretted.** See Gray's *Elegy*, page 199, line 39, of this book, and compare his "fretted vault."

203. **Knights of the Bath.** "The banners and stalls appertain to the Knights of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, an order of merit next in rank, in this country, to the Most Noble Order of the Garter: the knights were formerly installed in this chapel." — MURRAY: *Hand-book of London*. "Knights of the Bath" are found in the early history of the English sovereignty, being persons who were made knights in some peculiar manner, of which *bathing* constituted a part of the ceremony — the occasion being a coronation, royal marriages, etc. —*Penny Cyclopædia*.

their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum * stands the sepulchre of its founder—his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

15. There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must, sooner or later, terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires,* and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land, glittering with the splendor of jewelled rank and military array, alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants *—sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

16. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas, some under arms in distant lands, some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors—the melancholy reward of a monument.

17. Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a

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207. **emblazoned,** adorned with figures of heraldry.

209, 210. **mausoleum,** splendid tomb.—**sepulchre of its founder:** that is, the altar-tomb of Henry VII. with effigies of himself and queen. The work is by Torrigiano, an Italian sculptor, and Lord Bacon calls it "one of the stateliest and daintiest tombs of Europe."

228. **friezes.** The "frieze," in architecture, is "that part of the entablature [i. e., the part over the columns, and including the architrave, frieze, and cornice] of a column which is between the architrave and cornice."

touching instance of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

18. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem—the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.

19. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity, that were gradually prevailing around gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

> "For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel—nothing 's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust, and an endless darkness."

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do

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240. **Elizabeth** reigned from 1558 (eight years before the birth of Shakespeare) till 1603.

241. **unfortunate Mary:** that is, Mary Queen of Scots (born 1542; beheaded 1587). Her body was buried here by her son, James I. (James VI. of Scotland), after he became king of England, on the death of Queen Elizabeth.

they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody. They soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn, sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful; it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls. The ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from the earth to heaven. The very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

20. I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie* which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire. The shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

21. I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which leads into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funereal trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived with

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293. **the shrine of Edward the Confessor.** Edward the Confessor (reigned 1041–1065).

301, 302. **chair of coronation.** (See Addison's paper, page 138, note 2.)

theatrical artifice to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous* mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness—to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude? For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary.* There is a shocking levity* in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered, some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry* and insult—all more or less outraged and dishonored!

22. The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapel and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poets' Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

23. I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the

321, 322. **effigy . . . headless.** See Addison's paper, page 142, line 95, and note.

objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies* on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of Death—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids—what are they but heaps of sand, and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the winds, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies,

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357. **Sir Thomas Browne** (born 1605; knighted by Charles II. 1672; died 1682), a physician and eminent writer (principal works *Religio Medici*, *Vulgar or Common Errors*, and the treatise on *Urn Burial*).

364. **Alexander the Great.** See Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, page 103, and note.

366, 367. **Egyptian . . . consumeth.** Mummies (dead bodies embalmed) were, during the Middle Ages, much used in medicine, on account of the aromatic substances they contained. "The virtues of mummy seem to have been chiefly imaginary, and even the traffic fraudulent." — NARES: *Glossary*.

which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

24. What, then, is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower—when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column, and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin!

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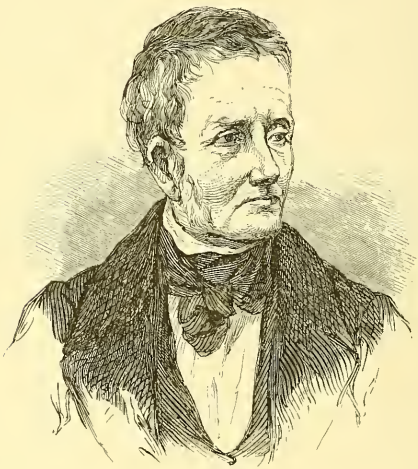
367. **Camby'ses,** son of Darius, and King of Persia (reigned B.C. 529–522). He conquered Egypt; hence the force of "spared," etc.

368. **Mizraim** (the native name of Egypt) = any King of Egypt—a signification intended also by Pharaoh (a general name, like "Cæsar").

XXIV.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

1785–1859.



Thomas De Quincey

CHARACTERIZATION BY LESLIE STEPHEN.[1]

1. One may fancy that if De Quincey's language were emptied of all meaning whatever, the mere sound of the words would move us, as the lovely word Mesopotamia moved Whitefield's hearers.

[1] From *Hours in a Library*, by Leslie Stephen.

The sentences are so delicately balanced, and so skilfully constructed, that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of metre. Humbler writers are content if they can get through a single phrase without producing a decided jar. They aim at keeping up a steady jog-trot, which shall not give actual pain to the jaws of the readers. Even our great writers generally settle down to a stately but monotonous gait, after the fashion of Johnson or Gibbon, or are content with adopting a style as transparent and inconspicuous as possible. Language, according to the common phrase, is the dress of thought; and that dress is the best, according to modern canons of taste, which attracts least attention from its wearer.

2. De Quincey scorns this sneaking maxim of prudence, and boldly challenges our admiration by appearing in the richest coloring that can be got out of the dictionary. His language deserves a commendation sometimes bestowed by ladies upon rich garments, that it is capable of standing up by itself. The form is so admirable that, for purposes of criticism, we must consider it as something apart from the substance. The most exquisite passages in De Quincey's writings are all more or less attempts to carry out the idea expressed in the title of the dream fugue. They are intended to be musical compositions, in which words have to play the part of notes. They are impassioned, not in the sense of expressing any definite sentiment, but because, from the structure and combination of the sentences, they harmonize with certain phases of emotion. It is in the success with which he produces such effects as these that De Quincey may fairly claim to be almost, if not quite, unrivalled in our language.

3. It would be difficult or impossible, and certainly it would be superfluous, to define with any precision the peculiar flavor of De Quincey's style. The chemistry of critics has not yet succeeded in resolving any such product into its constituent elements; nor, if it could, should we be much nearer to understanding their effect in combination.

4. A few specimens would do more than any description; and De Quincey is too well known to justify quotation. It may be enough to notice that most of his brilliant performances are variations on the same theme. He appeals to our terror of the infinite, to the shrinking of the human mind before astronomical

distances and geological periods of time. He paints vast perspectives, opening in long succession, till we grow dizzy in the contemplation. The cadences of his style suggest sounds echoing each other, and growing gradually fainter, till they die away into infinite distance. Two great characteristics, as he tells us, of his opium dreams were a deep-seated melancholy and an exaggeration of the things of space and time. Nightly he descended into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that he could ever reascend. He saw buildings and landscapes in "proportion so vast as the human eye is not fitted to receive." He seemed to live ninety or a hundred years in a night, and even to pass through periods far beyond the limits of human existence. Melancholy and an awe-stricken sense of the vast and vague are the emotions which he communicates with the greatest power; though the melancholy is too dreamy to deserve the name of passion, and the terror of the infinite is not explicitly connected with any religious emotion. It is a proof of the fineness of his taste, that he scarcely ever falls into bombast. We tremble at his audacity in accumulating gorgeous phrases; but we confess that he is justified by the result. I know of no other modern writer who has soared into the same regions with so uniform and easy a flight.

I.—ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN MACBETH.

[Introduction.—The following paper, which is given entire, is from De Quincey's *Miscellaneous Essays*. It well illustrates some of the most notable characteristics of his literary art—his subtlety, sometimes attenuated to superfineness, his minute explicitness of statement, his digressions and "returns," irrelevant but always interesting, and his admirable skill in the niceties of sentential structure. The higher qualities of his impassioned prose are exemplified in the second extract.]

1. From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: the knocking at the gate

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Literary Analysis.—1–8. The first paragraph exemplifies De Quincey's tendency to "minute explicitness of statement." (See *Introduction.*) He had felt great perplexity "on *one point*." "It was *this*." "Produced *an* effect." "The effect *was*," etc.

2. **the knocking.** See *Macbeth*, act ii., scene 3.

which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I could never see *why* it should produce such an effect.

2. Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust nothing else; which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this, out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one. Ask any person whatsoever, who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the law of that science; as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now, in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly incapable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is—that he allows his understanding to

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—5. **it.** What noun does "it" represent?

5, 6. **awfulness . . . solemnity.** Discriminate between these synonyms.

6, 7. **understanding.** The term is here used in a specific sense as contrasted with *reason*. For this technical use of the word "understanding," see Webster's *Unabridged*.

9–44. The whole of paragraph 2 is a digression, as will be seen by the nature of the connective introducing paragraph 3. State in a general way the substance of this digression.—What is the author's aim in inducing the reader not to trust to the mere "understanding?"

12. **meanest.** Force of the epithet as here used?

15, 16. **Of this . . . one.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?—What figure of speech is exemplified in the expression "ten thousand?" (See Def. **34.**)

25. **to make.** Remark on this form of expression.

26. **Yet why? For.** Supply the ellipsis after "why" and before "for."

27. **reason is—.** The dash is De Quincey's own: what effect do you suppose he wishes to produce by its use?

overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line, which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line. A line that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and, therefore, *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

3. But to return from this digression. My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better. I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *debut* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe that in

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 28–36. **His understanding . . . demanded.** State in your own language the nature of the author's reasoning.

42, 43. **quoad his consciousness,** as regards his consciousness.

51. **Mr. Williams made,** etc. The reference is to several murders committed in London by a certain Williams—murders described with great power by De Quincey in a series of papers under the title of *Murder Considered as a Fine Art.*

51–54. **made his debut . . . reputation.** What is the figure of speech?—To appreciate fully the force of the grim humor in the epithets used by the author in speaking of these murders, the papers referred to in the preceding note should be read.

54–62. **On which murders . . . Williams.** Remark on the expressions "connoisseur in murder;" "amateur" (in murder); "great artists" (in murder). —Indicate how, in this passage, the strain of irony is kept up.

one respect they have had an ill effect by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as an amateur once said to me, in a querulous tone, "There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of." But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of knocking at the door soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feelings in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction; and the solution is this: Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct, which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of "the poor beetle that we tread on," exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What, then, must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 67. **good judges . . . dilettanti.** Explain why these expressions are used.

71. **At length,** etc. Point out here an illustration of De Quincey's explicitness of statement.

81. **the poor . . . on.** The quotation is from Shakespeare: is it quite accurately made?

85–88. **sympathy . . . approbation.** Give the nice distinction which the author makes as to the kind of "sympathy" he is referring to.

comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by an overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death strikes him "with its petrific* mace." But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

4. In Macbeth, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers; and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feeling caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both are finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, "the gracious Duncan," and adequately to expound "the deep damnation of his taking off," this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature—*i. e.*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man—was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—91. **petrific.** Etymology of the word?

93, 94. **will create a hell,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

94. **and into this hell we are to look.** Remark on the order of words. What effect is gained?

95. **In Macbeth,** etc. Is the structure of the sentence periodic or loose?

95, 96. **gratifying . . . creation.** Observe the power of the expression.

97. **two murderers:** that is, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.

99. **the tiger spirit.** What is the figure of speech in this epithet?

100. Point out a powerful phrase in this line.

103, 104. **to make . . . antagonist.** Express in other words.

110. **gone, vanished, extinct.** What is the effect of this employment of three synonymous verbs?—Notice that the combination is the more energetic from the absence of conjunctions (asyndeton).

consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention.

5. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, a daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the desertion and silence of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man—if all at once he should hear the deathlike stillness broken up by the sounds of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction.

6. Now apply this to the case in Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is "unsexed;" Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable?*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—115–119. **If . . . life.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically?

119–131. **Or if . . . resumed.** Is this a period or a loose sentence?—Point out striking expressions in this sentence.

134–159. Paragraph 6 presents an excellent study in variety of sentences—variety of length and of type, grammatical and rhetorical. Pupils may indicate the various kinds of sentence in this paragraph.

136. **sensible.** Meaning?

140. **has forgot.** Query as to this form.

In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished;* and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced: the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

7. O, mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert*—but that, the farther we progress in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—144, 145. **must be insulated.** By what two variant forms of expression does De Quincey amplify the idea here expressed?

148. **is suddenly arrested.** What variations are made on this statement?

151. **syncope and suspension.** Discriminate between these synonyms.

152. **when the deed is done.** How is this expression varied?—Are such repetitions chargeable with tautology, or are they justified as examples of artistic fulness and elaboration?

160–169. What figure is exemplified in the last paragraph? (See Def. 23.) —Give in your own words the substance of the paragraph.

II.—A DREAM FUGUE.

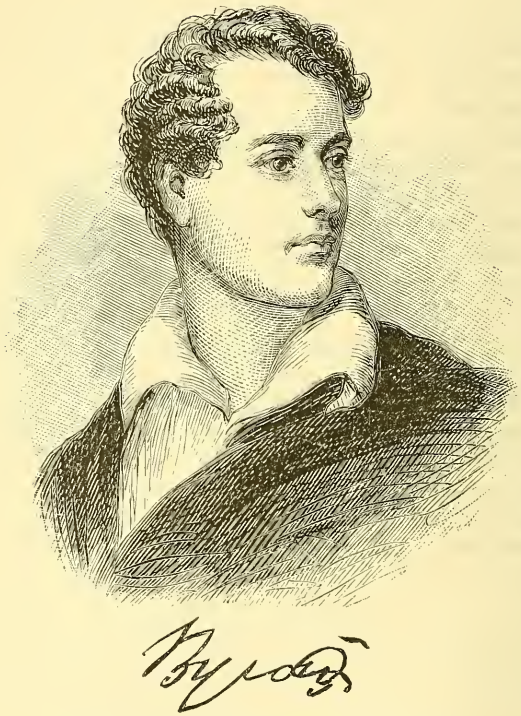
1. Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream, commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep, music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the Coronation Anthem; and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded," I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

2. And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, "I will sleep no more!"

XXV.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

1788–1824.



CHARACTERIZATION BY TAINE.[1]

1. Byron was a poet, but in his own fashion—a strange fashion, like that in which he lived. There were internal tempests within him, avalanches of ideas, which found issue only in writing. He

[1] From the *History of English Literature*, by H. A. Taine.

dreams of himself and sees himself throughout. It is a boiling torrent, but hedged in with rocks.

2. No such great poet has had so narrow an imagination; he could not metamorphose himself into another. They are his own sorrows, his own revolts, his own travels, which, hardly transformed and modified, he introduces into his verses. He does not invent, he observes; he does not create, he transcribes. His copy is darkly exaggerated, but it is a copy. "I could not write upon anything," says he, "without some personal experience and foundation." You will find in his letters and note-book, almost feature for feature, the most striking of his descriptions. The capture of Ismail, the shipwreck of Don Juan, are, almost word for word, like two accounts of it in prose. If none but cockneys could attribute to him the crimes of his heroes, none but blind men could fail to see in him the sentiments of his characters. This is so true, that he has not created more than one. *Childe Harold*, *Lara*, *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, *Manfred*, *Sardanapalus*, *Cain*, *Tasso*, *Dante*, and the rest, are always the same—one man represented under various costumes, in several lands, with different expressions; but just as painters do when, by change of garments, decorations, and attitudes, they draw fifty portraits from the same model.

3. He meditated too much upon himself to be enamoured of anything else. The habitual sternness of his will prevented his mind from being flexible; his force, always concentrated for effort and strained for strife, shut him up in self-contemplation, and reduced him never to make a poem save of his own heart. He lavishes upon us his opinions, recollections, angers, tastes; his poem is a conversation, a confidence, with the ups and downs, the rudeness and the freedom of a conversation and a confidence, almost like the holographic journal at which, by night, at his writing-table, he opened his heart and discharged his feelings. Never was seen in such a clear glass the birth of a lively thought, the tumult of a great genius, the inner life of a genuine poet, always impassioned, inexhaustibly fertile and creative, in whom suddenly, successively, finished and adorned, bloomed all human emotions and ideas—sad, gay, lofty, low, hustling one another, mutually impeded, like swarms of insects that go humming and feeding on flowers and in the mud. He may say what he will—

willingly or unwillingly, we listen to him; let him leap from sublime to burlesque, we leap with him. He has so much wit, so fresh a wit, so sudden, so biting, such a prodigality of knowledge, ideas, images, picked up from the four corners of the horizon, in heaps and masses, that we are captivated, transported beyond limits; we cannot dream of resisting.

4. Too vigorous, and hence unbridled—that is the word which ever recurs when speaking of Byron; too vigorous against others and himself, and so unbridled that after spending his life in braving the world, and his poetry in depicting revolt, he can only find the fulfilment of his talent and the satisfaction of his heart in a poem in arms against all human and poetic conventions. To live so, a man must be great; but he must also become deranged. There is a derangement of heart and mind in the style of *Don Juan*, as in Swift. When a man jests amid his tears, it is because he has a poisoned imagination. This kind of laughter is a spasm, and you see in one man a hardening of the heart, or madness; in another, excitement or disgust. Byron was exhausted, at least the poet was exhausted in him. The last cantos of *Don Juan* drag. The gayety became forced, the escapades became digressions; the reader began to be bored. A new kind of poetry, which he had attempted, had given way in his hands. In the drama he only obtained a powerful declamation; his characters had no life. When he forsook poetry, poetry forsook him. He went to Greece in search of action, and only found death.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

[INTRODUCTION. — This poem was written in 1816, shortly after Byron left England for the last time, and while he was living with the Shelleys in Switzerland.

There really *was* a "Prisoner of Chillon," the illustrious Bonnivard, who, for political reasons, was confined in the Castle of Chillon for six years (1530–1536); but, strange enough, Byron, when he wrote the piece, knew little or nothing of any actual captive. It was the mere sight of the dungeon that suggested the tragedy to his powerful imagination. When he became acquainted with the story of the real prisoner, he celebrated him in the following fine sonnet:

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The *Prisoner of Chillon* is not a marked example of that style of which Byron was such an especial master, and which is, therefore, termed Byronic; but it well illustrates the poet's vigor and concentration.]

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from fears;

NOTES.—Line 4. **As men's,** etc. Byron appends this note: "Ludovico Sforza and others. The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect; to such, and not to fear, this change in hers was to be attributed."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–4. Who is represented as telling the story, the actor or the author? Try if it would be as impressive if told of a third person, thus: "His hair is gray," etc.—Observe the skill with which the attention is first fixed by a reference to the most impressive characteristic of the prisoner—his premature grayness.

1–26. Of the 164 words in this stanza, nearly eighty-six per cent. are of Anglo-Saxon origin. What are the words of classical origin? — Of the 164 words, how many are other than monosyllables?

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
  But rusted with a vile repose;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
  And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake
For tenets* he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven who now are one—
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
  Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed—

10. **Are banned,** are prohibited or interdicted—an unusual but legitimate use of the word.—**barred,** prohibited.

11. **this was,** etc. The meaning is *it* was, etc. The real prisoner, Bonnivard, was not confined for religious reasons ("my father's faith"), but for political reasons. "Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, in his endeavors to free the Genoese from the tyranny of Charles V. of Savoy, became very obnoxious to that monarch, who had him seized secretly and conveyed to the Castle of Chillon, where for six long years he was confined in a dungeon. In 1536, when the cantons of Vaud and Geneva had obtained their independence, the castle resisted for a long time, but it was eventually captured by the Bernese, and Bonnivard and the other prisoners obtained their liberty." — FETRIDGE: *Hand-book for Travellers* (Switzerland).

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—7. **a dungeon's spoil.** Translate into plain language.

10. **banned and barred.** What effect is gained by the use of this brace of alliterative synonyms?—**fare.** Explain this use of the word.

14. **tenets.** Etymology of the word?

17. **We were seven who now are one.** Analyze this sentence.

19. **had begun.** The imperfect would be a more fitting tense; but rhyme controls the author's choice.

21. **in fire . . . in field.** Explain these expressions.

Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—
A sunbeam which has lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,

28. **In Chillon's dungeons.** The Castle of Chillon, with its massive walls and towers, one and a half miles from Montreux, Switzerland, stands on an isolated rock in Lake Leman, twenty-two yards from the bank, with which it is connected by a bridge.

30. **Dim,** etc. According to Murray (*Hand-book of Switzerland*), "it is lighted by several windows, through which the sun's light passes by reflection from the surface of the lake up to the roof, transmitting also the blue color of the waters."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—26. By what forcible expression does the prisoner designate himself?

27. **of Gothic mould.** Explain this phrase.

29. **seven columns.** This expression denotes the same as what expression in line 27?

31. **sunbeam.** Grammatical construction? What clauses and what phrase are adjuncts to this word?

34. **so.** What is the force of the word here?

35. Point out and explain the simile. Compare with *L'Allegro*, page 54, line 96, of this book.

36, 37. Point out the corresponding parts in the balanced sentence.

38. **That iron.** What is the peculiar force of "that" as here used?

39, 40. **its teeth remain, With marks,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er:
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each—

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41. **this new day.** See stanza xiv.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—41. **day,** for the light of day: what is the figure of speech?

48–68. Make a paraphrase of stanza iii.

48. **each.** Grammatical construction?

49. **And we . . . alone.** Point out the antithesis, and state what constitutes the impressiveness of the thought.

52. **But.** What part of speech as here used?

53. **That made us strangers,** etc. Compare with Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book i., lines 61–64:

> "A dungeon horrible on all sides round
> As one great furnace flamed; yet from these flames
> *No light, but rather darkness visible,*
> Served only to discover sights of woe."

54, 55. What figure of speech in each of these lines?

57. **the pure elements of earth.** Explain this expression.

With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy, but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best;
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles being free),
A polar day which will not see

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71. **ought.** The word has here its original past sense = owed. It is now commonly used in the present tense.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—62. **But . . . cold.**—Express the thought in your own words.

64. **echo.** With what noun is "echo" in apposition?

69–72. **I was . . . degree.** What kind of sentence grammatically and rhetorically?

73–106. In your own language, draw a portrait of each of the two brothers (see stanzas iv. and v.).

76. **For him.** For whom? Is this a justifiable pleonasm?

78. **such bird,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

82–85. **A polar day . . . sun.** Give your judgment on this image.—Explain line 85.

A sunset till its summer 's gone—
  Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
  And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but others' ills;
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
  With joy; but not in chains to pine.
His spirit withered with their clank;
  I saw it silently decline—
  And so, perchance, in sooth,* did mine!
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.

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97. **to pine** must be connected with "formed" in line 93.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—86. Supply the ellipsis in this line.

92. Supply the ellipsis in this line.

93. **But.** Substitute another conjunction, so as to remove the awkwardness of the double *but*—in lines 93 and 97.—**combat with his kind.** Change the phraseology.

95, 96. **had stood, And perished.** Supply the full form of the past perfect potential.

97–99. Select three synonymous verbs in these lines, and discriminate the special signification of each.

101. **forced it on.** He speaks of his spirit as of a drooping soldier: what is the figure of speech?

102. **relics of a home.** Explain.

He was a hunter of the hills,
  Had followed there the deer and wolf;
  To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI.

  Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow:
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
  Which round about the wave enthralls.
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made, and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
  Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—103–106. Observe the characteristic concentration of expression in these lines.

106. What verb is understood in this line? Would the ellipsis be allowable in prose?

109. **massy.** Query as to this epithet.

112. **enthralls.** What is the subject of this verb. Change the line into the prose order.

114. **living grave.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18, i.**)

121. **wanton . . . happy.** Remark on these epithets.

122. **rock hath rocked.** The play on words cannot be considered felicitous. The noun *rock* and the verb *to rock* are of altogether different origin.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined;
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captive's tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men,
Like brutes within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain-side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.
I saw and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died, and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—126, 127. **I said . . . I said.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 36.)—Refer to the passage in which these statements were made or implied.

131. **the like.** Explain.

134, 135. **Our bread . . . years.** The pupil can scarcely fail to be struck with these finely pathetic lines.

141. **had grown.** What mood?

142. **Had . . . been denied.** What mood?

144. **he died.** Does the abruptness of the statement render it the more impressive?

146. **dead.** Supply the ellipsis.

148. **gnash my bonds.** Explain.

I begged them, as a boon,* to lay
His corse* in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—

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172. **yet,** hitherto.—**held,** preserved.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—152. **boon.** Etymology?

153. **corse.** Etymology?

155. **within my brain it wrought.** Compare a similar expression in Coleridge (see page 322, lines 5, 6, of this book)—

> "And to be wroth with one we love
> Doth work like madness in the brain."

156, 157. **That even . . . rest.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **34.**)

162. **empty.** Explain the application of this epithet as here used.

163. **monument.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

165. **natal hour.** Express in one word.

167. **The infant love.** Explain.

168, 169. **thought . . . care.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**)

170. **To hoard my life.** Is this literal or figurative language?

He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stock away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—177. **take wing.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

179–181. How does the author express death in battle? In shipwreck?

183. **sin.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**) Translate it into the concrete.

186–189. **He faded . . . behind.** Point out examples of an exquisite choice of words.

189. **for those he left behind.** The elder brother would be the sole survivor, yet the plural is used. "There is much delicacy in this plural. By such a fanciful multiplying of the survivors the elder brother prevents self-intrusion; himself and his loneliness are, as it were, kept out of sight and forgotten."—HALES.

193. **As a departing,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

194, 195. **An eye . . . bright.** What word alone arrests the hyperbole?

A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness.
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain; with one strong bound
I rushed to him: I found him not.
I only stirred in this black spot;
I only lived—I only drew
Th' accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand that lay so still—
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—199. **my own.** Supply the ellipsis.
217. **Which.** What is the antecedent?
230. **a selfish death.** Explain.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none:
Among the stones I stood a stone;
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank and bleak and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no clime;
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death—
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased; and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard;

Literary Analysis.—231–250. The description of the deadly torpor that now came over the prisoner is of masterly force. It is in stanza ix. that Byron tries his power of language to the utmost, and displays best how remarkable that power was.—The pupils may select the most striking touches in this lurid picture.—An examination of the vocabulary may be made as to the proportion of Anglo-Saxon and classical, of long and short words, and of nouns as compared with words of other parts of speech.

251–258. By what is the prisoner delivered from the deadly torpor described in stanza ix.? Compare this with the mode in which the Ancient Mariner (see Coleridge's poem of that name) is saved from a like stagnation, by the sight of the fishes disporting themselves. What do you take to be the philosophy of the matter?

And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees, came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done;
But through the crevice where it came,
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all to me!
I never saw its light before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed to me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—
Or if it were in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile!—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—257, 258. **And they . . . misery.** Explain this passage. 265–292. Paraphrase the touching episode of the bird. Select passages of special beauty, tenderness, or pathos.

But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part:
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun—
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My steps profaned their lowly bed,

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 294. **Lone as a solitary cloud.** Compare Wordsworth—

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

301. **compassionate.** Grammatical construction?

309. **tread.** Grammatical construction?

311. **begun.** Remark on the form.

312–317. Express in your own words the affecting circumstance noted in these lines.

315. **their lowly bed.** In what poem, previously given, does this expression occur?

My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape:
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountain high
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;
They were not changed, like me, in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channelled rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-walled distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile—

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—321. **in a human shape.** To what word is this phrase an adjunct?

324. **No . . . I.** Remark on the order of words.

328–331. Express in your own words this fine thought.

334. **thousand years of snow.** Explain.

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then he seemed to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dun abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as in a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—344. **no more.** Explain.
347–349. **And . . . growing.** Observe the effect of the polysyndeton.
351. **The fish,** etc. Compare Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, lines 272–291.
364, 365. **And yet . . . rest.** Explain.
366–392. Give a paraphrase of stanza xiv.
368. **I had . . . raise.** What is the prose order?

It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made
And watched them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—378. **A hermitage,** etc. Compare Lovelace's famous lines—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an heritage."

XXVI.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792–1822.

P B Shelley

CHARACTERIZATION BY SYMONDS.[1]

1. As a poet Shelley contributed a new quality to English literature — a quality of ideality, freedom, and spiritual audacity, which severe critics of other nations think we lack. Byron's dar-

[1] From *Shelley*, by John Addington Symonds, in Morley's *English Men of Letters*.

ing is in a different region; his elemental worldliness and pungent satire do not liberate our energies or cheer us with new hopes and splendid vistas. Wordsworth, the very antithesis to Shelley in his reverent accord with institutions, suits our meditative mood, sustains us with a sound philosophy, and braces us by healthy contact with Nature he so dearly loved. But in Wordsworth there is none of Shelley's magnetism. What remains of permanent value in Coleridge's poetry—such works as *Christabel*, the *Ancient Mariner*, or *Kubla Khan*—is a product of pure artistic fancy, tempered by the author's mysticism. Keats, true and sacred poet as he was, loved Nature with a somewhat sensuous devotion. She was for him a mistress rather than a Diotima; nor did he share the prophetic fire which burns in Shelley's verse, quite apart from the enunciation of his favorite tenets.

2. In none of Shelley's greatest contemporaries was the lyrical faculty so paramount; and whether we consider his minor songs, his odes, or his more complicated choral dramas, we acknowledge that he was the loftiest and the most spontaneous singer of our language. In range of power he was also conspicuous above the rest. Not only did he write the best lyrics, but the best tragedy, the best translations, and the best familiar poems of his century. As a satirist and humorist I cannot place him so high as some of his admirers do; and the purely polemical portions of his poems, those in which he puts forth his antagonism to tyrants and religions and custom in all its myriad forms, seem to me to degenerate at intervals into poor rhetoric.

3. While his genius was so varied and its flight so unapproached in swiftness, it would be vain to deny that Shelley, as an artist, had faults from which the men with whom I have compared him were more free. The most prominent of these are haste, incoherence, verbal carelessness, incompleteness, a want of narrative force, and a weak hold on objective realities. Even his warmest admirers, if they are sincere critics, will concede that his verse, taken altogether, is marked by inequality. In his eager self-abandonment to inspiration he produced much that is unsatisfying simply because it is not ripe. There is no defect of power in him, but a defect of patience; and the final word to be pronounced in estimating the larger bulk of his poetry is the word immature.

4. Not only was the poet young, but the fruit of his young

mind had been plucked before it had been duly mellowed by reflection. Again, he did not care enough for common things to present them with artistic fulness. He was intolerant of detail, and thus failed to model with the roundness that we find in Goethe's work. He flew at the grand, the spacious, the sublime; and did not always succeed in realizing for his readers what he had imagined. A certain want of faith in his own powers, fostered by the extraordinary discouragement under which he had to write, prevented him from finishing what he began, or from giving that ultimate form of perfection to his longer works which we admire in shorter pieces, like the *Ode to the West Wind.* When a poem was ready, he had it hastily printed, and passed on to fresh creative efforts. If anything occurred to interrupt his energy, he flung the sketch aside.

5. Some of these defects, if we may use the word at all to indicate our sense that Shelley might by care have been made equal to his highest self, were in a great measure the correlative of his chief quality—the ideality of which I have already spoken. He composed with all his faculties—mental, emotional, and physical—at the utmost strain, at a white heat of intense fervor, striving to attain one object, the truest and most passionate investiture for the thoughts which had inflamed his over-quick imagination. The result is that his finest work has more the stamp of something natural and elemental—the wind, the sea, the depth of air—than of a more artistic product. Plato would have said "the Muses filled this man with sacred madness," and, when he wrote, he was no longer in his own control.

6. There was, moreover, ever present in his nature an effort, an aspiration after a better than the best this world can show, which prompted him to blend the choicest products of his thought and fancy with the fairest images borrowed from the earth on which he lived. He never willingly composed except under the impulse to body forth a vision of the love and light and life which was the spirit of the power he worshipped. This persistent upward striving, this earnestness, this passionate intensity, this piety of soul and purity of inspiration, give a quite unique spirituality to his poems. But it cannot be expected that the colder perfections of the Academic art should be always found in them. They have something of the waywardness and negligence of nature,

something of the *asymmetreia* we admire in the earlier creations of Greek architecture. That Shelley, acute critic and profound student as he was, could conform himself to rule and show himself an artist in the stricter sense is, however, abundantly proved by *The Cenci* and by *Adonais*. The reason why he did not always observe this method will be understood by those who have studied his *Defence of Poetry*, and learned to sympathize with his impassioned theory of art.

7. If a final word were needed to utter the unutterable sense of waste excited in us by Shelley's premature absorption into the mystery of the unknown, we might find it in the last lines of his own *Alastor*:

> And all the shows o' the world are frail and vain
> To weep a loss that turns their light to shade.
> It is a woe "too deep for tears" when all
> Is reft at once, when some surpassing spirit,
> Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
> Those who remain behind nor sobs nor groans,
> The passionate tumult of a clinging hope;
> But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
> Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
> Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.

I.—ODE TO A SKYLARK.

[INTRODUCTION.—The *Ode to a Skylark*, the most popular of all Shelley's lyrics, was produced in 1820, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year—two years before his death. "It is," says Prof. De Mille, "penetrated through and through with the spirit of the beautiful, and has more of high and pure poetic rapture than any other ode in existence."]

I.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—What are the principal characteristics of this lyric? *Ans.* They are delicacy of imagery and exquisite melody of language.

1–5. What kind of sentence, grammatically considered, is the first stanza? —Point out any epithets of special beauty in this stanza.—Explain the expression "unpremeditated art."

II.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

V.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 6–10. **Higher . . . singest.** Arrange in the prose order. What is meant by "the blue deep?"

10. **And singing . . . singest.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**[1])

15. **unbodied joy.** Explain this expression.

16–20. In stanza iv. give an instance of alliteration.—Point out a fine image and give the kind of figure.—Give an example of oxymoron in this stanza.

21–25. What is the thought in this stanza?

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[1] This sentence is an example of that form of antithesis to which the name *antimetabole* is sometimes given: the order of words is reversed in each member of the antithesis.

VI.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—27. **is loud.** How do you defend the use of the singular verb here?

28. **when night is bare.** Explain.

30. **rains out her beams.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

31. **What . . . not.** Observe that the poet had already implied ignorance of the creature's nature by affirming it to be a "spirit" (line 1), and denying it to be "bird" (line 2).

33–35. **From rainbow . . . melody.** Arrange in the prose order and supply ellipsis.

36–60. In line 32 the poet, finding it impossible to tell what the skylark *is*, asks "What is most *like* thee?" and he now proceeds, in stanzas viii.–xii., to answer this question in a series of lovely images—"apples of silver in pictures of gold." On this passage it is well observed by De Mille (*Rhetoric*, p. 109): "The poet, in his high enthusiasm, seems to exhaust himself in fitting subjects of comparison. Each one as it comes is made use of, but each one is hurriedly dismissed in order to present another; and the rich and varied imagery never fails to respond to the sustained elevation of this perfect song."

36–40. Paraphrase the first simile.

IX.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

X.

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

XI.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
On the tinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—41–45. In stanza ix., what words are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin?

46–50. Examine stanza x. with respect to its melody.—Give examples of alliteration. Do these aid the melody?

47. **dell of dew.** Change the adjective phrase into an adjective word.

55. Cite a figurative expression in this line.

56. **vernal.** Substitute an Anglo-Saxon synonym.

57. **tinkling grass.** What is the force of the epithet?

60. Point out the example of polysyndeton in this line.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite* or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—61–65. What word in stanza xiii. belongs exclusively to the diction of poetry? Why is this form here used by the author?

63. **Praise of love,** etc. From the fact that the "praise of love or wine" has been the theme of much of the most rapturous utterances of the poets, Shelley, merging the generic in the specific, employs this expression to typify *impassioned poetry* in general.

65. **panted.** From what is the image drawn?

66. **Chorus hymeneal.** Explain.

68. **with thine.** With what?

70. Observe with what accentuated expression this line reiterates the idea foreshadowed in the words "an empty vaunt."

71–75. **What . . . pain.** What effect is gained by the use of the interrogative form?

71. **fountains,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

73–75. **What fields . . . plain.** Enumerate the particular objects suggested as the possible sources of the bird's "happy strain."

XVI.

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XIX.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—76–80. In stanza xvi., what word belongs to the diction of poetry?—What impressive antithesis in this stanza?

82–85. **Thou of death,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)—Note the fine cadence in the last line of the stanza.—Explain the words "crystal stream."

86–90. What are the only (two) words not of Anglo-Saxon origin in this stanza?—How does the poet express the thought that man is a creature of hope and memory?—What fine contrast is presented in the last line of this stanza?—By what device of alliteration is the antithesis aided?

91–95. **Yet . . . near.** The idea in this stanza may be thus expressed in prose: Even if we could divest ourselves of earthly passions, we should come short of the beatitude with which nature has gifted that "blithe spirit," the subject of the poem.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

II.—DEFENCE OF POETRY.

1. The functions of the poetical faculty are twofold: by one it creates new materials of knowledge and power and pleasure; by the other it engenders in the mind a desire to reproduce and arrange them according to a certain rhythm and order which may be called the beautiful and the good. The cultivation of poetry is never more to be desired than at periods when, from an excess of the selfish and calculating principle, the accumulation of the materials of external life exceed the quantity of the power of assimilating them to the internal laws of human nature. The body has then become too unwieldy for that which animates it.

2. Poetry is indeed something divine. It is at once the centre and circumference of knowledge; it is that which comprehends all science, and that to which all science must be referred. It is at the same time the root and blossom of all other systems of thought; it is that from which all spring, and that which adorns

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 96–100. **Better . . . ground.** Transpose stanza xx. into the prose order.—By what poetic appellation does the poet designate the skylark?

101–105. In this raptuous flight of the imagination the poet soars into the very heaven of his invention.

all; and that which, if blighted, denies the fruit and the seed, and withholds from the barren world the nourishment and the succession of the scions of the tree of life. It is the perfect and consummate surface and bloom of all things; it is as the odor and the color of the rose to the texture of the elements which compose it, as the form and splendor of unfaded beauty to the secrets of anatomy and corruption. What were virtue, love, patriotism, friendship; what were the scenery of this beautiful universe which we inhabit; what were our consolations on this side of the grave, and what were our aspirations beyond it, if poetry did not ascend to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of calculation dare not ever soar? Poetry is not, like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, "I will compose poetry." The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness. This power arises from within, like the color of a flower, which fades and changes as it is developed, and the conscious portions of our natures are unprophetic either of its approach or its departure. Could this influence be durable in its original purity and force, it is impossible to predict the greatness of the results; but when composition begins, inspiration is already on the decline, and the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conceptions of the poet. I appeal to the greatest poets of the present day, whether it is not an error to assert that the finest passages of poetry are produced by labor and study. The toil and the delay recommended by critics can be justly interpreted to mean no more than a careful observation of the inspired moments, and an artificial connection of the spaces between their suggestions by the intermixture of conventional expressions—a necessity only imposed by the limitedness of the poetical faculty itself; for Milton conceived the *Paradise Lost* as a whole before he executed it in portions. We have his own authority also for the Muse having "dictated" to him the "unpremeditated song." And let this be an answer to those who would allege the fifty-six various readings of the first line of the *Orlando Furioso*. Compositions so produced are to poetry what mosaic is to painting. This instinct

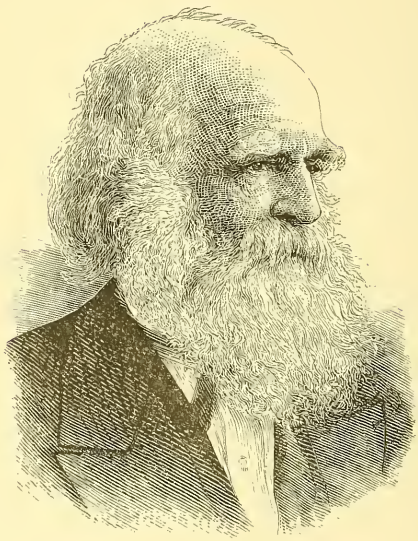
and intuition of the poetical faculty is still more observable in the plastic and pictorial arts. A great statue or picture grows under the power of the artist as a child in the mother's womb; and the very mind which directs the hands in formation is incapable of accounting to itself for the origin, the gradations, or the media of the process..

3. Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that even in the desire and the regret they leave there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can color all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world. A word, a trait, in the representation of a scene or a passion will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and, veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

XXVII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

1794–1878.



W. C. Bryant

CHARACTERIZATION BY G. W. CURTIS.

1. There was a mournful propriety in the circumstances of the death of Bryant. He was stricken just as he had discharged a characteristic duty[1] with all the felicity for which he was noted,

[1] Bryant received the stroke that resulted in his death immediately after the

and he was probably never wholly conscious from that moment. Happily we may believe that he was sensible of no decay, and his intimate friends had noted little. He was hale, erect, and strong to the last. All his life a lover of nature and an advocate of liberty, he stood under the trees in the beautiful park on a bright June day, and paid an eloquent tribute to a devoted servant of liberty in another land. And while his words yet lingered in the ears of those who heard him, he passed from human sight.

2. There is probably no eminent man in the country upon whose life and genius and career the verdict of his fellow-citizens would be more immediate and unanimous. His character and life had a simplicity and austerity of outline that had become universally familiar, like a neighboring mountain or the sea. His convictions were very strong, and his temper uncompromising; he was independent beyond most Americans. He was an editor and a partisan; but he held politics and all other things subordinate to the truth and the common welfare, and his earnestness and sincerity and freedom from selfish ends took the sting of personality from his opposition, and constantly placated all who, like him, sought lofty and virtuous objects.

3. This same bent of nature showed itself in the character of his verse. His poetry is intensely and distinctively American. He was a man of scholarly accomplishment, familiar with other languages and literature. But there is no tone or taste of anything not peculiarly American in his poetry. It is as characteristic as the wine of the Catawba grape, and could have been written only in America by an American naturally sensitive to whatever is most distinctively American.

4. Bryant's fame as a poet was made half a century before he died, and the additions to his earlier verse, while they did not lessen, did not materially increase, his reputation. But the mark so early made was never effaced, either by himself or others. Younger men grew by his side into great and just fame. But what Shelley says of love is as true of renown:

> "True love in this differs from gold and clay,
> That to divide is not to take away."

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delivery of an oration on the occasion of the setting-up of a statue to the Italian patriot Mazzini in the Central Park, N. Y. (June, 1878).

The tone of Bryant remained, and remained distinct, individual, and unmistakable. Nature, as he said in *Thanatopsis*, speaks "a various language" to her lovers. But what she said to him was plainly spoken and clearly heard and perfectly repeated. His art was exquisite. It was absolutely unsuspected, but it served its truest purpose, for it removed every obstruction to full and complete delivery of his message.

5. He was reserved, and in no sense magnetic or responsive. There was something in his manner of the New England hills among which he was born—a little stern and bleak and dry, although suffused with the tender and scentless splendor of the white laurel, solemn with primeval pines, and musical with the organ soughs of the wind through their branches. But this reserve was not forbidding, and there was always kindness with all the dryness of his manner. Indeed, his manner was only expressive of that independence which largely made him what he was. He stood quietly and firmly on his own feet. His opinions were his own conclusions, and he made no compromises to save his reputation for consistency, or to secure immunity from criticism, or to retain the sympathy of associates. He, too, was one of the men who are able to go alone, and who can say No. The cobwebs of sophistry which the spiders of fear and ambition in a thousand forms spin around the plain path of duty, to conceal or to deter, he so unconsciously and surely brushed away that at last it came to be understood that his course would be not what his party expected or what a miscalled consistency required, but simply what seemed to him to be the right course.

I.—THANATOPSIS.

[INTRODUCTION.—This celebrated production—the best known of American poems—was written by Bryant when between eighteen and nineteen years of age, and first appeared in the *North American Review* for 1817. The word *thanatopsis* (Greek *thanatos*, death, and *opsis*, view) signifies a view of death; and the poem is, in fact, a sweetly solemn meditation on the thoughts associated with "the last bitter hour." Prof. Wilson (Christopher North) characterizes it as "a noble example of true poetical enthusiasm," and adds that "it alone would establish the author's claim to the honors of genius." *Thanatopsis*, as originally published in the *North American Review*, comprised only about one half of the poem as we know it: it seems to have grown under his hand as he matured; and the successive editions showed numerous slight alterations. In the Literary Analysis some of these changes are indicated, and the comparison of readings will be found instructive.]

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,*
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Is the poem in rhyme or blank verse? What is the measure?

1. **To him,** etc. Is the structure of the sentence periodic or loose?

2. **visible forms.** Explain. — **she speaks.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **22.**)

3. **A various language.** Explain. How is the "various language" afterwards exemplified?

7. **steals away,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

8–22. **When thoughts . . . image.** What kind of sentence grammatically and rhetorically?—In this sentence only fifteen words are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin: what are these words?—Point out the figures of speech in this sentence.—By what periphrasis does the author denote *death?* The *grave?* Give an example of a poetic word-form.—What is the most striking epithet in this sentence?

To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—20. **is laid.** Originally *was laid.* What is the effect of the alteration?

23. **Thy growth.** Metonymy or synecdoche?—**resolved.** Meaning?

24. **lost each human trace.** Grammatical construction?—**surrendering up,** etc. To what word is this adjective phrase an adjunct?—Remark on the expression "surrendering up."

27. **a brother.** What is the figure of speech? By what other poets is it much used?

28. What word in this line belongs to the diction of poetry?

29. **share.** What is the full form of the word?

30. **his roots.** What is the figure of speech?—**mould.** Explain.

31. How is the negation rendered very emphatic?

33–37. **Thou shalt . . . sepulchre.** Paraphrase.

37–45. **The hills . . . man.** Select the most effective epithets in this sentence. Which of these epithets is metaphorical?

The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet, the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—44. **decorations.** What is the figure of speech?

46. **the infinite host of heaven.** For what word is this expression a periphrasis?

49. **tribes.** Meaning here?

50, 51. **Take the wings Of morning.** Source of this expression? Render in plain language.

51. **the Barcan desert pierce.** Other readings are "pierce the Barcan wilderness" and "traverse Barca's desert sands." Which is the best form of statement? Give reasons for your opinion.

52–54. **Or lose . . . dashings.** Observe the nobly solemn rhythm of this passage.—**the Oregon** is another name for the Columbia River. Can you assign any reason for the choice of this river as an example?—What words convey a vivid conception of the silence of a primeval forest?

55–57. **And millions . . . alone.** In this passage point out three figurative expressions.

58, 59. **if thou withdraw Unheeded.** Other readings are "withdraw In silence from" and "if thou shalt fall Unnoticed."

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—62. **the solemn brood of care.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 28.) Translate into a literal expression.

66. **make their bed.** What is the figure of speech?

67. **glides:** previously written by the poet *glide*. Which is the better?

68. **in life's green spring.** Substitute a plain expression. Is the line tautological?

70, 71. **The bowed . . . off.** These two lines are a substitute for the original line—

"And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man."

There can be no doubt as to the very great improvement made by the change. The original line is exceedingly hackneyed.

73–81. **So live . . . dreams.** What kind of sentence, grammatically and rhetorically, is this passage?—The whole sentence is in what figure? (See Def. 18.)—In this passage point out a metaphor. A metonymy. A simile.—Commit this passage to memory.

II.—THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

1. Come, let us plant the apple-tree!
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple-tree.

2. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest.
We plant upon the sunny lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple-tree.

3. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors.
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom
We plant with the apple-tree.

4. What plant we in this apple-tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop when gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky,
While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple-tree.

5. And when above this apple-tree
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth
Shall peel its fruit by cottage-hearth;
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the orange and the grape,
As fair as they in tint and shape,
The fruit of the apple-tree.

6. The fruitage of this apple-tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And they who roam beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day
And long hours passed in summer play
In the shade of the apple-tree.

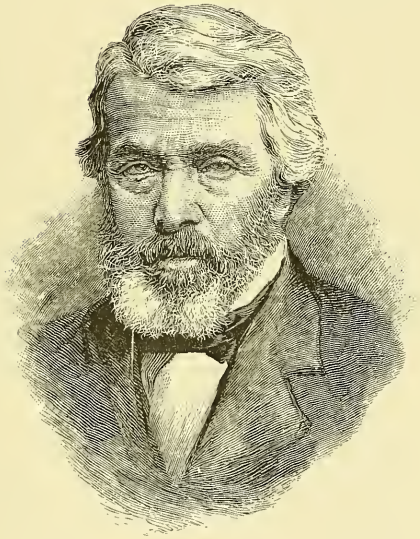
7. But time shall waste this apple-tree.
Oh! when its aged branches throw
Their shadows on the world below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the task of mercy be
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this apple-tree?

8. "Who planted this old apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

XXVIII.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

1795.



Thomas Carlyle

CHARACTERIZATION BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.[1]

1. Carlyle is an author who has now been so long before the world that we may feel towards him something of the unprejudice of posterity. It has long been evident that he had no more

[1] From *Among My Books*, by James Russell Lowell.

ideas to bestow upon us, and that no new turn of his kaleidoscope would give us anything but some variation of arrangement in the brilliant colors of his style. The leading characteristics of an author who is in any sense original—that is to say, who does not merely reproduce, but modifies the influence of tradition, culture, and contemporary thought upon himself by some admixture of his own—may commonly be traced more or less clearly to his earliest works.

2. Everything that Carlyle wrote during this first period thrills with the purest appreciation of whatever is brave and beautiful in human nature, with the most vehement scorn of cowardly compromise with things base; and yet, immitigable as his demand for the highest in us seems to be, there is always something reassuring in the humorous sympathy with mortal frailty which softens condemnation and consoles for shortcoming.

3. By degrees the humorous element in his nature gains ground, till it overmasters all the rest. Becoming always more boisterous and obtrusive, it ends at last, as such humor must, in cynicism. In *Sartor Resartus* it is still kindly, still infused with sentiment; and the book, with its mixture of indignation and farce, strikes one as might the prophecies of Jeremiah if the marginal comments of the Rev. Mr. Sterne in his wildest mood had by some accident been incorporated with the text.

4. In proportion as his humor gradually overbalanced the other qualities of his mind, Carlyle's taste for the eccentric, amorphous, and violent in men became excessive, disturbing more and more his perception of the more commonplace attributes which give consistency to portraiture. His *French Revolution* is a series of lurid pictures, unmatched for vehement power, in which the figures of such sons of earth as Mirabeau and Danton loom gigantic and terrible as in the glare of an eruption, their shadows swaying far and wide grotesquely awful. But all is painted by eruption-flashes in violent light and shade. There are no half-tints, no gradations; and we find it impossible to account for the continuance in power of less Titanic actors in the tragedy like Robespierre on any theory, whether of human nature or of individual character, supplied by Carlyle. Of his success, however, in accomplishing what he aimed at, which was

to haunt the mind with memories of a horrible political nightmare, there can be no doubt.

5. Carlyle's historical compositions are wonderful prose-poems, full of picture, incident, humor, and character, where we grow familiar with his conception of certain leading personages, and even of subordinate ones, if they are necessary to the scene, so that they come out living upon the stage from the dreary limbo of names; but this is no more history than the historical plays of Shakespeare. There is nothing in imaginative literature superior in its own way to the episode of Voltaire in the *History of Frederick the Great.* It is delicious in humor, masterly in minute characterization. We feel as if the principal victim (for we cannot help feeling all the while that he is so) of this mischievous genius had been put upon the theatre before us by some perfect mimic like Foote, who had studied his habitual gait, gestures, tones, turn of thought, costume, trick of feature, and rendered them with the slight dash of caricature needful to make the whole composition tell. It is in such things that Carlyle is beyond all rivalry, and that we must go back to Shakespeare for a comparison. But the mastery of Shakespeare is shown perhaps more strikingly in his treatment of the ordinary than of the exceptional. His is the gracious equality of Nature herself. Carlyle's gift is rather in the representation than in the evolution of character; and it is a necessity of his art, therefore, to exaggerate slightly his heroic, and to caricature in like manner his comic, parts. His appreciation is less psychological than physical and external.

6. With the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer. Without it, to modulate and harmonize and bring parts into their proper relation, he is the most amorphous of humorists, the most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen. Beginning with a hearty contempt for shams, he has come at length to believe in brute force as the only reality, and has as little sense of justice as Thackeray allowed to women. We say *brute force* because, though the theory is that this force should be directed by the supreme intellect for the time being, yet all inferior wits are treated rather as obstacles to be contemptuously shoved aside than as ancillary forces to be conciliated through their reason. But, with all deductions, he remains the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times.

I.—THREE LURID PICTURES.

[Introduction.—The following from Carlyle's greatest work, the *History of the French Revolution*, presents three of those striking sketches of character which Lowell (see Characterization) well calls "lurid pictures:" they are the portraits of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Dr. Guillotin. The passage occurs in the account of the procession of the deputies to the States-General, May 4, 1789. After describing the sea of spectators gathered to witness the procession, Carlyle suddenly breaks off with "We dwell no longer on the mixed shouting Multitude; for now, behold, the Commons Deputies are at hand."]

1. Which of these Six Hundred individuals, in plain white cravat, that have come up to regenerate France, might one

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Notes.—Line 1. **Six Hundred individuals.** The deputies of the Third Estate, *i. e.*, the Commons—the first estate, or order, being the nobility, and the second the clergy.

Literary Analysis.—The most characteristic quality of Carlyle's style is *energy*. Among the instrumentalities he wields for the production of telling literary effects may be enumerated a vocabulary of immense range (including eccentric verbal coinages and daring liberties with the ordinary forms of speech); an original, irregular, and rugged structure of sentence;[1] powerful similitudes; bold metaphors; vivid handling of abstractions; choice of telling circumstances; sensational contrasts; and habitual exaggeration of language.

1–3. **Which . . . king.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Interrogation is a large element in Carlyle's mannerism. It is not merely an occasional means of special emphasis; it is an habitual mode of transition, used by Carlyle almost universally, as here, for the vivid introduction of new agents and events.—Point out other instances of the use of this figure in paragraph 1.

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[1] It is a common error to believe that Carlyle's sentences are exceedingly involved and complicated—an error which he himself shared; for, speaking of himself under the guise of Herr Teufelsdroeckh, he says, "Of his sentences, perhaps not more than nine tenths stand straight on their legs; the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and even with this or the other tag-rag hanging from them, a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered." But, as a matter of fact, Carlyle's sentences are extremely simple in construction—"consisting," says Minto, "for the most part, of two or three coordinate statements, or of a short statement eked out by explanatory clauses either in apposition or in the nominative absolute construction." The distinguishing mark of his sentential structure is, not that it is complicated, but that it is unconventional. It is an extravagant antithesis to the artificial, balanced, periodic structure as exemplified in Macaulay.

guess would become their *king*. For a king or leader they, as all bodies of men, must have: be their work what it may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, position, is fittest of all to do it; that man, as future not yet elected king, walks there among the rest. He with the thick black locks, will it be? With the *hure*, as himself calls it, or black *boar's-head*, fit to be "shaken" as a senatorial portent? Through whose shaggy beetle-brows, and rough-hewn, seamed, carbuncled face, there look natural ugliness, small-pox, incontinence, bankruptcy,—and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire glaring fuliginous* through murkiest confusions? It is *Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau*, the world-compeller; man-ruling Deputy of Aix! According to the Baroness de Staël, he steps proudly along, though looked at askance* here; and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane; as if prophetic of great deeds.

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9. **portent,** something which portends or foretokens, especially that which portends evil.

12. **fuliginous,** as through smoke.

13. **Mirabeau** was born in 1749 and died in 1791.

15. **Baroness de Staël.** Madame de Staël, the celebrated author of *Corinne*, etc., was a spectator of the procession, and gave her reminiscences of it in a work entitled *Considerations on the French Revolution.*

16. **chevelure** (Fr.), hair.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—7. **He . . . be?** Change into the direct order. What did the author wish to emphasize?

8. **With,** etc. Supply the ellipsis.

9–13. **Through . . . confusions?** Supply the ellipsis.—Point out the most vigorous epithets in this sentence. Point out an instance of personification.

14. **world-compeller.** Perhaps a reminiscence of Homer's "cloud-compeller."

15. **he steps,** etc. What is the present tense, as thus employed, called?

17. **as if prophetic of great deeds.** It will be observed that this clause is separated by the semicolon from the preceding member ("and shakes," etc.), with which it is logically connected. The intention seems to be, by an abrupt pause, to suggest iteration or apposition: it is as though the passage read: "and shakes his black *chevelure*, or lion's-mane; [he does so] as if prophetic of great deeds." This construction, to which the name *elliptical iteration* may be given, is a favorite one with Carlyle. It is exemplified in this same paragraph (lines 11, 12) "and burning fire of genius; like comet-fire," etc., where, supplying the ellipsis, we see the iterative, or appositive, construction: "and burning fire of genius; [fire of genius] like comet-fire," etc.

2. Yes, Reader, that is the Type-Frenchman of this epoch: as Voltaire was of the last. He is French in his aspirations, acquisitions, in his virtues, in his vices; perhaps more French than any other man;—and intrinsically such a mass of manhood too. Mark him well. The National Assembly were all different without that one; nay, he might say with the old Despot: "The National Assembly? I am that."

3. Of a southern climate, of wild southern blood: for the Riquettis, or Arrighettis, had to fly from Florence and the Guelfs, long centuries ago, and settled in Provence; where from generation to generation they have ever approved themselves a peculiar kindred: irascible, indomitable, sharp-cutting, true, like the steel they wore; of an intensity and activity that sometimes verged towards madness, yet did not reach it. One ancient Riquetti, in mad fulfilment of a mad vow, chains two Mountains together; and the chain, with its "iron star of five rays," is still to be seen. May not a modern Riquetti *un*chain so much, and set it drifting,—which also shall be seen?

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23. **old Despot.** Louis XIV., who, when some courtier spoke of the *State*, replied, "The State? *I* am the State" (*L'état c'est moi*).

26. **the Guelfs.** One of the two parties (the other being the Ghibellines) between whom Italian politics were long divided during the Middle Ages.

Literary Analysis.—18–24. **Yes . . . that.** In paragraph 2 point out two examples of elliptical iteration.

19, 20. **in his . . . vices.** Carlyle's departure from the conventional arrangement of words is illustrated in a small way in this succession of phrases, the usual *literary* arrangement of which would be as follows: "in his aspirations and in his acquisitions, in his virtues and in his vices."

22. **were.** Equivalent to what fuller form?

25. **Of a . . . blood.** Grammatical construction?—Supply the ellipsis, which is here almost too great to be allowable.

30. **steel.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **29.**) — **of an intensity,** etc. To what word is this an adjunct?

31–35. **One ancient . . . seen.** Point out the antithetical words.—The clause "which also shall be seen," as here introduced, is a very characteristic Carlylean touch.

4. Destiny has work for that swart burly-headed Mirabeau; Destiny has watched over him, prepared him from afar. Did not his Grandfather, stout *Col d'Argent* (Silver-Stock, so they named him), shattered and slashed by seven-and-twenty wounds in one fell day, lie sunk together on the Bridge at Casano; while Prince Eugene's cavalry galloped and regalloped over him,—only the flying sergeant had thrown a camp-kettle over that loved head; and Vendôme, dropping his spy-glass, moaned out, "Mirabeau is *dead*, then!" Nevertheless he was not dead; he awoke to breath, and miraculous surgery;—for Gabriel was yet to be. With his *silver stock* he kept his scarred head erect, through long years; and wedded; and produced tough Marquis Victor, the *Friend of Men.* Whereby at last in the appointed year 1749, this long-expected rough-hewn Gabriel Honoré did likewise see the light: roughest lion's whelp ever littered of that rough breed. How the old lion (for our old Marquis too was lionlike, most unconquerable, kingly-genial, most perverse) gazed wondering on his offspring; and determined to train him as no lion had yet been! It is in vain, O Marquis! This cub, though thou slay him and flay him, will not learn to draw in dogcart of Political Economy, and be a *Friend of Men;* he will not be Thou, but must and will be Himself, another than Thou. Divorce lawsuits, "whole family save one in prison, and three-score *Lettres-de-Cachet*" for thy own sole use, do but astonish the world.

5. Our luckless Gabriel, sinned against and sinning, has been

48. **the Friend of Men.** Mirabeau's father was author of a work entitled *The Friend of Men* (*L'Ami des Hommes*).

58, 59. **Lettres-de-Cachet.** These were a kind of warrant formerly in use in France. They were issued upon the royal authority alone (not in pursuance of any judgment of a court), and were used for ordering persons to quit Paris or France, or to be arrested and imprisoned. They were often made out in blank.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—36–59. In paragraph 4 point out an example of personification; of interrogation; of exclamation; of elliptical iteration; of metaphor; of apostrophe. Point out all the names and epithets applied to Mirabeau.

60. **sinned against and sinning.** Compare Shakespeare:

"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

60–62. **Our . . . Marseilles.** In this sentence point out two instances of the choice of telling circumstances.

in the Isle of Rhé, and heard the Atlantic from his tower; in the Castle of If, and heard the Mediterranean at Marseilles. He has been in the Fortress of Joux; and forty-two months, with hardly clothing to his back, in the Dungeon of Vincennes; —all by *Lettre-de-Cachet*, from his lion father. He has been in Pontarlier Jails (self-constituted prisoner); was noticed fording estuaries of the sea (at low water), in flight from the face of men. He has pleaded before Aix Parlements (to get back his wife); the public gathering on roofs, to see since they could not hear: "the clatter-teeth (*claquedent*)!" snarls singular old Mirabeau; discerning in such admired forensic eloquence nothing but two clattering jaw-bones, and a head vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.

6. But as for Gabriel Honoré, in these strange wayfarings, what has he not seen and tried! From drill-sergeants, to prime ministers, to foreign and domestic booksellers, all manner of men he has seen. All manner of men he has gained; for at bottom it is a social, loving heart, that wild unconquerable one:— more especially all manner of women. From the Archer's Daughter at Saintes to that fair young Sophie Madame Monnier, whom he could not but "steal," and be beheaded for—in effigy! For indeed hardly since the Arabian Prophet lay dead on the battle-field to Ali's admiration, was there seen such a Love-hero, with the strength of thirty men. In War, again, he has helped to conquer Corsica; fought duels, irregular brawls; horsewhipped calumnious barons. In Literature, he has written

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—65–73. **He has . . . species.** In what respects does this passage illustrate what Carlyle himself says respecting the structure of his sentences? (See page 420, note.)

72, 73. **vacant, sonorous, of the drum species.** Which one of these epithets sums up the other two?—Observe the asyndeton.

74, 75. **But . . . tried!** What kind of sentence grammatically?

75–77. **From . . . seen.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

77. **All . . . gained.** Remark on the order of words.

77, 78. **for . . . one.** Remove the pleonasm and change to the ordinary mode of expression.

79. **more . . . women.** Grammatical construction?

79–82. **From . . . effigy!** Supply the ellipsis.—Is it proper to put into the *form* of a sentence what is the mere fragment of a sentence?

82–84. **For . . . men.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

on *Despotism*, on *Lettres-de-Cachet:* Erotics Sapphic-Werterean, Obscenities, Profanities; Books on the *Prussian Monarchy*, on *Cagliostro*, on *Calonne*, on *the Water Companies of Paris:*—each Book comparable, we will say, to a bituminous alarum-fire; huge, smoky, sudden! The firepan, the kindling, the bitumen were his own; but the lumber, of rags, old wood and nameless combustible rubbish (for all is fuel to him), was gathered from hucksters, and ass-panniers, of every description under heaven. Whereby, indeed, hucksters enough have been heard to exclaim: Out upon it, the fire is *mine!*

7. Nay, consider it more generally, seldom had man such a talent for borrowing. The idea, the faculty of another man he can make his; the man himself he can make his. "All reflex and echo (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*)!" snarls old Mirabeau, who can see, but will not. Crabbed old Friend of Men! it is his sociality, his aggregative nature; and will now be the quality of qualities for him. In that forty years' "struggle against despotism," he has gained the glorious faculty of *self-help*, and yet not lost the glorious natural gift of *fellowship*, of being helped. Rare union: this man can live self-sufficing—yet lives also in the life of other men; can make men love him, work with him; a born king of men!

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87. **Sapphic-Werterean.** This truly Carlylean adjective is derived from the names Sappho, the poetess of love, and Werter, the hero in Goethe's romance of *The Sorrows of Werter*.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 89–91. **each . . . sudden!** A thoroughly Carlylean passage.—**a bituminous alarum-fire.** Explain.—Point out an instance of elliptical iteration.

91–94. **The firepan . . . heaven.** By what figurative expressions does the author denote, on the one hand, Mirabeau's inspiration—his quickening faculty—and, on the other, the mere facts and material of which he made use in composing his works?

98, 99. **The idea . . . his.** Transpose into the direct order. What effect does the author gain by the arrangement of words adopted?

103–105. **In . . . helped.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

106–108. **Rare . . . men!** Supplying ellipsis and turning into the ordinary literary form, this sentence would appear thus: "This man presents a rare union of qualities: he can live self-sufficing; yet he lives also in the life of other men, whom he can make love him and work with him. He is a born king of men."

8. But consider further how, as the old Marquis still snarls, he has "made away with (*humé*, swallowed) all *Formulas;*"—a fact which, if we meditate it, will in these days mean much. This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man nevertheless who will glare fiercely on any object; and see through it, and conquer it: for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles;* but with an *eye!* Unhappily without Decalogue, moral Code or Theorem of any fixed sort; yet not without a strong living Soul in him, and Sincerity there: a Reality, not an Artificiality, not a Sham! And so he, having struggled "forty years against despotism," and "made away with all formulas," shall now become the spokesman of a Nation bent to do the same. For is it not precisely the struggle of France also to cast off despotism; to make away with *her* old formulas,—having found them naught, worn out, far from the reality? She will make away with *such* formulas;—and even go *bare*, if need be, till she have found new ones.

9. Towards such work, in such manner, marches he, this singular Riquetti Mirabeau. In fiery rough figure, with black Samson-locks under the slouch-hat, he steps along there. A fiery fuliginous mass, which could not be choked and smothered, but would fill all France with smoke. And now it has got *air;* it will burn its whole substance, its whole smoke-atmosphere too, and fill all France with flame. Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering, with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that;—and like a burning mountain he blazes heaven-high; and for twenty-three resplendent months, pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and Wonder-sign of an amazed Europe;—and then lies hollow, cold

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137. **Pharos.** A light-house or beacon; from Pharos, the name of an ancient light-house on the island of Pharos, near Alexandria.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—110. **a fact,** etc. Grammatical construction?

113–115. **A man . . . men.** Supply the grammatical subject and predicate.

115, 116. **A man . . . eye!** Point out the antithesis.

127–141. In paragraph 9 point out an example of pleonasm; of a period; of metaphor; of emphatic epithets.

forever! Pass on, thou questionable Gabriel Honoré, the greatest of them all: in the whole National Deputies, in the whole Nation, there is none like and none second to thee.

10. But now if Mirabeau is the greatest, who of these Six Hundred may be the meanest? Shall we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future time; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar* color, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish-colored (*verdâtre*) individual is an Advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre.* The son of an Advocate; his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. But he begged our famed Necklace-Cardinal, Rohan, the patron, to let him depart thence, and resign in favor of a younger brother. The strict-minded Max departed; home to paternal Arras; and even had a Law-case there and pleaded, not unsuccessfully, "in favor of the first Franklin thunder-rod." With a strict painful mind, an understanding small but clear and ready, he grew in favor with official persons, who could foresee in him an excellent man of business, happily quite free from genius. The Bishop, therefore, taking counsel, appoints him Judge of his diocese; and he faithfully does justice to the people: till behold, one day, a culprit comes whose crime merits hanging; and the strict-minded Max must abdicate, for his conscience will not permit the dooming of any son of Adam to die. A strict-minded, strait-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—142, 143. **But . . . meanest?** What kind of sentence, grammatically and rhetorically?—**may be.** Note the softened form, in place of *is.*

143–148. **Shall . . . sea-green.** Effect of the interrogative form?

149. **The son,** etc. Supply the ellipsis.

158–161. **With . . . genius.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?—**painful.** Explain.

161–166. **The Bishop . . . die.** Analyze this sentence.—Point out examples of the historical present.

166, 167. **A . . . man!** What kind of sentence grammatically?

laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent wholesome-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*,—the mother of ever new alegar; till all France were grown acetous virulent? We shall see.

11. And worthy *Doctor Guillotin*, whom we hoped to behold one other time? If not here, the Doctor should be here, and we see him with the eye of prophecy: for indeed the Parisian Deputies are all a little late. Singular Guillotin, respectable practitioner; doomed by a satiric destiny to the strangest immortal glory that ever kept obscure mortal from his resting-place, the bosom of oblivion! Guillotin can improve the ventilation of the Hall; in all cases of medical police and *hygiène* be a present aid: but, greater far, he can produce his "Report on the Penal Code;" and reveal therein a cunningly devised Beheading Machine, which shall become famous and world-famous. This is the product of Guillotin's endeavors, gained not without meditation and reading; which product popular gratitude or levity christens by a feminine derivative name, as if it were his daughter: *La Guillotine!* "With my machine, Messieurs, I whisk off your head (*vous fais sauter la tête*) in a twinkling, and you have no pain;" — whereat they all laugh. Unfortunate Doctor! For two-and-twenty years he, unguillotined, shall hear nothing but guillotine, see nothing but guillotine; then dying, shall through long centuries wander, as it were, a disconsolate ghost, on the wrong side of Styx and Lethe; his name like to outlive Cæsar's.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—167–170. **Whose . . . virulent?** Point out the figurative expressions.

171–192. **And worthy . . . Cæsar's.** Supply all the ellipses in paragraph 11.

XXIX.

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

1800–1859.

CHARACTERIZATION BY E. A. FREEMAN.

1. Macaulay is a model of style—of style not merely as a kind of literary luxury, but of style in its practical aspect. When I say he is a model of style, I do not mean that it is wise in any writer to copy Macaulay's style—to try to write something that

might be mistaken for Macaulay's writing. So to do is not to follow in the steps of a great writer, but merely to imitate his outward manner. So to do is not the part of a disciple, but the part of an ape. But every one who wishes to write clear and pure English will do well to become, not Macaulay's ape, but Macaulay's disciple. Every writer of English will do well not only to study Macaulay's writings, but to bear them in his mind, and very often to ask himself not whether his writing is like Macaulay's writing, but whether his writing is such as Macaulay would have approved.

2. I know at least what my own experience is. It is for others to judge whether I have learned of Macaulay the art of being clear; I at least learned of Macaulay the duty of trying to be clear. And I learned that in order to be clear there were two main rules to be followed. I learned from Macaulay that if I wished to be understood by others, or indeed by myself, I must avoid, not always long sentences—for long sentences may often be perfectly clear—but involved, complicated, parenthetical sentences. I learned that I must avoid sentences crowded with relatives and participles; sentences in which things are not so much directly stated as implied in some dark and puzzling fashion. I learned, also, never to be afraid of using the same word or name over and over again, if by that means anything could be added to clearness or force. Macaulay never goes on, like some writers, talking about "the former" and "the latter," "he, she, it, they," through clause after clause, while his reader has to look back to see which of several persons it is that is so darkly referred to. No doubt a pronoun, like any other word, may often be repeated with advantage, if it is perfectly clear who is meant by the noun. And with Macaulay's pronouns it is always perfectly clear who is meant by them.

3. Then as to his choice of words. Here and there I myself might perhaps think that a Romance word might well be changed for a Teutonic word. Certainly no one can charge Macaulay with what is called pedantry or purism, in a Teutonic direction, or in any direction. Still, where I might wish to change one word in Macaulay, I might wish to change ten or a hundred in most other writers. Macaulay never uses a word which, whatever might be its origin, had not really taken root in the language.

He has no vulgarisms, no newfangled or affected expressions. No man was ever so clear from the vice of thrusting in foreign words into an English sentence.

4. In short, Macaulay never allows himself for a moment to be careless, vulgar, or slipshod. Every person and every thing is called by the right name, and no other. And because he did all this, because he wrote such clear and well-chosen English that the printer's reader himself never had to read his sentences twice over, therefore men who cannot write as he could talk glibly of his "mannerism" and so forth. Everybody, I suppose, must have some manner. Lord Macaulay had a good manner, and not a bad one, and therefore he is found fault with.

5. Without, therefore, recommending any one to imitate Macaulay's manner, or the manner of any one, I do say that in all this Macaulay has left to every writer of English an example which every writer of English will do well to follow. The care which Macaulay took to write, before all things, good and clear English may be followed by writers who make no attempt to imitate his style, and who may be led by nature to some quite different style of their own. Many styles which are quite unlike one another may all be equally good; but no style can be good which does not use pure and straightforward English. No style can be good where the reader has to read a sentence twice over to find out its meaning. In these ways the writings of Macaulay may be a direct model to writers and speakers whose natural taste, whose subject, or whose audience may lead them to a style quite unlike his. In every language and in every kind of writing purity of speech and clearness of expression must be the first virtues of all.

THE PURITANS.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following sketch of the Puritans is from Macaulay's brilliant paper on *Milton*, first published in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1825. In his maturer years Macaulay thought lightly of this essay, and spoke of it as "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." But this stricture is less applicable to the present passage than to other parts of the paper. And though it bears the marks of youth (the essay was written when the author was fresh from college), it affords an excellent study in some of the most salient characteristics of Macaulay's style.]

1. We would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the

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NOTES.—Line 1. **Puritans.** The name Puritan (from *pure*) arose in the time of Queen Elizabeth as a designation of reproach (or nickname) for those who opposed traditional and formal usages in religion, and advocated a simpler form of faith and worship than that which was established by law.

6. **the Restoration:** that is, the restoration of the House of Stuart in the person of Charles II., 1660.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—Macaulay makes frequent use of a rhetorical instrument technically known as "obverse statement:" that is, denying the negative before affirming the positive, stating first what a person is *not* and then stating what he *is*.—Point out examples of this in paragraphs 1 and 2.

1–22. **We . . . writers.** In paragraph 1 how many sentences are there? To what type, rhetorically, do all these sentences belong? Are they generally long, or are they generally short?—Mr. Freeman states (see *Characterization*) that "with Macaulay's pronouns it is always perfectly clear who is meant by them." This is undoubtedly a marked excellence of Macaulay's writing; but in paragraph 1 point out an instance of a pronoun (3d pers. plural) used ambiguously.

tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learned. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

2. Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down king, Church, and aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics.* Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets, which contain only the death's head and the fool's head, and

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37. **Bassanio in the play.** See Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—23–29. **Those . . . fanatics.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 33.)—What is the grammatical subject of "were?"—By how many adjuncts and of what kind is it modified?—Give the derivation of "fanatics."

31–40. **We regret . . . treasure.** Macaulay often erects into separate sentences propositions which other writers would introduce as members or clauses of a single sentence. This manner of writing (called the *style coupé*) is illustrated in these three sentences, which the pupil may rewrite as one sentence.—Explain the allusion in the last sentence.

fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

3. The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an over-ruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles* of God; if their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life; if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory

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61. **the oracles of God:** that is, the Holy Scriptures.

62. **heralds,** officers whose business it was to record and blazon the arms of the nobility and gentry.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 43–46. **Not . . . minute.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?—Point out antithetical expressions.

46–48. **To know . . . existence.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 33.)

50–52. **Instead . . . face.** What is the figure of speech?

59–65. **If . . . them.** In this sentence how many antitheses? Considered as a whole the sentence illustrates what figure? (See Def. **18, iii.**)

which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest actions the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, and the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

4. Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—67–71. **On the rich . . . hand.** Analyze this fine sentence. What is its structure—periodic, or loose?—Point out in detail how the statement in the first member is carried out in the second.—Observe the effective use made of the technical terms "creation" and "imposition."

72–77. **The . . . away.** What adjective clauses modify the word "being?"

79–81. **For . . . prophet.** What is the figure of speech?—Would this sentence be as effective if expressed as follows: "For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the evangelist and the prophet?" Give reasons for your opinion.

81, 82. **He . . . foe.** Is the repetition of the word "common" to be condemned? Why not?—Substitute a synonym for the last "common," and see if the sentence remains equally artistic in its structure.

82–87. **He . . . God.** Explain the allusions.—Does this passage partake of hyperbole?

88–92. **Thus . . . king.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)

king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from

96. **Vane,** Sir Henry, was on the Parliamentary side during the English Civil War, and was a member of the Council of State.

98. **Fleetwood,** Charles, a conspicuous figure in the English Civil War; he was a son-in-law of Cromwell.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—92, 93. **In . . . tears.** Remark on the conjunctions.

93, 94. **glorious or terrible illusions.** Point out in detail how this is amplified in the next two sentences. And observe, in the succeeding two sentences, the art with which the thought is enforced by examples.

99–101. **But . . . them.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

104–106. **But . . . battle.** Change the order of this sentence so as to bring the adjective clause next to the subject, and observe how much less effective the sentence becomes.

106–123. **These fanatics . . . barrier.** In these sentences point out examples of antithesis. Of balanced sentences.

every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

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119. **Sir Artegal's iron man Talus.** By Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, canto v.) Talus is thus represented:

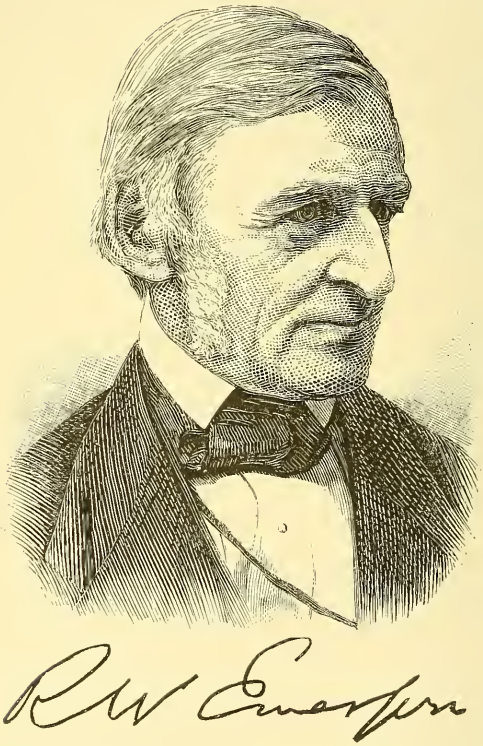
> "His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
> Immovable, resistless, without end,
> Who, in his hand, an yron flail doth hold,
> With which he threshed out falsehood and did truth unfold."

In Spenser, Talus appears as the attendant of "the Champion of True Justice, Artegal;" but in Grecian mythology he is a brazen man, made by Vulcan, to guard the island of Crete.

XXX.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1803.



R. W. Emerson

CHARACTERIZATION BY A. BRONSON ALCOTT.[1]

1. Poet and moralist, Emerson has beauty and truth for all men's edification and delight. His works are studies. And

[1] From *Concord Days*, by A. Bronson Alcott. It should be stated that in the above extract some changes have been made in the order in which the paragraphs stand in Mr. Alcott's fine paper.

any youth of free senses and fresh affections shall be spared years of tedious toil, in which wisdom and fair learning are, for the most part, held at arm's length, planet's width, from his grasp, by graduating from this college. His books are surcharged with vigorous thoughts, a sprightly wit. They abound in strong sense, happy humor, keen criticisms, subtile insights, noble morals, clothed in a chaste and manly diction, fresh with the breath of health and progress.

2. We characterize and class him with the moralists who surprise us with an accidental wisdom, strokes of wit, felicities of phrase—as Plutarch, Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Saadi, Montaigne, Bacon, Selden, Sir Thomas Browne, Cowley, Coleridge, Goethe—with whose delightful essays, notwithstanding all the pleasure they give us, we still plead our disappointment at not having been admitted to the closer intimacy which these loyal leaves had with their owner's mind before torn from his note-book, jealous even at not having been taken into his confidence in the editing itself.

3. We read, never as if he were the dogmatist, but a fair speaking mind, frankly declaring his convictions, and committing these to our consideration, hoping we may have thought like things ourselves; oftenest, indeed, taking this for granted as he wrote. There is nothing of the spirit of proselyting, but the delightful deference ever to our free sense and right opinion.

4. Consider how largely our letters have been enriched by his contributions. Consider, too, the change his views have wrought in our methods of thinking; how he has won over the bigot, the unbeliever, at least to tolerance and moderation, if not acknowledgment, by his circumspection and candor of statement.

> "His shining armor,
> A perfect charmer;
> Even the hornets of divinity
> Allow him a brief space,
> And his thought has a place
> Upon the well-bound library's chaste shelves,
> Where man of various wisdom rarely delves."

5. Emerson's compositions affect us, not as logic linked in syllogisms, but as voluntaries rather—as preludes, in which one is not tied to any design of air, but may vary his key or note at

pleasure, as if improvised without any particular scope of argument; each period, paragraph, being a perfect note in itself, however it may chance chime with its accompaniments in the piece, as a waltz of wandering stars, a dance of Hesperus with Orion. His rhetoric dazzles by its circuits, contrasts, antitheses; imagination, as in all sprightly minds, being his wand of power. He comes along his own paths, too, and in his own fashion. What though he build his piers downwards from the firmament to the tumbling tides, and so throw his radiant span across the fissures of his argument, and himself pass over the frolic arches Arielwise—is the skill less admirable, the masonry the less secure for its singularity? So his books are best read as irregular writings, in which the sentiment is, by his enthusiasm, transfused throughout the piece, telling on the mind in cadences of a current undersong, giving the impression of a connected whole—which it seldom is—such is the rhapsodist's cunning in its structure and delivery.

I.—COMPENSATION.

[Introduction.—The following selection comprises about one half of Mr. Emerson's essay on *Compensation*, first published in 1841, in his *Essays*—first series. The paper is one of marvellous power and suggestiveness, and forms, perhaps, the most characteristic presentation of Mr. Emerson's philosophy and style that could be given in the space here available. It is the utterance of his deepest thought, and had been long meditated, for he tells us that ever since he was a boy he had "desired to write a discourse on *Compensation*." And this discourse cannot but be thought-awakening to all ingenuous youth open to the reception of the higher truths.]

1. Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation;* for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology, and the people knew

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Literary Analysis.—The style of Emerson should be carefully studied by the pupil. And the more so that, from the absence of rhetorical mannerism in his writing—such mannerism, for example, as that of Carlyle or Macaulay—the quality of his literary art may escape the untrained student. His vocabulary is drawn both from literature and from life, and has a wide range. It is finely compounded of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon elements. His words are learned or homely and realistic as best befits his thought; but it should be noted that his learned words are always *vitalized* words, which Dr. Johnson's learned words are often not. The structure of his sentences is inartificial. His sentences are generally short (*style coupé*), and he sometimes goes further even than Macaulay in erecting into separate sentences propositions which other writers would incorporate as constituent members or qualifiers of a single sentence. The principal figures of speech employed by this author are: (1) antithesis, (2) metaphor, and (3) simile. The first figure (antithesis) is specially characteristic of Emerson; but it will be noted that the antitheses are *real* antitheses, not, as Macaulay's antitheses are so often, the mere rhetorical opposition of terms. Mr. Emerson employs figures of speech not as mere ornaments: he inlays them in the organic structure of the thought.

2. **Compensation.** Give the derivation of this word, and state the metaphor on which it rests.—Mr. Emerson, in another of his *Essays*—that on *The Poet*—says: "Though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius, and obtained currency, because for the moment it symbolized the word to the first speaker and to the hearer. The etymologist finds the deadest word to have been once a brilliant picture. *Language is fossil poetry*."

3, 4. Show the dependence of the following clauses—

a. [that] life was ahead of theology;

b. [that] the people knew more than the preachers taught.

What expression in the second proposition is an amplified equivalent of "theology" in the first?

more than the preachers taught. The documents,* too, from which the doctrine is to be drawn charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling-house, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me, also, that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation* of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always, and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared, moreover, that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions* in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey that would not suffer us to lose our way. . . .

2. Polarity,* or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature—in darkness and light; in heat and cold; in the ebb and flow of waters; in male and female; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals; in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal body; in the systole* and dias-

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Literary Analysis.—4. **documents.** What are the documents from which the doctrine is to be drawn? Accordingly, is the word "documents" used in its ordinary sense, or has it a larger significance here?—Observe that these *documents* may be regarded as an expanded equivalent of "life" in sentence 1.

10, 11. **might be shown.** What is the subject of this verb?—Is the order grammatical or rhetorical?

11, 12. **the soul of this world.** Compare Shakespeare's overarching phrase—

"the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming of things to come."

13. **bathed by an inundation,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)—Show how the metaphor in the word "inundation" carries out the figure in "bathed."

17. **intuitions.** Give an Anglo-Saxon synonym of "intuition."

18. **would be a star.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)

20–27. **Polarity . . . affinity.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 18. The name *synœceosis*, or *enantiosis*, is sometimes given to this particular form of antithesis, in which things of an opposite or different nature are contrasted with one another.) Etymology of "polarity?"—Subject or object?—Why is this word placed at the beginning of the sentence?—Point out the antitheses in this sentence.—Indicate and define the technical terms in this sentence.

tole* of the heart; in the undulations* of fluids and of sound; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism* at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism* bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as, spirit, matter; man, woman; odd, even; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

3. Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage* given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

4. The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time; and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

5. The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—30. **dualism bisects nature.** How is this explained in the subsequent part of the sentence?

32. **as spirit, matter,** etc. Can you give any other instances of the "dualism" in nature?

39, 40. **these small boundaries.** Of what previous phrase is this a summarized expression?

46–51. **The theory . . . scorpions.** Of how many sentences does this paragraph consist?—State to what class, grammatically and rhetorically, each sentence belongs.—What statements illustrate "the influences of climate and soil?"

52–74. **The same . . . true.** To what is the application of the doctrine of dualism made in this paragraph?—Point out examples of antithesis.—Point out an example of personification.

man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed you have gained something else; and for everything you gain you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of conditions tend to equalize themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society, and by temper and position a bad citizen,—a morose ruffian, with a dash of pirate in him; —Nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters, who are getting along in the dame's classes in the village school, and love and fear for them smooth his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate* the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in, and keeps her balance true.

6. The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or, do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or thought is great, and overlooks

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—73. Etymology of "intenerate?"

73, 74. What is the figure of speech in "takes the boar out," etc.

75. **The farmer . . . things.** Analyze this sentence.

76. **paid dear for his White House.** Explain, and express the idea in *general* in place of *specific* terms. Note the superior effectiveness of the specific mode of statement.

78–80. **To preserve . . . throne.** Indicate briefly the analysis of this sentence. —**behind the throne.** Literal or figurative? Express in plain language.

81, 82. **an immunity.** Explain.

thousands, has the charges of that eminence. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light?—he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets?—he must cast behind him their admiration, and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth, and become a byword and a hissing. . . .

7. Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Οἱ κύβοι Διὸς ἀεὶ εὐπίπτουσι—The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

8. Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates* itself in a twofold manner: first, in the thing, or in real nature; and, secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 84, 85. **he must bear witness,** etc. What do you think the author means?

91, 92. **Thus . . . law.** What are the three propositions? (These well illustrate the aphoristic form of statement which may be characterized as peculiarly Emersonian.)

94. **It is,** etc. What is the allusion?

96. **Οἱ,** etc. The Greek words (translated immediately afterwards) are thus anglicized: *Hoi kuboi Dios aei eupiptousi.*

106. **integrates.** Show by its etymology the felicitous use of this word.

become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

9. Whilst thus the world will be whole, and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate. For example, to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a *one end* without an *other end.* The soul says, Eat; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the end of virtue; the body would have the power over things to its own end. . . .

10. Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason or the statements of an absolute truth, without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—115. **grow out of one stem.** Change into plain language.

116. **is a fruit,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

125. **the sensual sweet,** etc. Point out the contrasting epithets and substantives.

134. **Still more,** etc. Transpose into the direct order.

137, 138. **Proverbs . . . intuitions.** Express in your own words this sentence, which should be committed to memory.

138, 139. **the droning world . . . the realist.** Observe the deep meaning in these antithetical terms.

141. **the pulpit, the senate, and the college.** Is this synecdoche or metonymy?

deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

11. All things are double, one against another—tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. Give and it shall be given you. He that watereth shall be watered himself. What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. Nothing venture, nothing have. Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. Who doth not work shall not eat. Harm watch, harm catch. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser. The devil is an ass.

12. It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

13. A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding as it flies a coil of cord in the boat; and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

14. You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment in the attempt to appropriate it.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—145–155. **All . . . adviser.** Point out the antitheses.

159, 160. **our act . . . world.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)

162. **draws his portrait.** Express in other words.

165. **it is a harpoon,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)—State the application of the figure to the thought.

171. **The exclusive.** What is the distinction between "the exclusive" and "the exclusionist" (line 173)?

The exclusionist* in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons—of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar* proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

15. All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

16. All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow; and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene* bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—173. **shuts the door.** Show how the etymological signification of *exclusionist* is carried out in the expression "shuts the door."

175. **as pawns and nine-pins.** Change into plain language.

176. **leave out their heart.** What is the figure of speech?

178. **vulgar.** Etymology? In what sense is the word used here?

183–185. **We . . . nature.** Point out the similes.

191, 192. **in the same manner.** In what manner?

192, 193. **Fear . . . revolutions.** Point out the personification; the metaphor. Change the metaphor into plain terms.

194. **is a carrion-crow.** What is the figure of speech?

196–198. **Fear . . . property.** What is the figure of speech?—Point out vividly used words, and explain them.

198. **That obscene bird.** Meaning what?—Etymology of "obscene?"

17. Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious* virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

18. Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have

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NOTES.—Line 202. **the emerald of Polycrates.** The story of Polycrates, despot of Samos, is told by Herodotus. Having been fortunate in all his undertakings, he formed an alliance with Amasis, King of Egypt, who, however, finally renounced it through alarm at the amazing good-fortune of Polycrates. In a letter which Amasis wrote to Polycrates, the Egyptian monarch advised him to throw away one of his most valuable possessions, in order that he might thus inflict some injury on himself. In accordance with this advice, Polycrates threw into the sea a seal-ring of extraordinary beauty; but in a few days it was found in the belly of a fish which had been presented to him by a fisherman. However, in the midst of all his prosperity he fell by the most ignominious fate; for, falling into the hands of his enemy Orœtes, he was crucified.

208. **scot and lot,** "a customary contribution laid on subjects according to their ability." — COWELL.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—209. **The borrower . . . debt.** Point out the example of the figure oxymoron. (See Def. **18, i.**)—What do you understand by the sentence?

210–212. **Has . . . money?** What is the effect of the use of the interrogative form in these two sentences?

ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

19. A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—who receives favors and renders none. In the order of nature, we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort. . . .

20. On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which, like fire, turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—236. **worm worms.** Explain this idiomatic expression.

250–256. **As . . . him.** Point out the contrasted terms of the antithesis.—Show the application of the illustration.

to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet; but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in a thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self-help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl. . . .

21. The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason, and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrong-doers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified. . . .

22. We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—263. **like . . . pearl.** The pupil cannot fail to note this exceedingly fine image. It illustrates the highest use of metaphor, as at once ornament and argument.

264–282. **The history . . . justified.** In paragraph 21 point out striking thoughts; felicitous words, phrases, or images.

in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.

23. And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend—wife, brother, lover—which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—286. **its proper eternity**: that is, its *own* eternity, the eternity which is its property.

296–314. **And . . . men.** Express in your own words the lofty thought in paragraph 23. Give the class, grammatically and rhetorically, to which each sentence belongs. Name the last figure of speech, and note with what a fine swell the sentence closes.

II.—THE PROBLEM.

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains on pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bibles old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame.
Up from the burning cove below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast;
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell;
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;

O'er England's abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand,
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned,
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

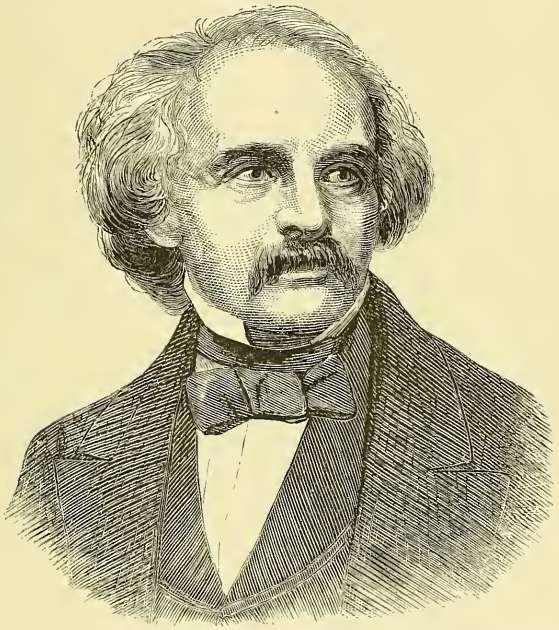
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The book itself before me lies,—
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips*[1] or mines,
Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowled portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

[1] *Chrysostom* means in Greek *golden mouth.*

XXXI.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1804–1864.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

CHARACTERIZATION BY GEORGE B. SMITH.[1]

1. The growth of the modern novel has been marked by many changes and developments, but it may be said that its psychological interest was first exhibited in a very high degree by Haw-

[1] From *Poets and Moralists*, by George B. Smith.

thorne. His deep study of the soul had scarcely been equalled before by writers of fiction. His stories do not, of course, display all the gifts which we witness in profusion in such men as Fielding and Scott; but in their deep concentration of thought upon the motives and the spirit of man, they stand almost alone.

2. Compared with the writers of his own country, there is no difficulty in assigning his proper position as a novelist to this illustrious writer. He has no equal. It is rare to meet with his artistic qualities anywhere; it is rarer still to find them united to the earnestness which so distinguished him. Whether as the result of an inheritance of the old Puritan blood or not matters little, but in him there was apparently a sincerity truly refreshing among so many writers whose gifts have been vitiated by the lack thereof. Admirably did Russell Lowell depict him when he wrote the following lines in his *Fable for Critics:*

> "There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
> That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
> A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
> So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
> Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet:
> 'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood,
> With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
> Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
> With a single anemone trembly and rathe.
> His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
> That a suitable parallel sets one to seek.
> He's a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck:
> When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
> For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,
> So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
> From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared.
> And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
> For making him fully and perfectly man."

3. That Hawthorne will ever be what we call a very popular novelist is open to much doubt. The habits of abstraction to which he was accustomed from his boyhood had their influence upon his thought, which is not always expressed in a manner adapted to the average reader. At times he appears to be living away from the world altogether; and society likes now what is concrete, something which it can handle and appraise, whether

in literature, science, or art. He had a shrinking from the lionizing which is done on trust, that unpleasant phase which has crept over society during the last few years. The principle of giving the highest praise to the man who can play the loudest on the big drum was a hateful one to him. A silent rebuke to the fussiness of the nineteenth century, and to its fulsome adulation of what is unworthy, may be traced in his pages. This man had a strong and fearless spirit, and though he discussed questions occasionally which have been found too high for settlement in all ages, he did so with humility and on reverent knee.

4. Hawthorne had unquestionably, moreover, a strong poetic element in his nature, sublimated by constant contact with the various forms of sorrow. Through worldly loss he came to an insight into spiritual truths to which he might otherwise have been a stranger. At times he appears almost to distrust men, but it is never really so; he laments man's indecision for the right, the evil growths which enwrap his soul, and that dark veil of sin which hides from him the smiling face of his Creator. "Poet let us call him," with Longfellow; but greater still, an interpreter, through whose allegories and awe-inspiring creations breathes the soul that longs after the accomplishment of the dream of unnumbered centuries, the brotherhood of man. The world has been enriched by his genius, which is as a flower whose fragrance is shed upon man, but whose roots rest with God.

FROM THE SCARLET LETTER.

[INTRODUCTION.—The selections here given form the first two chapters of Hawthorne's unique romance of the *Scarlet Letter*. Says Mr. H. T. Tuckerman: "In truth to costume, local manners, and scenic features, the *Scarlet Letter* is as reliable as the best of Scott's novels; in the anatomy of human passion and consciousness it resembles the most effective of Balzac's illustrations of Parisian or provincial life; while in developing bravely and justly the sentiment of the life it depicts, it is as true to humanity as Dickens."]

I.—THE PRISON-DOOR.

1. A throng of bearded men, in sad-colored garments, and gray steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak and studded with iron spikes.

2. The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia* of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule, it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house, somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first burial-ground on Isaac Johnson's lot, and round about his grave, which subsequently became the nucleus of all the congregated sepulchres in the old church-yard of King's Chapel. Certain it is that, some fifteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–5. **A throng . . . spikes.** Analyze this sentence.

6. **Utopia.** Etymology?

8. **it.** What is the logical subject represented by the anticipative subject "it?"

16. **Certain it is.** Remark on the order of words.

19. **beetle-browed.** Literal or figurative?

known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice, and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pigweed, apple-peru, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilized society, a prison. But on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.

3. This rose-bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it, or whether, as there is fair authority for believing, it had sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson as she entered the prison-door, we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal, we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow.

II.—THE MARKET-PLACE.

1. The grass-plot before the jail, in Prison Lane, on a certain summer morning, not less than two centuries ago, was occupied by a pretty large number of the inhabitants of Boston, all with their eyes intently fastened on the iron-clamped oaken door. Among any other population, or at a later period in the history of New England, the grim rigidity that petrified* the bearded physiognomies of these good people would have augured* some awful business in hand. It could have betokened nothing short of

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—23. **known . . . era.** What is the figure of speech?

23–28. **Before . . . prison.** What is the structure — periodic or loose?— Point out a striking metaphor in this sentence.

42. **inauspicious portal.** Explain.

52. **petrified.** What is the figure?—Etymology?

53, 54. **augured . . . betokened.** Discriminate between these synonyms.

the anticipated execution of some noted culprit on whom the sentence of a legal tribunal had but confirmed the verdict of public sentiment. But, in that early severity of the Puritan character, an inference of this kind could not so indubitably be drawn. It might be that a sluggish bond-servant, or an undutiful child whom his parents had given over to the civil authority, was to be corrected at the whipping-post. It might be that an Antinomian, a Quaker, or other heterodox religionist was to be scourged out of the town, or an idle and vagrant Indian, whom the white man's fire-water had made riotous about the streets, was to be driven with stripes into the shadow of the forest. It might be, too, that a witch, like old Mistress Hibbins, the bitter-tempered widow of the magistrate, was to die upon the gallows. In either case, there was very much the same solemnity of demeanor on the part of the spectators; as befitted a people among whom religion and law were almost identical, and in whose character both were so thoroughly interfused that the mildest and the severest acts of public discipline were alike made venerable and awful. Meagre, indeed, and cold, was the sympathy that a transgressor might look for, from such bystanders, at the scaffold. On the other hand, a penalty which in our days would infer a degree of mocking infamy and ridicule might then be invested with almost as stern a dignity as the punishment of death itself.

2. It was a circumstance to be noted, on the summer morning when our story begins its course, that the women, of whom there were several in the crowd, appeared to take a peculiar interest in whatever penal infliction might be expected to ensue. The age had not so much refinement that any sense of impropriety restrained the wearers of petticoat and farthingale from stepping forth into the public ways, and wedging their not unsubstantial persons, if occasion were, into the throng nearest to the scaffold at an execution. Morally as well as materially, there was a coarser fibre in those wives and maidens of old English birth and breeding than in their fair descendants, separated from

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 61–67. **It . . . gallows.** What inferences may be drawn from this passage as to the penal laws of the Puritans?

67. **either.** Query as to this word.

73, 74. **Meagre . . . scaffold.** Arrange in the direct order.

87. **coarser fibre.** Explain.

them by a series of six or seven generations; for, throughout that chain of ancestry, every successive mother has transmitted to her child a fainter bloom, a more delicate and briefer beauty, and a slighter physical frame, if not a character of less force and solidity, than her own. The women who were now standing about the prison-door stood within less than half a century of the period when the man-like Elizabeth had been the not altogether unsuitable representative of the sex. They were her countrywomen; and the beef and ale of their native land, with a moral diet not a wit more refined, entered largely into their composition. The bright morning sun, therefore, shone on broad shoulders and well-developed busts, and on round and ruddy cheeks, that had ripened in the far-off island, and had hardly yet grown paler or thinner in the atmosphere of New England. There was, moreover, a boldness and rotundity of speech among these matrons, as most of them seemed to be, that would startle us at the present day, whether in respect to its purport or its volume of tone.

3. "Goodwives," said a hard-featured dame of fifty, "I'll tell ye a piece of my mind. It would be greatly for the public behoof if we women, being of mature age and church-members in good repute, should have the handling of such malefactresses as this Hester Prynne. What think ye, gossips?* If the hussy* stood up for judgment before us five, that are now here in a knot together, would she come off with such a sentence as the worshipful magistrates have awarded? Marry, I trow not!"

4. "People say," said another, "that the Reverend Master Dimmesdale, her godly pastor, takes it very grievously to heart that such a scandal should have come upon his congregation."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 95, 96. **not altogether unsuitable,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **31.**)

97. **the beef and ale,** etc. For what generic term are these words used?

100. **broad shoulders,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **28.**)

101. **ripened.** What is the figure of speech?

103, 104. **rotundity of speech.** By what other expression in this sentence is this idea conveyed?

107–114. **Goodwives . . . not!** Point out antique words and constructions.— Etymology of "gossips?" Of "hussy?"

115. **Master.** Remark on this use of the word.

5. "The magistrates are God-fearing gentlemen, but merciful overmuch — that is a truth," added a third autumnal matron. "At the very least, they should have put the brand of a hot iron on Hester Prynne's forehead. Madam Hester would have winced at that, I warrant me. But she — the naughty baggage —little will she care what they put upon the bodice of her gown! Why, look you, she may cover it with a brooch, or such like heathenish adornment, and so walk the streets as brave as ever!"

6. "Ah, but," interposed, more softly, a young wife holding a child by the hand, "let her cover the mark as she will, the pang of it will be always in her heart."

7. "What do we talk of marks and brands, whether on the bodice of her gown or the flesh of her forehead?" cried another female, the ugliest as well as the most pitiless of these self-constituted judges. "This woman has brought shame upon us all, and ought to die. Is there not law for it? Truly there is, both in the Scripture and the statute-book. Then let the magistrates, who have made it of no effect, thank themselves if their own wives and daughters go astray!"

8. "Mercy on us, goodwife," exclaimed a man in the crowd, "is there no virtue in woman save what springs from a wholesome fear of the gallows? That is the hardest word yet! Hush, now, gossips! for the lock is turning in the prison-door, and here comes Mistress Prynne herself."

9. The door of the jail being flung open from within, there appeared in the first place, like a black shadow emerging into sunshine, the grim and grisly presence of the town-beadle, with a sword by his side, and his staff of office in his hand. This personage prefigured and represented in his aspect the whole dismal severity of the Puritanic code of law, which it was his business to administer in its final and closest application to the offender. Stretching forth the official staff in his left hand, he laid his right upon the shoulder of a young woman, whom he thus drew forward, until, on the threshold of the prison-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—119. **autumnal matron.** Explain the epithet.
143–146. **The door . . . hand.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?
144. **like a black,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

door, she repelled him by an action marked with natural dignity and force of character, and stepped into the open air as if by her own free-will. She bore in her arms a child, a baby of some three months old, who winked and turned aside its little face from the too vivid light of day; because its existence, heretofore, had brought it acquainted only with the gray twilight of a dungeon or other darksome apartment of the prison.

10. When the young woman—the mother of this child—stood fully revealed before the crowd, it seemed to be her first impulse to clasp the infant closely to her bosom; not so much by an impulse of motherly affection as that she might thereby conceal a certain token which was wrought or fastened into her dress. In a moment, however, wisely judging that one token of her shame would but poorly serve to hide another, she took the baby on her arm, and, with a burning blush, and yet a haughty smile, and a glance that would not be abashed, looked around at her townspeople and neighbors. On the breast of her gown, in fine red cloth, surrounded with an elaborate embroidery and fantastic flourishes of gold thread, appeared the letter A. It was so artistically done, and with so much fertility and gorgeous luxuriance of fancy, that it had all the effect of a last and fitting decoration to the apparel which she wore, and which was of a splendor in accordance with the taste of the age, but greatly beyond what was allowed by the sumptuary regulations of the colony.

11. The young woman was tall, with a figure of perfect elegance on a large scale. She had dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam, and a face which, besides being beautiful from regularity of feature and richness of complexion, had the impressiveness belonging to a marked brow and deep-black eyes. She was lady-like, too, after the manner of the feminine gentility of those days; characterized by a certain state and dignity rather than by the delicate, evanescent, and indescribable grace which is now recognized as its indication. And never had Hester Prynne appeared more lady-like, in the antique interpretation of the term, than as she issued from the prison. Those who had before known her, and had expected

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—176. **sumptuary regulations.** Explain.
178. **on a large scale.** Adjunct to what word?

to behold her dimmed and obscured by a disastrous cloud, were astonished, and even startled, to perceive how her beauty shone out, and made a halo of the misfortune and ignominy in which she was enveloped. It may be true that, to a sensitive observer, there was something exquisitely painful in it. Her attire, which, indeed, she had wrought for the occasion in prison, and had modelled much after her own fancy, seemed to express the attitude of her spirit, the desperate recklessness of her mood, by its wild and picturesque peculiarity. But the point which drew all eyes, and, as it were, transfigured the wearer, so that both men and women who had been familiarly acquainted with Hester Prynne were now impressed as if they beheld her for the first time, was that SCARLET LETTER so fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom. It had the effect of a spell,* taking her out of the ordinary relations with humanity and enclosing her in a sphere by herself.

12. "She hath good skill at her needle, that's certain," remarked one of her female spectators; "but did ever a woman, before this brazen hussy, contrive such a way of showing it! Why, gossips, what is it but to laugh in the faces of our godly magistrates, and make a pride out of what they, worthy gentlemen, meant for a punishment?"

13. "It were well," muttered the most iron-visaged of the old dames, "if we stripped Madam Hester's rich gown off her dainty shoulders; and as for the red letter, which she hath stitched so curiously, I'll bestow a rag of mine own rheumatic flannel to make a fitter one!"

14. "Oh, peace, neighbors, peace!" whispered their youngest companion; "do not let her hear you! Not a stitch in that embroidered letter but she has felt it in her heart."

15. The grim beadle now made a gesture with a staff.

"Make way, good people, make way, in the king's name!"

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—189. **dimmed and obscured,** etc. What is the figure of speech?—What expression finely contrasts with this phrase?

196, 197. **by its . . . peculiarity.** Improve the sentence by placing this phrase nearer the word it modifies.

202. **spell.** Etymology?

214. **curiously.** Remark on this use of the word.

217, 218. **Not a stitch . . . heart.** What is the figure of speech?

cried he. "Open a passage; and, I promise ye, Mistress Prynne shall be set where man, woman, and child may have a fair sight of her brave apparel, from this time till an hour past meridian. A blessing on the righteous Colony of the Massachusetts, where iniquity is dragged out into the sunshine! Come along, Madam Hester, and show your scarlet letter in the market-place!"

16. A lane was forthwith opened through the crowd of spectators. Preceded by the beadle, and attended by an irregular procession of stern-browed men and unkindly visaged women, Hester Prynne set forth towards the place appointed for her punishment. A crowd of eager and curious schoolboys, understanding little of the matter in hand, except that it gave them a half-holiday, ran before her progress, turning their heads continually to stare into her face, and at the winking baby in her arms, and at the ignominious letter on her breast. It was no great distance, in those days, from the prison-door to the market-place. Measured by the prisoner's experience, however, it might be reckoned a journey of some length; for, haughty as her demeanor was, she perchance underwent an agony from every footstep of those that thronged to see her, as if her heart had been flung into the street for them all to spurn and trample upon. In our nature, however, there is a provision, alike marvellous and merciful, that the sufferer should never know the intensity of what he endures by its present torture, but chiefly by the pang that rankles after it. With almost a serene deportment, therefore, Hester Prynne passed through this portion of her ordeal, and came to a sort of scaffold, at the western extremity of the market-place. It stood nearly beneath the eaves of Boston's earliest church, and appeared to be a fixture there.

17. In fact, this scaffold constituted a portion of a penal machine, which now, for two or three generations past, has been merely historical and traditionary among us, but was held in the old time to be as effectual an agent in the promotion of good citizenship as ever was the guillotine among the Terrorists of France.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—223. **brave.** In what sense is the word here used?

227–249. In this paragraph point out examples of vigorous or felicitous use of language.

254. **guillotine.** History of this word? (See p. 428.)

It was, in short, the platform of the pillory; and above it rose the framework of that instrument of discipline, so fashioned as to confine the human head in its tight grasp, and thus hold it up to the public gaze. The very ideal of ignominy was embodied and made manifest in this contrivance of wood and iron. There can be no outrage, methinks, against our common nature, whatever be the delinquencies of the individual—no outrage more flagrant than to forbid the culprit to hide his face for shame, as it was the essence of this punishment to do. In Hester Prynne's instance, however, as not unfrequently in other cases, her sentence bore that she should stand a certain time upon the platform, but without undergoing that gripe about the neck and confinement of the head the proneness to which was the most devilish characteristic of this ugly engine. Knowing well her part, she ascended a flight of wooden steps, and was thus displayed to the surrounding multitude, at about the height of a man's shoulders above the street.

18. Had there been a Papist among the crowd of Puritans, he might have seen in this beautiful woman, so picturesque in her attire and mien, and with the infant at her bosom, an object to remind him of the image of Divine Maternity, which so many illustrious painters have vied with one another to represent; something which should remind him, indeed, but only by contrast, of that sacred image of sinless motherhood whose infant was to redeem the world. Here there was the taint of deepest sin in the most sacred quality of human life, working such effect that the world was only the darker for this woman's beauty, and the more lost for the infant that she had borne.

19. The scene was not without a mixture of awe, such as must always invest the spectacle of guilt and shame in a fellow-creature before society shall have grown corrupt enough to smile, instead of shuddering, at it. The witnesses of Hester Prynne's disgrace had not yet passed beyond their simplicity. They were stern

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—255. **pillory.** By what periphrases does the author afterwards indicate the pillory?

260. **methinks.** What is the subject?

272–279. **Had . . . world.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

275. **Maternity.** What Anglo-Saxon synonym of this Latin term is used in this sentence?

enough to look upon her death, had that been the sentence, without a murmur at its severity, but had none of the heartlessness of another social state, which would find only a theme for jest in an exhibition like the present. Even had there been a disposition to turn the matter into ridicule, it must have been repressed and overpowered by the solemn presence of men no less dignified than the Governor, and several of his counsellors, a judge, a general, and the ministers of the town; all of whom sat or stood in the balcony of the meeting-house, looking down upon the platform. When such personages could constitute a part of the spectacle without risking the majesty or reverence of rank and office, it was safely to be inferred that the infliction of a legal sentence would have an earnest and effectual meaning. Accordingly, the crowd was sombre and grave. The unhappy culprit sustained herself as best a woman might, under the heavy weight of a thousand unrelenting eyes, all fastened upon her, and concentrated at her bosom. It was almost intolerable to be borne. Of an impulsive and passionate nature, she had fortified herself to encounter the stings and venomous stabs of public contumely, wreaking itself in every variety of insult; but there was a quality so much more terrible in the solemn mood of the popular mind that she longed rather to behold all those rigid countenances contorted with scornful merriment, and herself the object. Had a roar of laughter burst from the multitude—each man, each woman, each little shrill-voiced child, contributing their individual parts—Hester Prynne might have repaid them all with a bitter and disdainful smile. But, under the leaden infliction which it was her doom to endure, she felt, at moments, as if she must needs shriek out with the full power of her lungs, and cast herself from the scaffold down upon the ground, or else go mad at once.

20. Yet there were intervals when the whole scene, in which she was the most conspicuous object, seemed to vanish from her

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—301. **sombre and grave.** Discriminate between these synonyms.

304, 305. **intolerable to be borne.** What violation of precision in this expression?

313. **their.** Query as to this word.

314, 315. **leaden infliction.** Explain the epithet.

eyes, or, at least, glimmered indistinctly before them, like a mass of imperfectly shaped and spectral images. Her mind, and especially her memory, was preternaturally active, and kept bringing up other scenes than this roughly hewn street of a little town, on the edge of the Western wilderness; other faces than were lowering upon her from beneath the brims of those steeple-crowned hats. Reminiscences the most trifling and immaterial, passages of infancy and school-days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little domestic traits of her maiden years came swarming back upon her, intermingled with recollections of whatever was gravest in her subsequent life; one picture precisely as vivid as another, as if all were of similar importance, or all alike a play. Possibly it was an instinctive device of her spirit, to relieve itself, by the exhibition of these phantasmagoric forms, from the cruel weight and hardness of the reality.

21. Be that as it might, the scaffold of the pillory was a point of view that revealed to Hester Prynne the entire track along which she had been treading since her happy infancy. Standing on that miserable eminence, she saw again her native village, in old England, and her paternal home—a decayed house of gray stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal, in token of antique gentility. She saw her father's face, with its bald brow, and reverend white beard that flowed over the old-fashioned Elizabethan ruff; her mother's, too, with the look of heedful and anxious love which it always wore in her remembrance, and which, even since her death, had so often laid the impediment of a gentle remonstrance in her daughter's pathway. She saw her own face, glowing with girlish beauty, and illuminating all the interior of the dusky mirror in which she had been wont to gaze at it. There she beheld another countenance, of a man well stricken in years, a pale,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—323. **was.** Justify the use of the singular verb.

327–331. Substitute synonyms for the following italicized words: "*Reminiscences* the most *trifling* and *immaterial, passages* of *infancy* and school-days, sports, childish quarrels, and the little *domestic traits* of her *maiden* years came *swarming* back upon her, *intermingled* with *recollections* of whatever was *gravest* in her *subsequent* life."

339. **miserable eminence.** Explain.

345. **heedful and anxious.** Discriminate between these synonyms.

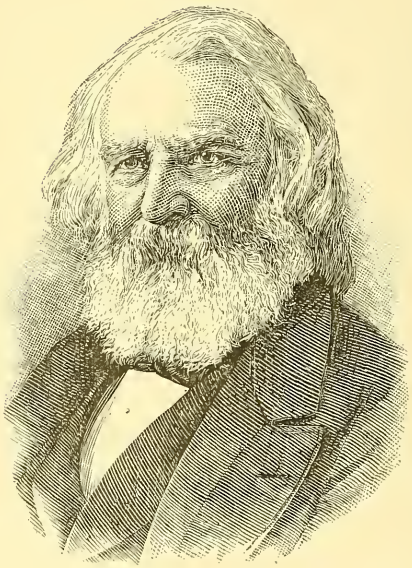
thin, scholar-like visage, with eyes dim and bleared by the lamplight that had served them to pore over many ponderous books. Yet those same bleared optics had a strange, penetrating power, when it was their owner's purpose to read the human soul. This figure of the study and the cloister, as Hester Prynne's womanly fancy failed not to recall, was slightly deformed, with the left shoulder a trifle higher than the right. Next rose before her, in memory's picture-gallery, the intricate and narrow thoroughfares, the tall gray houses, the huge cathedrals, and the public edifices, ancient in date and quaint in architecture, of a Continental city, where a new life had awaited her, still in connection with the misshapen scholar—a new life, but feeding itself on time-worn materials, like a tuft of green moss on a crumbling wall. Lastly, in lieu of these shifting scenes, came back the rude market-place of the Puritan settlement, with all the townspeople assembled, and levelling their stern regards at Hester Prynne—yes, at herself, who stood on the scaffold of the pillory, an infant on her arm, and the letter A, in scarlet, fantastically embroidered with gold thread upon her bosom!

22. Could it be true? She clutched the child so fiercely to her breast that it sent forth a cry; she turned her eyes downward at the scarlet letter, and even touched it with her finger, to assure herself that the infant and the shame were real. Yes!—these were her realities; all else had vanished!

XXXII.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1807.



Henry W. Longfellow

CHARACTERIZATION BY GEORGE W. CURTIS.

1. If we care to explain the eager and affectionate welcome which always hails Longfellow's writings, it is easy to see to what general quality that greeting must be ascribed. As with Walter Scott, or Victor Hugo, or Béranger, or Dickens, or Addi-

son in the *Spectator*, or Washington Irving, it is a genial humanity. It is a quality, in all these instances, independent of literary art and of genius, but which is made known to others, and therefore becomes possible to be recognized, only through literary forms.

2. The creative imagination, the airy fancy, the exquisite grace, harmony, and simplicity, the rhetorical brilliancy, the incisive force, all the intellectual powers and charms of style with which that feeling may be expressed, are informed and vitalized by the sympathy itself. But whether a man who writes verse has genius, whether he be a poet according to arbitrary canons, whether some of his lines resemble the lines of other writers, and whether he be original, are questions which may be answered in every way of every poet in history. Who is a poet but he whom the heart of man permanently accepts as a singer of its own hopes, emotions, and thoughts? And what is poetry but that song? If words have a uniform meaning, it is useless to declare that Pope cannot be a poet if Lord Byron is, or that Moore is counterfeit if Wordsworth be genuine. For the art of poetry is like all other arts. The casket that Cellini worked is not less genuine and excellent than the dome of Michael Angelo. Is nobody but Shakespeare a poet? Is there no music but Beethoven's? Is there no mountain-peak but Dhawalaghiri? No cataract but Niagara?

3. While the magnetism of Longfellow's touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy, which leads him neither to mysticism nor cynicism, and which commends his poetry to the universal heart, his artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. In these he has now reached a perfection quite unrivalled among living poets, except, sometimes by Tennyson. His literary career has been contemporary with the sensational school, but he has been entirely untainted by it. The literary style of an intellectually introverted age or author will always be somewhat obscure, however gorgeous; but Longfellow's mind takes a simple, childlike hold of life, and his style never betrays the inadequate effort to describe thoughts or emotions that are but vaguely perceived, which is the characteristic of the best sensational writing. Indeed, there is little poetry by the eminent contemporary masters which is so ripe

and racy as his. He does not make rhetoric stand for passion, nor vagueness for profundity; nor, on the other hand, is he such a voluntary and malicious "Bohemian" as to conceive that either in life or letters a man is released from the plain rules of morality. Indeed, he used to be accused of preaching in his poetry by gentle critics who held that Elysium was to be found in an oyster-cellar, and that intemperance was the royal prerogative of genius.

4. His literary scholarship, also, his delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times, must rank Longfellow among the learned poets. Yet he wears this various knowledge like a shining suit of chain-mail to adorn and strengthen his gait, like Milton, instead of tripping and clumsily stumbling in it, as Ben Jonson sometimes did. He whips out an exquisitely pointed allusion that flashes like a Damascus rapier, and strikes nimbly home; or he recounts some weird tradition, or enriches his line with some gorgeous illustration from hidden stores; or merely unrolls, as Milton loved to do, the vast perspective of romantic association by recounting, in measured order, names which themselves make music in the mind—names not musical only, but fragrant:

> "Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the Blest."

KÉRAMOS.

[INTRODUCTION.—The poem of *Kéramos* (Greek *kéramos*, potter's clay, or earthenware) is a very effective handling in verse of a subject not seemingly very promising—the making of pottery. It belongs to the same class of poems as *The Building of the Ship*, and is, says Mr. R. H. Stoddard, "as perfect a piece of poetic art as that exquisite poem."]

1. *Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round*
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow and some command,
Though all are made of clay!

2. Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-tree,
While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf shade
Moved, as the boughs above him swayed,

NOTES.—Line 1. **my wheel,** the potter's lathe or "throwing-wheel:" it is one of the most ancient machines, and was used in Egypt 4000 years ago.

4. **clay . . . marl.** "Clay" is the base of the materials for all kinds of pottery. "Marl" enters into the composition of various kinds of porcelain, such as old Sèvres china.

7. **all are made of clay.** Compare Jeremiah xviii., 6; Romans ix., 21.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–7. In the first stanza, who is represented as speaking or singing?—It will be noted that the poet's song is eight times interrupted by a melodious interlude from the potter. The effect is singularly impressive; for the composition thus assumes the character of a fugue in which, to the airy melody in celebration of the potter's art, there responds, ever and anon, a deeper strain of world-tones, admonishing us that "all are made of clay."

1. **Turn . . . wheel.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—What figure of speech in this sentence? (See Def. **36.**)—**Turn.** What are the modifiers of this verb?

3. **So . . . away!** Observe the grand sweep of this line.

8–17. **Thus . . . fire.** Change into the prose order.—Is the structure periodic or loose?—In this sentence point out a simile; a metaphor.—Select the most felicitous epithets.

And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,*
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician* he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty,* and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

3. *Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change*
To something new, to something strange:
Nothing that is can pause or stay:
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,*
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

4. Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody, and even the words,
Were intermingled with my thought,

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—19. **without book or beard.** Explain the allusion.
20. **plied his magic art.** Change this paraphrasis into plain language.
27. **touch.** Grammatical construction?—**obey.** Literal or figurative?
29. **ditty.** Etymology of the word?
32–38. **Turn . . . to-day.** In this stanza what is the refrain?—Point out an example of antimetabole. (See Def. **18, ii.**)

As bits of colored thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard* in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

5. What land is this, that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates*
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen;
Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore?

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51. **What land is this,** etc. From the description the pupil will readily conjecture that it is Holland.
53. **dunes.** A dune is a low hill of sand accumulated on a sea-coast.
54. **tessellates,** forms into squares or checkers.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—43, 44. **As . . . birds.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 19.)

47. **wizard.** By what name was the Potter previously called?—Discriminate between "wizard" and "magician," and give the derivation of each word.

48. **on wings of song.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 20.)

51–65. **What land . . . shore.** Convert these questions into a paraphrased description of Holland.—Point out a metaphor; a simile.—Explain "The painted ships float high in air."

6. What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and queer
With grotesque* mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways, and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

7. *Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;*
What now is bud will soon be leaf,

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67. **Delft.** From the name of this Hollandish town is derived our word *delf*, a kind of earthenware.

73. **Flemish,** pertaining to Flanders.

75. **fleurs-de-lis** (literally, flowers of the lily), the royal insignia of France.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—66. In this line what word belongs to the diction of poetry?

68, 69. **pride . . . market-place . . . crown . . . centre.** What is the grammatical construction of these words?

73. **Flagons . . . beer.** Supply the ellipsis.—Point out the alliteration.

78. **grotesque.** Etymology?

79, 80. **Each . . . tiles.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)—Change into a simile.

84, 85. **fadeless flowers, That,** etc. Explain.

87–93. **Turn . . . away.** Of the fifty-one words in this stanza only four are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin: what are these four?—Point out an example of metonymy in this sentence.

What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

8. Now southward through the air I glide,
The song my only pursuivant,*
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its walls,
A crumbling city reels and falls.

9. Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulines* and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs

---

95. **pursuivant,** properly, an attendant on the heralds. Compare with its use in the following lines of Longfellow:

"The herald Hope forerunning Fear,
And Fear the *pursuivant* of Hope."

98. **Saintes,** a town of France, on the right bank of the river Charente.

103. **This Potter:** that is, Palissy. See below, line 119.

106. **figulines** (Fr.), pieces of pottery. The word was first applied by Palissy. In the *Life of Palissy* it is stated that at one period he was appointed "maker of the king's rustic potteries" (*rustiques figulines*).

108–112. **This madman . . . dead?** "Regardless of expense, labor, disappointment, and hardship, he

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—94–101. **Now . . . falls.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—What is the construction of "The song my only pursuivant?"—Explain "upon whose tide . . . Ripple and rock," etc.—Point out the simile in this sentence.

106. **figulines.** Etymology?

107. **bread.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 28.)

To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?
This alchemist* with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight?

10. O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates!

---

reduced himself and family to poverty rather than give up his undertaking" — namely, that of finding "some new enamel hard and bright" (see line 117).

119. **Palissy**, Bernard, French potter, born about 1510, died in Paris in 1590. After sixteen years of exertion he succeeded in discovering the art of enamelling which had been brought to such perfection in Italy, and produced earthen figures and ornaments — vases, jugs, ewers, etc. —which, in artistic perfection, rivalled those of Faenza or Castel Durante. He was ignored by his contemporaries and died in the Bastile; but modern writers have vindicated his title to enduring fame.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—111. In this line which word is used in its literal, and which in a figurative sense?

113. **This alchemist.** Supply the ellipsis.—Explain why the poet calls Palissy an alchemist. Etymology of "alchemist?"

119–127. **O Palissy . . . creates!** Change this sentence into the prose order. —Point out noble expressions in this sentence.—What other line of Longfellow's is recalled by the verse "But labors and endures and waits?"

11. *Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar*
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

12. Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle
That lends its softened name to art,
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustred with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke.
Then eastward wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,

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139. **Majorcan isle:** that is, Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles, off the eastern coast of Spain.

140. **lends its softened name to art.** *Majolica*, a word supposed to be derived (a "softened name") from *Majorca*, where Saracen pottery was made, is now commonly used to signify all pottery of Italian manufacture, enamelled or decorated with color (*faïence*).

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—129. **A touch can make, a touch can mar.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **18.**)—By what device is the effect of the figure heightened? (See Def. **38.**)

132–134. **As men . . . they.** Explain this impressive thought.

135. **Still . . . song.** What kind of phrase, and what word does it modify?

137–139. Point out the example of epizeuxis. (See Def. **36.**)

141. **spot . . . dot.** Grammatical construction?

142–144. **Whose . . . night.** What kind of clause, and modifying what?—Point out picturesque expressions in this passage.

145. **And crowned . . . smoke.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

147. **On . . . cloak.** Explain.

I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.
The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of Art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

13. Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design.

148. **Tyrrhene Sea,** the classical name of that part of the Mediterranean to the west of Italy.

158. **Gubbio's workshops.** Gubbio, a town of Italy, the factories of which took the lead in the manufacture of majolica-ware in the 16th century.

164. **Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.** Italian towns, famous in the 15th and 16th centuries for the manufacture of majolica-ware.

165–167. **Urbino's gate . . . Raphael.** Raphael (1483–1522), the illustrious artist, was born in the city of Urbino, in Italy.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—158. **Here . . . glow.** Point out the alliteration.

163, 164. **emulate Faenza,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 29.)

165–169. **Forth . . . design.** Remark on the order of words. — What is the allusion in the expression "Himself angelic?"

From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fictile* fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves
About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

14. Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lustred stars o'erlaid,
Colors of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole!
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,

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170. **Francesco Xanto,** an Italian maker of majolica.
172. **fictile,** made by the potter.
174. **Maestro Giorgio,** an Italian sculptor and painter of the 16th century, who devoted himself to the manufacture of majolica, and rivalled Francesco Xanto in all kinds of work.
175. **madre-perl** = mother of pearl.
176. **arabesques.** An arabesque (from Lat. *Arabicus*, Arabian) is a species of ornament used for enriching flat surfaces.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—172. **fictile.** Etymology?
174. **Maestro Giorgio shines,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 29.)
180–184. **Behold . . . whole!** What kind of sentence grammatically?
182. **yellow-lustred.** Explain.
183. **tint and hue.** Discriminate between these synonyms.
189. **A woman's portrait.** Supply the ellipsis.

Cana the Beautiful! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow—
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

15. A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream;
For Luca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their maker's praise; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

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190. **Cana the Beautiful!** A representation of this cup with the inscription *Cana Bella* forms one of the illustrations to this poem as it originally appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for December, 1877.

196. **Tuscan town:** that is, Florence.

198. **Luca della Robbia,** born in Florence about 1400.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—190. **name.** Grammatical construction?
193. **gift.** Grammatical construction?
196, 197. By what periphrasis does the poet describe Florence?
199. **wondrous.** Used by enallage for what form?
200. **thy sovereignty.** Sovereignty in what?
202. **is not heard, but seen.** Explain.
210, 211. **That poverty . . . holiday.** Observe these two fine lines.

16. Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat;
All earthly passions and desires
Burned out by purgatorial fires;
Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

17. But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest field:
Vases and urns and bass-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demi-gods and mighty chiefs;
Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek:
Achilles in his armor dressed,

228. **Ausonian shores:** that is, Italy.
230. **Apulian,** from Apulia in Italy.
232. **bass-reliefs,** sculptures whose figures do not stand out far from the ground or plane on which they are formed.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 212–225. **Here . . . sweet.** Make a paraphrase of this passage.—Note the sadly solemn closing lines.

229. **the faithful earth restores.** Explain.—Why "the *faithful* earth?"

240–244. **Achilles . . . beautiful!** From what mythology are these illustrations drawn?—Who was Aphrodite's "boy?"

Alcides with the Cretan bull,
And Aphrodite* with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful!

18. *Turn, turn, my wheel! 'Tis Nature's plan*
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray:
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest-home of day.

19. And now the winds that southward blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow:
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,

242. **Aphrodite**: that is, Venus.
265. **anchorites**, religious hermits.—**Thebaid** [*The'ba-id*] = the Thebaïs, or Upper Egypt.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 249. **the feet have wings.** Change into plain language.

250, 251. **In age . . . day.** Explain.

254. **below.** What part of speech here?

258–260. **A fallen . . . sands.** Explain the metaphor.

261. **either.** Query as to this use of the word. (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, p. 155.)

263. **their melancholy moans.** To what are these likened?

Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

20. This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
And, seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

21. More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities—
Ammon and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue-enamelled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

292. **Cleopatra** (B.C. 69–30), the last queen of Egypt.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—274. **fabulous.** Explain the application of the term here.

275–281. **Huge . . . Scheherezade.** Observe the nice art with which the allusion to the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment* is introduced.

283. **deities.** What words are in apposition with "deities?"

291. **their night-watch kept.** Explain.

292. **Cleopatra.** What constitutes the felicity of the choice of illustration here made?

22. *Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,*
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.

23. O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges, and o'er Himalay,
Birdlike I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And birdlike poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

24. As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light-yellow leaves, with spots and stains

304. **Cathay**=China. The native name of China Proper is Chunghwa, meaning "central flowery land."

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—299, 300. **Are . . . clay.** Point out three synonymous expressions. Is this tautology, or is it artistic fulness of expression?

308. **Three thousand furnaces.** Supply the ellipsis.

311. **painted by**, etc. To what word is this phrase an adjunct?

313–324. **As leaves . . . céladon.** What kind of sentence grammatically?—What is the figure of speech?—Point out an expression of marked delicacy and beauty.

Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with céladon.

25. Nor less the coarser household wares—
The willow pattern that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

26. And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The tower of Porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

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324. **céladon**, a color between blue and green. By the caprice of the court ladies, this color was thus called from Céladon, a character in the romance of Astrée. — MENAGE.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—325. **coarser household wares.** Explain.

326–332. **The willow . . . view.** The sub-humorous quality of this description will be appreciated by all who have seen "the willow pattern."

339. **astonished.** Explain the application of the epithet here.

345–348. **While . . . sun.** Observe the fine use of words in this passage.

27. *Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun*
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

28. Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift,
And on the hill-side I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming workshops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on high,
Cloud-cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

29. All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusiyama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars;
Again the skylark sings, again

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370. **Fusiyama's cone.** Fusiyama is a volcano in Japan, held by the Japanese in religious veneration.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—353–355. **Will search . . . clay.** Is this literal or figurative?

365. **Cloud-cloisters . . . lie.** Explain.

376. **Are painted.** What is the compound subject of this verb?

The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

30. Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's foot-prints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

31. Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When suddenly sounding, peal on peal,

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 378, 379. **The stork . . . overhead.** Compare with lines 359, 360.

382. **Art is the child,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)—How is the figure carried out in the subsequent lines?

390–392. **He is . . . Nature.** Analyze this sentence.

392–399. **Never man . . . leads.** Transpose into the prose order, supplying the ellipsis.—Point out a metaphor in this passage.

404–406. **When . . . noon.** What circumstance is deftly introduced by the poet to break his reverie?

The church bell from the neighboring town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune
Not overloud nor overlong,
And ended thus his simple song:

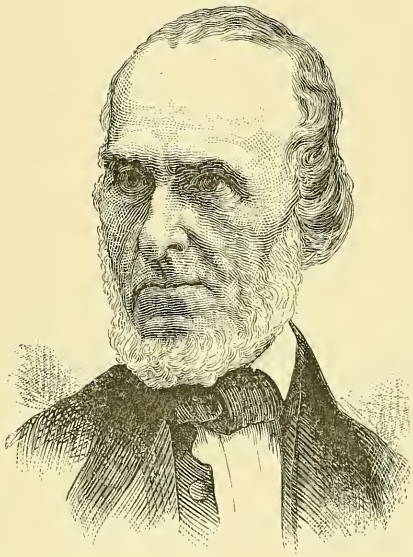
32. *Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon,*
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday:
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the Past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay!

Literary Analysis.—412–418. **Stop . . . clay!** Point out examples of iteration.—Point out a metaphor.—As a closing study the stanzas embodying the song of the Potter may be read by themselves consecutively.

XXXIII.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807.



CHARACTERIZATION BY DAVID WASSON.[1]

1. Whittier has not the liberated, light-winged, Greek imagination—imagination not involved and included in the religious sentiment, but playing in epic freedom and with various interpreta-

[1] From the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1864.

tion between religion and intellect; he has not the flowing, Protean, imaginative sympathy, the power of instant self-identification with all forms of character and life which culminated in Shakespeare; but that imaginative vitality which lurks in faith and conscience, producing what we may call *ideal force of heart.* This he has eminently; and it is this central, invisible, Semitic heat which makes him a poet.

2. Imagination exists in him not as a separable faculty, but as a pure, vital suffusion. Hence he is an *inevitable* poet. There is no drop of his blood, there is no fibre of his brain, which does not crave poetic expression. Mr. Carlyle desires to postpone poetry; but as Providence did not postpone Whittier, his wishes can hardly be gratified. Ours is, indeed, one of the plainest of poets. He is intelligibly susceptible to those who have little either of poetic culture or of fancy and imagination. Whoever has common-sense and a sound heart has the powers by which he may be appreciated. And yet he is not only a real poet, but he is *all* poet. The Muses have not merely sprinkled his brow; he was baptized by immersion. His notes are not many, but in them Nature herself sings. He is a sparrow that half sings, half chirps on a bush, not a lark that floods with orient hilarity the skies of morning; but the bush burns, like that which Moses saw, and the sparrow herself is part of the divine flame.

3. This, then, is the general statement about Whittier. His genius is Hebrew Biblical—more so than that of any other poet now using the English language. In other words, he is organically a poem of the Will. He is a flower of the moral sentiment, and of the moral sentiment not in its flexible, feminine, vine-like dependence and play, but in its masculine rigor, climbing in direct, vertical affirmation, like a forest pine. In this respect he affiliates with Wordsworth and, going farther back, with Milton, whose tap-root was Hebrew, though in the vast epic flowering of his genius he passed beyond the imaginative range of the Semitic mind.

4. In thus identifying our bard, spiritually, with a broad form of the genius of mankind, we already say with emphasis that his is indeed a Life. Yes, once more, a real Life. He is a nature. He was *born*, not manufactured. Here, once again, the old, mysterious, miraculous processes of spiritual assimilation. Here a

genuine root-clutch upon the elements of man's experience, and an inevitable, indomitable working-up of them into human shape. To look at him without discerning this vital depth and reality were as good as no looking at all.

5. Moreover, the man and the poet are one and the same. His verse is no literary Beau-Brummelism, but a *re*-presentation of that which is presented in his consciousness. First there is inward, vital conversion of the elements of his experience, then verse, or version—first the soul, then the body. His voice, as such, has little range, nor is it any marvel of organic perfection; on the contrary, there is many a voice with nothing at all in it which far surpasses his in mere vocal excellence. Only in this you can hear the deep refrain of Nature, and of Nature chanting her moral ideal.

I.—PROEM.

1. I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew. 5

NOTES. — Line 3. **Spenser,** Edmund (1553–1598), one of the most illustrious of English poets, and author of the *Faerie Queene.*

4. **Arcadian Sidney's,** etc. Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586), one of the most brilliant courtiers and writers of Queen Elizabeth's age. His principal work is *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia:* hence the force of "Arcadian" above.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1. What word in the first line belongs to the diction of poetry?

2. **Which softly melt,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

3. **Spenser's golden days.** Whence arises the applicability of the epithet "golden" as here used?

4. **Sidney's silvery phrase.** Express this in your own words.

5. What is meant by "our noon of time?"—What is the figure of speech in this line?

2. Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvellous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

3. The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rhyme
Beat often Labor's hurried time,
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

4. Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

5. Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—6, 7. **Yet . . . try.** Transpose into the prose order.

8–10. **I feel . . . sky.** What is the figure of speech?—What is the subject of "drink?"—By what expressive paraphrasis does the poet denote "the dewy showers?"

11. **The rigor . . . clime.** State what theory of climatic influence you suppose to be in the author's mind.

14. **Beat . . . time.** Explain the figure of speech.

16, 17. **Of . . . supplies.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?—Transpose into the direct order.—What is meant by "rounded art?"

20. **I.** What are the adjuncts to this pronoun?—Explain the allusion in the expression "unanointed eyes."

23. **To drop the plummet-line,** etc. What is the figure of speech?—Express the thought in plain language.

6. Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal* is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

7. O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

II.—MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

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33. **Marvell's wit.** Andrew Marvell (1620–1678), a prominent republican in the Cromwellian times, and for a while assistant to Milton when the latter was Latin secretary for the Commonwealth under Cromwell. He wrote poems which, though little known, are still read with pleasure by persons of taste.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—27. **right and weal.** What is the distinction between these synonyms?

28. **hate.** Of what verb is this noun the subject?

30. **As if . . . own.** The pupil cannot fail to feel the heart-beat in this eminently Whittier-like line.

31. **O Freedom!** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **23.**)

31–35. What kind of sentence rhetorically is stanza 7?

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge: "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,—
"Ah, that I were free again!

Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer's sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls:

The weary wheel to a spinet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

III.—SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

1. Of all the rides, since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borak—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

2. Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

NOTES. — 3. **Apuleius's Golden Ass.** Apule'ius, a Roman philosopher, born in the second century of the Christian era. The most celebrated of his works is the *Metamorphosis, or Golden Ass.*

4. **one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass.** See the story of Agib, the third Calendar, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments.*

6. **Al-Borak,** a wondrous imaginary animal, on which Mohammed pretended to have made a night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem and thence to the seventh heaven.

3. Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

4. Small pity for him!—he sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own towns-people on her deck!
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him;
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!"
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

5. Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—

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26. **Bacchus.** See page 50, note 16.

30. **Mænads sang.** The *Mænades* were the Bacchantes, or priestesses of Bacchus: the name was given in allusion to their frenzied movements.

35. **Chaleur Bay,** an inlet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

6. Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide,
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

7. Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

8. "Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried—
"What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

9. Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "*God has touched him!—why should we?*"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"*Cut the rogue's tether, and let him run!*"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

XXXIV.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1809.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

CHARACTERIZATION BY J. G. WHITTIER.

1. If any reader (and at times we fear it is the case with all) needs amusement, and the wholesome alterative of a hearty laugh, we commend him not to Dr. Holmes the physician, but to Dr. Holmes the scholar, the wit, and the humorist; not to the scien-

tific medical professor's barbarous Latin, but to his poetical prescriptions, given in choice old Saxon. We have tried them, and are ready to give the doctor certificates of their efficacy.

2. Looking at the matter from the point of theory only, we should say that a physician could not be otherwise than melancholy. A merry doctor! Why, one might as well talk of a laughing death's-head—the cachinnation of a monk's *memento mori*. This life of ours is sorrowful enough at its best estate. The brightest phase of it is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of the future or the past. But it is the special vocation of the doctor to look only upon the shadow; to turn away from the house of feasting and go down to that of mourning; to breathe day after day the atmosphere of wretchedness; to grow familiar with suffering; to look upon humanity disrobed of its pride and glory, robbed of all its fictitious ornaments—weak, helpless, naked—and undergoing the last fearful metempsychosis from its erect and God-like image, the living temple of an enshrined divinity, to the loathsome clod and the inanimate dust. His ideas of beauty, the imaginations of his brain, and the affections of his heart, are regulated and modified by the irrepressible associations of his luckless profession. Woman as well as man is to him of the earth, earthy. He sees incipient disease where the uninitiated see only delicacy. A smile reminds him of his dental operations; a blushing cheek, of his hectic patients; pensive melancholy is dyspepsia; sentimentalism, nervousness. Tell him of lovelorn hearts, of the "worm i' the bud," of the mental impalement upon Cupid's arrow, like that of a Giaour upon the spear of a Janizary, and he can only think of lack of exercise, of tight lacing, and slippers in winter.

3. So much for speculation and theory. In practice it is not so bad after all. The grave-digger in *Hamlet* has his jokes and grim jests; we have known many a jovial sexton; and we have heard clergymen laugh heartily, at small provocation, close on the heel of a cool calculation that the great majority of their fellow-creatures were certain of going straight to perdition. Why, then, should not even the doctor have his fun? Nay, is it not his duty to be merry, by main force, if necessary? Solomon, who, from his great knowledge of herbs, must have been no mean practitioner for his day, tells us that "a merry heart doeth good like a

medicine," and universal experience has confirmed the truth of his maxim. Hence it is, doubtless, that we have so many anecdotes of facetious doctors, distributing their pills and jokes together, shaking at the same time the contents of their phials and the sides of their patients. It is merely professional, a trick of the practice, unquestionably, in most cases; but sometimes it is a "natural gift," like that of the "bone setters," and "scrofula strokers," and "cancer curers," who carry on a sort of guerilla war with human maladies.

4. Such we know to be the case with Dr. Holmes. He was born for the "Laughter Cure," as certainly as Preisnitz was for the "Water Cure," and has been quite as successful in his way, while his prescriptions are infinitely more agreeable.

5. It was said of James Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*, that "if he had not been a witty man he would have been a *great* man." Hood's humor and drollery kept in the background the pathos and beauty of his soberer productions; and Dr. Holmes, we suspect, might have ranked higher, among a large class of readers, than he now does, had he never written his *Ballad of the Oysterman*, his *Comet*, and his *September Gale*. Such lyrics as *La Grisette*, *The Puritan's Vision*, and that unique compound of humor and pathos, *The Last Leaf*, show that he possesses power—the power of touching the deeper chords of the heart, and of calling forth tears as well as smiles. Who does not feel the power of this simple picture of the old man, in the last-mentioned poem?

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone!'

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb!"

6. Dr. Holmes has been likened to Thomas Hood; but there is little in common between them, save the power of combining

fancy and sentiment with grotesque drollery and humor. Hood, under all his whims and oddities, conceals the vehement intensity of a reformer. The iron of the world's wrongs has entered into his soul. There is an undertone of sorrow in his lyrics. His sarcasm, directed against oppression and bigotry, at times betrays the earnestness of one whose own withers have been wrung. Holmes writes simply for the amusement of himself and his readers. He deals only with the vanities, the foibles, and the minor faults of mankind, good-naturedly and almost sympathizingly suggesting excuses for folly, which he tosses about on the horns of his ridicule. Long may he live to make broader the face of our care-ridden generation, and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration, that "a merry heart is a continual feast."

I.—THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

1. Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay,—
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

2. Seventeen hundred and fifty-five;
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1. **one-hoss shay.** It will be observed that a number of words and expressions in this piece belong to the Yankee dialect—if *dialect* we may venture to call it after Mr. Lowell's clever proof that many of these so-called provincialisms are really drawn from the "well of English undefiled."

2. **logical way.** In what consists the drollery of the epithet?

4. **And . . . stay.** Point out the example of aposiopesis. (See Def. **39.**)

9–17. **Seventeen . . . shay.** Observe the comical effect gained by associating the finishing of the one-horse shay with the occurrence of great historical events. Explain the allusions.—What metaphors in this stanza, and what is their nature?

That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down;
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on that terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

3. Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or crossbar or floor or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

4. But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou")
He would build one shay to beat the taown,
'n' the kaounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

5. So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—18–26. **Now . . . out.** How is droll emphasis given to the statement that in building chaises "there is always *somewhere* a weakest spot?"—**doesn't.** The poet is too exact a scholar to say *don't.*

27–36. **But . . . rest.** This stanza affords a goodly study of "Yankee" pronunciation and phraseology. (Pupils will do well to refer to Mr. Lowell's essay introductory to his *Biglow Papers.*)

37–57. **So . . . dew!** The clever handling of details will be observed. Pupils may point out touches that strike them as specially noticeable.

That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

6. Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren, where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

7. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came,—
Running as usual,—much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—58–64. **Do . . . day!** In this stanza point out a so-called Yankeeism which is really good Elizabethan English.—What personification is made?—By what details, skilfully introduced, is the lapse of time vividly suggested?

66. **strong and sound.** Grammatical construction?

8. Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

9. First of November—the earthquake day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be, for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

10. First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

Literary Analysis.—73–79. Of the fifty-five words in stanza 8 only six are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin: what are these words?—In this stanza point out a fine aphorism.

80–94. **First . . . out!** What expression, reiterated in line 80, begins to grow very significant?—What expression in this stanza finely describes the state of the chaise now?—Point out the examples of polysyndeton: what is the effect of the use of this figure?—Note the rhymes in lines 89–92.

95–118. **First . . . burst.** In this stanza point out humorous touches and comical epithets.—Point out an effective simile.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

11. End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

II.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

1. This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings—

5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

III.—THE LAST LEAF.

1. I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

2. They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

3. But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

4. The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

5. My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

6. But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

7. I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

8. And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

XXXV.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1810.

CHARACTERIZATION BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

1. No English poet, with the possible exception of Byron, has so ministered to the natural appetite for poetry in the people as Tennyson. Byron did this—unintentionally, as all genius does—by warming and arousing their dormant sentiment: Tennyson

by surprising them into the recognition of a new luxury in the harmony and movement of poetic speech. I use the word "luxury" purposely; for no other word will express the glow and richness and fulness of his technical qualities. It was scarcely a wonder that a generation accustomed to look for compact and palpable intellectual forms in poetry—a generation which was still hostile to Keats and Shelley, and had not yet caught up with Wordsworth—should at first regard this new flower as an interpolating weed. But when its blossom-buds fully expanded into gorgeous, velvety-crimsoned, golden-anthered tiger-lilies, filling the atmosphere of our day with deep, intoxicating spice-odors, how much less wonder that others should snatch the seed and seek to make the acknowledged flower their own?

2. Tennyson must be held guiltless of all that his followers and imitators have done. His own personal aim has been pure and lofty; but without his intention or will, or even expectation, he has stimulated into existence a school of what might be called Decorative Poetry. I take the adjective from its present application to a school of art. I have heard more than one distinguished painter in England say of painting, "It is simply a decorative art." Hence it needs only a sufficiency of form to present color; the expression of an idea, perspective, chiaro-oscuro do not belong to it; for these address themselves to the mind, whereas art addresses itself only to the eye." This is no place to discuss such a materialistic heresy; I mention it only to make my meaning clear. We may equally say that decorative poetry addresses itself only to the ears, and seeks to occupy an intermediate ground between poetry and music. I need not give instances. They are becoming so common that the natural taste of mankind, which may be surprised and perverted for a time, is beginning to grow fatigued, and the flower—as Tennyson justly complains in his somewhat petulant poem—will soon be a weed again.

3. Such poems as *Morte d' Arthur*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *Ulysses*, and *The Two Voices*, wherein thought, passion, and imagination, combined in their true proportions, breathe through full, rich, and haunting forms of verse, at once gave Tennyson his place in English literature. The fastidious care with which every image was wrought, every bar of the movement adjusted

to the next, and attuned to the music of all, every epithet chosen for point, freshness, and picturesque effect, every idea restrained within the limits of close and clear expression—these virtues, so intimately fused, became a sudden delight for all lovers of poetry, and for a time affected their appreciation of its more unpretending and artless forms. The poet's narrow circle of admirers widened at once, taking in so many of the younger generation that the old doubters were one by one compelled to yield. Poe, possessing much of the same artistic genius in poetry, was the first American author to welcome Tennyson ; and I still remember the eagerness with which, as a boy of seventeen, after reading his paper, I sought for the volume, and I remember also the strange sense of mental dazzle and bewilderment I experienced on the first perusal of it. I can only compare it with the first sight of a sunlit landscape through a prison : every object has a rainbowed outline. One is fascinated to look again and again though the eye-ache.

4. Hundreds of Tennyson's lines and phrases have become fixed in the popular memory ; and there is scarcely one that is not suggestive of beauty, or consoling, or heartening. His humanity is not a passion, but it uses occasion to express itself ; his exclusive habits and tastes are only to be implied from his works. He delights to sing of honor and chastity and fidelity, and his most voluptuous measures celebrate no greater indulgences than indolence and the sensuous delight of life. With an influence in literature unsurpassed since that of Byron, he may have incited a morbid craving for opulent speech in less gifted writers, but he has never disseminated morbid views of life. His *conscious* teaching has always been wholesome and elevating. In spite of the excessive art, which I have treated as his prominent fault as a poet—nay, partly in consequence of it—he has given more and keener delight to the reading world than any other author during his lifetime. This is an honorable, enduring, and far-shining record. I know not where to turn for an equal illustration of the prizes to be won and the dangers to be encountered through the consecration of a life to the sole service of poetry.

5. Tennyson has thoroughly experienced the two extreme phases of the world's regard. For twelve years after his first

appearance as a poet, he was quietly overlooked by the public, and was treated to more derision than criticism by the literary journals. When his popularity once struck root, it grew rapidly, and in a few years became an overshadowing fashion. Since the publication of his first *Idylls of the King*, it has been almost considered as a heresy, in England, to question the perfection of his poetry; even the sin of his art came to be regarded as its special virtue. The estimate of his performance rose into that extravagance which sooner or later provokes a reaction against itself. There are, at present, signs of the beginning of such a reaction, and we need not be surprised if (as in Byron's case) it should swing past the line of justice, and end by undervaluing, for a time, many of the poet's high and genuine qualities. This is the usual law of literary fame which has known such vicissitudes. Its vibrations, though lessened, continue until Time, the sure corrector of all aberrations of human judgment, determines its moveless place. And Tennyson's place in the literature of the English language, whatever may be its relation to that of the acknowledged masters of song, is sure to be high and permanent.

I.—ULYSSES.

[INTRODUCTION.—This poem contains seventy as strong lines of blank verse as are to be found in the English language. It has been pronounced "the soul of all Homer." Under the heroic form of the Homeric Ulysses, the poem symbolizes the passionate desire felt by all noble souls "to seek a newer world"—

"To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."]

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone: on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,

NOTES. — **Ulysses.** Ulysses, called Odysseus (Ὀδυσσεύς) by the Greeks, was one of the principal Greek heroes in the Trojan war. But the most celebrated part of his story consists of his adventures after the destruction of Troy, which form the subject of the Homeric poem called, after him, the *Odyssey*.

1, 2. **idle king . . . crags.** Ulysses is here supposed to have finished his twenty years of adventurous wanderings, and to have returned to the "barren crags" of the island of Ithaca, which he ruled.

3. **aged wife:** that is, Penelope.

10. **Hyades,** a cluster of five stars in the face of the constellation Taurus, supposed by the ancients to indicate the approach of rainy weather when they rose with the sun.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–5. **It . . . me.** Is the structure periodic or loose? What is the logical subject of the verb "profits," of which "it" is the anticipative subject?

3. **mete and dole.** What is the distinction between these synonyms?

6, 7. **will drink . . . lees.** What is the figure of speech?

11. **Vexed,** etc. What is the figure of speech?—**I am become a name.** Explain.

Much have I seen and known—cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments
(Myself not least, but honored of them all)—
And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence—something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—18. **I am a part,** etc. Paraphrase this statement.

19–21. **Yet all . . . move.** What is the figure of speech?—These three noble lines should be committed to memory.

23. **To rust unburnished,** etc. On what is the figure founded?

27. **that eternal silence.** For what word is this expression a periphrasis?

30. **spirit.** What is the grammatical construction?

33–43. **This is my son . . . mine.** Draw out in your own language the fine contrast of character between Ulysses and his son Telemachus.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, you and I are old.
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil.
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:

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63. **Happy Isles,** the "Fortunate Isles," or Islands of the Blessed. The early Greeks, as we learn from Homer, placed the Elysian Fields, into which the favored heroes passed without dying, at the extremity of the earth, near the river Oceanus. In poems later than Homer, an island is spoken of as their abode, and is placed by the poets beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The name "Fortunate Isles" was afterwards applied to the Canaries.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—44–53. **There lies . . . gods.** Of the words in these ten lines ten are of other than Anglo-Saxon origin. What are these words? What effect is gained by the use of so large a proportion of Anglo-Saxon words?—Point out an instance of personification in this passage.

54–70. **The lights . . . yield.** In this passage point out specially vigorous or picturesque words or expressions.—Point out an instance of metaphor.—Explain what is meant by the fine expression "the baths of all the western stars."—Note the strong staccato effect of the monosyllables in the last two lines.

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

II.—LOCKSLEY HALL.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipped into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him (it is thy duty; kiss him); take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand—
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Curséd be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Curséd be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

Curséd be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Curséd be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster! Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root.

Never, though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perished: sweetly did she speak and move:
Such an one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No; she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead, unhappy night, when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widowed marriage pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.

Oh, the child, too, clothes the father with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

Oh, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffered."—Perish in thy self-contempt!

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow.
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,
When the ranks are rolled in vapor and the winds are laid with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield;
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway, near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men—

Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

For I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common-sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye—

Eye to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's!

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain.

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred!
I was left a trampled orphan and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit, there to wander far away,
On from island unto island at the gate-ways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions cramped no longer shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are wild,
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better men should perish one by one
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother Age (for mine I knew not), help me as when life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun.

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

XXXVI.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

1811–1863.

W M Thackeray

TRIBUTE BY CHARLES DICKENS.

1. I saw Thackeray first, nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last, shortly before Christmas,[1] at the Athenæum Club,

[1] 1863.

when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that, after these attacks, he was troubled with cold shiverings, "which quite took the power of work out of him"—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

2. The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, "because he couldn't help it," and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

3. We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

4. When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness, or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had despatched his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterward added a verbal postscript), urging me to "come down and make a speech, and tell them

who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me." He introduced the lecture just mentioned with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

5. He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

6. These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner—never, never more to be encountered on this earth—that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may be told.

7. If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness, long before:

> I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
> The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.

8. In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

9. But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressiby so to a writer—in its evidences

of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

10. The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

DE FINIBUS.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following paper, *De Finibus* (Concerning Conclusions), is one of a series which, under the title of "Roundabout Papers," was published in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It has reference to the finishing of the novel called *The Adventures of Philip*, the last complete work of Thackeray. To extract from novels is an unsatisfactory task, and hence this paper is selected as having the advantage of completeness. Though it does not show the author at his best, it is characterized by much of his rare charm of style.]

1. When Swift was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee-house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; "never letting go her kind hand, as it were," as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Mr. Johnson, walking to Dodsley's, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it, impelled I know not by what superstition. I have this, I hope not dangerous, mania, too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another: it may be to write only half a dozen lines; but there is something towards Number the Next. The printer's boy has not yet reached Green Arbor Court with the copy. Those people who were alive half an hour since—Pendennis, Olive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin—have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children's cloaks

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1. **Swift.** Who was Swift? (See Characterization of him in this book.)

1–8. **When . . . amour.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically?

8. **Mr. Johnson.** Who was Dr. Samuel Johnson? (See Characterization in this book.)

10, 11. **impelled . . . superstition.** Give the grammatical analysis of these words.

16. **copy.** Meaning of the word?

17–19. **Pendennis, Olive Newcome . . . Philip Firmin.** State in which of the novels of Thackeray these characters appear.—In what consists the drollery of the mode in which the name "Philip Firmin" is introduced?

on, and have been bowed out of my premises, and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro.* How lonely it looks, now all these people are gone! My dear, good friends, some folks are utterly tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. . . . I resume my original subject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study, alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest; they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes; they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you! can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them! and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbor said to me. They

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—22. **tamen usque recurro,** "yet do I always return." (For the full quotation, of which this is an adaptation, see Webster's Dictionary, under Latin Quotations—*Naturam expellas*, etc.)

22, 23. **How lonely . . . gone!** What kind of sentence grammatically?

24, 25. **What a poverty of friends.** Substitute a synonymous expression.

31, 32. **The dish . . . dislikes.** What is the figure of speech? What common proverb expresses the same sentiment?

37. **boarding and lodging with me.** Explain.

46. **They . . . people.** Point out the pleonasm.

are gone at last, and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

2. Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness, and are novel-writers at all entitled to strait-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life, and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine* that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him, both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the gray of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark; and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.—No? No movement. No gray shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No; the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole *cortége* of ghosts flit away, invisible?

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—55. **Madmen, you know,** etc. Analyze this sentence.

58. **strait-waistcoats.** Explain.

62. **I know the people utterly.** How is this general statement rendered emphatic by a specific instance of his knowledge?

68. **Asleep,** etc. Point out the example of epizeuxis. (See Def. 35.)—How does the order of the words add to the vivacity of the sentence.—Arrange the sentence in the prose order.

Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

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3. Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous *Faust* of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town!), has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends, now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Fausts, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages; but our books are diaries,* in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events—the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own, for my part, that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see, but that past day; that by-gone page of life's history; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting; that merry-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 83–86. **Ha! . . . dinner.** What kind of sentence grammatically is the first? The second? The third?—From what poet is the exclamation "Angels and ministers of grace!" a partial quotation?—In what manner is the melodramatic effect of the passage worked up?—Point out the anticlimax.

88. **coached.** Explain the term.—Who was Goethe?

94. **The dear shadows.** Explain.

95. **It is,** etc. What figure of speech is exemplified in this sentence?

96, 97. **raise up . . . ages.** Express in other language.

97, 98. **our books are diaries.** What is the figure of speech?

106–110. **It is . . . buried.** Point out an example of antithesis. Of epizeuxis. —Point out the pathetic element.

making which we shared; that funeral which we followed; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

4. And such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold short-comings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two—half a dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different, in my mind's eye, as—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli, let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume lxxxiv. of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

5. Another Finis written; another milestone passed on this journey from birth to the next world! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business, and be voluble* to the end of our age? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience, I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—117. **had called . . . Newcome.** This was an instance of what has been called *heterophemy*.

123. **blunders or errors.** Is there any distinction between these synonyms?

125. **written . . . passed.** What is the effect of the omission of the auxiliary verb?

126. **Sure.** Used by enallage for what word?

127. **solemn cogitation.** Substitute synonyms.

131–134. **He . . . pupil.** Observe that the same thought is here thrice stated, but with skilful variation of language.

non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature, he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the captain, or the atrocious behavior of the wicked marquis* to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, propose to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap; head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion; eyes close; soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies* have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers? says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What! you *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette* somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with *Pendennis*, or the *Newcomes*, in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet, soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—147. **"posted up."** From what is this figurative expression derived?

151–154. **Pleasing book . . . heard.** Note the omission of the article. What is the effect?

154–165. **Am I . . . kindness?** The pupil should observe the admirable construction of these crisp sentences.

the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved *Jacob Faithful;* once, at Frankfort O. M., the delightful *Vingt Ans Après* of Monsieur Dumas; once, at Tunbridge Wells, the thrilling *Woman in White;* and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague-fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares, no remorse about idleness, no visitors, and the Woman in White or the Chevalier d'Artagnan to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbor who lent me, volume by volume, the *W. in W.*) How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake; no love-making, no observations about society, little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying* each other, plenty of fighting, and a villain in the cupboard who is to suffer tortures just before Finis. I don't like your melancholy Finis. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not* à la mode le pays de Pole (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of Philip, just come to an end, I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece — a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the *President*, or some other tragic ship — but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amidst the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly, lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned; thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance —ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow fever in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had in-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—171. **fearful contentment.** Remark on this expression.

185. **no observations,** etc. The point of this banter is, that Thackeray is specially noted for the very qualities he represents himself as disliking.

jured him very much, and forgave him on his death-bed. Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy—endeavor to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood—and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due, and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian* who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day, that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving, for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognizance of our squabbles and tittle-tattles and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres!* It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an undertone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), *Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus.*

6. Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate is the sin of grandiloquence,* or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me.* This is the sin of schoolmasters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 207 – 212. **Don't people . . . spoons?** A touch of Thackeray's well-known cynical view of human nature. Remark on the terms "persecutors" and "cruel ruffian" as here employed.

217, 218. **It is I . . . wrong.** What is the process of cynical reasoning here implied?

224, 225. **dilectissimi fratres!** beloved brothers.

227. **Miserere,** etc. Have mercy on us miserable sinners.

229. **grandiloquence, or tall-talking.** This is a happy example of defining a lofty by a common term.

230. **libera me,** deliver me.

spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not forever taking the Muse by the sleeve and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

7. Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial* brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations, were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus* won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings; he is blind of one eye certainly; he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, How the dickens* did he come to think of that?

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—237. **business.** Explain the term as here used.

237. **taking . . . sleeve.** What is meant by this expression?

238. **peccavi,** I have sinned.

239. **would like.** Compare with "should like" in line 243: which is correct?

250. **built his plot.** On what is the figure founded?

253. **Pegasus.** Explain.

Every man has remarked in dreams the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced—I won't say the surprising power —for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon* of the inflated style of some writers. What, also, if there is an *afflated* style, when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod,* and mighty words—words which he cannot help—come blowing and bellowing and whistling and moaning through the speaking-pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of *Pendennis*, written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlor one night, and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions—"sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?"—"*Bedad ye may*," says he, "*and I'll sing you a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits-and-water I know I did; but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—271. **spake.** Remark on the form.

272. **afflated.** This is a word of Thackeray's own coinage. It is derived from Lat. *afflatus*, inspiration.

272–276. **What . . . organ?** The sentence suggests by its very structure the thought which the author is expressing.

he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before, somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

8. They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon and Margaret and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leatherstocking were to glide, silent, in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their mustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm, Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green, and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop, and Sir Roger de Coverley, and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half hour with *Jacob Faithful* last night —when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbor Court.

9. So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud* and root them out. Those idle words, neighbor, are past remedy. That turning

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—304–326. The pupil should name the books in which the several characters mentioned in this paragraph occur.

back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.

XXXVII.

CHARLES DICKENS.

1812–1869.

CHARACTERIZATION BY E. P. WHIPPLE.

1. Dickens, as a novelist and prose poet, is to be classed in the front rank of the noble company to which he belongs. He has revived the novel of genuine practical life, as it existed in the

works of Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith; but, at the same time, has given to his materials an individual coloring and expression peculiarly his own. His characters, like those of his great examplars, constitute a world of their own, whose truth to nature every reader instinctively recognizes in connection with their truth to Dickens. Fielding delineates with more exquisite art, standing more as the spectator of his personages, and commenting on their actions with an ironical humor and a seeming innocence of insight which pierces not only into, but through, their very nature, laying bare their inmost unconscious springs of action, and in every instance indicating that he understands them better than they understand themselves. It is this perfection of knowledge and insight which gives to his novels their naturalness, their freedom of movement, and their value as lessons in human nature as well as consummate representations of actual life. Dickens's eye for forms of things is as accurate as Fielding's, and his range of vision more extended; but he does not probe so profoundly into the heart of what he sees, and he is more led away from the simplicity of truth by a tricksy spirit of fantastic exaggeration. Mentally, he is indisputably below Fielding; but in tenderness, in pathos, in sweetness and purity of feeling, in that comprehensiveness of sympathy which springs from a sense of brotherhood with mankind, he is indisputably above him. . . .

2. In representing life and character, there are two characteristics of his genius which startle every reader by their obviousness and power—his humor and pathos; but in respect to the operation of those qualities in his delineations, critics have sometimes objected that his humor is apt to run into fantastic exaggeration, and his pathos into sentimental excess. Indeed, in regard to his humorous characters, it may be said that the vivid intensity with which he conceives them, and the overflowing abundance of joy and merriment which spring instinctively up from the very foundations of his being at the slightest point of the ludicrous, sometimes lead him to the very verge of caricature. He seems himself to be taken by surprise as his glad and genial fancies throng into his brain, and to laugh and exult with the beings he has called into existence in the spirit of a man observing, not creating. Squeers and Pecksniff, Simon Tappertit and

Mark Tapley, Tony Weller and old John Willet, although painted with such distinctness that we seem to see them with the bodily eye, we still feel to be somewhat overcharged in the description. They are caricatured more in appearance than reality, and if grotesque in form, are true and natural at heart. Such caricature as this is to character what epigram is to fact—a mode of conveying truth more distinctly by suggesting it through a brilliant exaggeration.

3. Much of the humor of Dickens is identical with his style. In this the affluence of his fancy in suggestive phrases and epithets is finely displayed; and he often flashes the impression of a character or a scene upon the mind by a few graphic verbal combinations. When Ralph Nickleby says "God bless you" to his nephew, the words stick in his throat, as if unused to the passage. When Tigg clasped Mr. Pecksniff in the dark, that worthy gentleman "found himself collared by something which smelt like several damp umbrellas, a barrel of beer, a cask of warm brandy-and-water, and a small parlorful of tobacco-smoke, mixed." Mrs. Todgers, when she desires to make Ruth Pinch know her station, surveys her with a look of "genteel grimness." A widow of a deceased brother of Martin Chuzzlewit is described as one who, "being almost supernaturally disagreeable, and having a dreary face, a bony figure, and a masculine voice, was, in right of these qualities, called a strong-minded woman." Mr. Richard Swiveller no sooner enters a room than the nostrils of the company are saluted by a strong smell of gin and lemon-peel. Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, a person who overfed himself, is sketched as a gentleman with such an obvious disposition to pimples that "the bright spots on his cravat, the rich pattern of his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets seemed to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably." Felicities like these Dickens squanders with a prodigality which reduces their relative value, and makes the generality of style-mongers poor indeed.

4. It is difficult to say whether Dickens is more successful in humor or pathos. Many prefer his serious to his comic scenes. It is certain that his genius can as readily draw tears as provoke laughter. Sorrow, want, poverty, pain, and death, the affections which cling to earth and those which rise above it, he represents

always with power, and often with marvellous skill. His style, in the serious moods of his mind, has a harmony of flow which often glides unconsciously into metrical arrangement, and is full of those words

> "Which fall as soft as snow on the sea,
> And melt in the heart as instantly."

One source of his pathos is the intense and purified conception he has of moral beauty—of that beauty which comes from a thoughtful brooding over the most solemn and affecting realities of life. The character of little Nell is an illustration. The simplicity of this creation, framed, as it is, from the finest elements of human nature, and the unambitious mode of its development through the motley scenes of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, are calculated to make us overlook its rare merit as a work of high poetic genius. Amidst the wolfish malignity of Quilp, the sugared meanness of Brass, the roaring conviviality of Swiveller, amidst scenes of selfishness and shame, of passion and crime, this delicate creation moves along, unsullied, purified, pursuing the good in the simple earnestness of a pure heart, gliding to the tomb as to a sweet sleep, and leaving in every place that her presence beautifies the marks of celestial footprints. Sorrows such as hers, over which so fine a sentiment sheds its consecrations, have been well said to be ill bartered for the garishness of joy; "for they win us softly from life, and fit us to die smiling."

5. In addition to this refined perception of moral beauty, he has great tragic power. It would be useless, in our limits, to attempt giving illustrations of his closeness to nature in delineating the deeper passions; his profound observation of the workings of the soul when stained with crime and looking forward to death; his skill in gifting remorse, fear, avarice, hatred, and revenge with their appropriate language; and his subtle appreciation of the influence exercised by different moods of the mind in modifying the appearances of external objects. In these the poet always appears through the novelist, and we hardly know whether imagination or observation contributes most to the effect.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

STAVE ONE.—MARLEY'S GHOST.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it yet stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door — Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–6. **Marley . . . door-nail.** What one statement is made in these two paragraphs? What is the statement as expressed in the second paragraph? Show how this is led up to, and what means are employed to emphasize the statement.

9, 10. **executor . . . legatee.** Explain the terms "executor," "administrator," "assign," "legatee." What is the effect of the repetition of the word "sole?"

15, 16. **called Scrooge Scrooge.** What is the grammatical construction of the word "Scrooge" in these two uses? (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, p. 169, Special Rule iii.)

18–20. **Oh . . . sinner!** What is peculiar in the construction of this sentence? What is the figure of speech?—Grammatical construction of "sinner?" What is the figure in "sinner?" (See Def. 29.) What epithets are applied to "Scrooge?" What is the effect of their accumulation?

21–27. **No wind . . . did.** Point out the similes; the personifications. Show the play of words in the last part of the paragraph.

wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once, in all his life, inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and, when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care! It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas-eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comfort-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—28–37. **Nobody . . . master!** Summarize in your own words the forbidding traits of Scrooge. What masterly touch most distinctly reveals his nature?

39, 40. **warning . . . distance.** Explain.

42, 43. **Once . . . counting-house.** Analyze this sentence.

46–55. **The door . . . failed.** What kind of clause is "that he might," etc.? —Point out any drolleries in this paragraph.

er, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas,* uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar* of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travellers to the grave, and not another race of creatures

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—56–59. Derivation of "Christmas?"—What is the figure of speech in the word "voice?"

75. **Much good.** What of the order of words?

84. **to open their shut-up hearts.** What is the figure of speech?

86. **fellow-travellers to the grave.** What is the figure of speech?

bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon!"

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon!"

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon!"

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good-afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—92–95. **Let . . . Parliament.** Point out the example of oxymoron. (See Def. **18, i.**) Point out the example of irony.

97. **see him—yes, indeed he did.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 38.)

two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?"

"Plenty of prisons. But, under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the unoffending multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"You wish to be anonymous?"*

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and the workhouses—they cost enough—and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus* population."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 121, 122. **They were . . . office.** Analyze this sentence.

127, 128. **seven years.** State the grammatical construction of "years" in both its uses.

136. **Plenty of prisons.** Supply the ellipsis.

141. **Abundance.** What is the figure of speech?

143. **anonymous?** Derivation?

146. **people merry.** Grammatical construction?

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill-will, Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill used, I'll be bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't think *me* ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier *next* morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas-eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and, having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building, up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices.

Now, it is a fact that there was nothing particular at all about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—171. **boasted no great-coat.** Express in other words.

175–182. **Scrooge . . . offices.** Point out examples of transferred epithet. (See Def. **32.**) Point out an example of irony.

183–188. **Now . . . London.** What kind of sentence grammatically? How might this sentence be changed by the *style coupé?* (See Def. **57, ii.**)

large; also, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face, with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but it looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up upon its ghostly forehead.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall and up the stairs. Slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room, all as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 188–190. **And . . . face.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

191, 192. **Marley's . . . cellar.** Observe the abrupt construction. Place the sentence in its grammatical relation.—Explain the simile.

198. **sound resounded.** Remark on the collocation of words.

204. **caring a button.** Grammatical construction?

209–216. **Sitting-room . . . poker.** What device is employed to give an abrupt, staccato effect to this paragraph?

wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire to take his gruel.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Then he heard the noise much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a spectre* passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him—though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes, and noticed the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin—he was still incredulous.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—239–242. Supply the ellipses. What striking fancy in this paragraph?

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that, in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel in his heart by any means waggish then. The truth is that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention and keeping down his horror.

But how much greater was his horror when, the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear in-doors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 262, 263. Substitute synonyms for the following italicized words: "in the *event of its being impossible*, it might *involve* the *necessity* of an *embarrassing explanation*."

275. Point out the pun, and say what you think of it.

282. **its head.** What is the effect of the use of the neuter pronoun?

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot tell you all I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And travelling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years."

"O blind man, blind man! not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal* life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet I was like this man; I once was like this man!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—284. **apparition.** What synonymous word is used in the previous paragraph?

290. Point out the synonyms. Why are the three expressions employed?

300–306. **O . . . misused!** What kind of sentences grammatically?

313. **were but a drop,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

"Hear me! My time is nearly gone."

"I will. But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? I—I think I'd rather not."

"Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

It walked backward from him; and, at every step it took, the window raised itself a little; so that when the apparition reached it it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

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[Stave Two, the "Ghost of Christmas Past," in which the experiences of Scrooge's youth are recalled, is omitted.]

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—318. **Don't be flowery.** Remark on the adjective.

321. **procuring.** What part of speech?

333–335. **It . . . open.** Reconstruct so as to avoid ambiguity in the use of the pronoun "it."

STAVE THREE.—THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Scrooge awoke in his own bedroom. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting-room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there ; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that petrifaction* of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and great bowls of punch. In easy state upon this couch there sat a Giant glorious to see ; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in—come in ! and know me better, man ! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me ! You have never seen the like of me before !"

"Never."

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family ; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years ?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have, I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit ?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for ! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe !"

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—347. **attracted . . . there.** To what word is this an adjunct ?

350. **reflected back.** Query as to this expression.

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents all vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning.

Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian-name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—384, 385. **fifteen bob** = fifteen shillings.

388. **Then up,** etc. Why is the inverted order used here?

389. **brave.** Meaning here?

403, 404. **knocked,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant—"not coming upon Christmas-day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—425, 426. Would the statement have been as pathetic had the lameness been directly asserted?

432. **rampant.** Point out the fitness of the term here.

it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas-day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous* young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—448–450. Why did the father's voice tremble when he said that Tiny Tim "was growing strong?"

475. **There never,** etc. Observe the admirable manner in which the transition of paragraphs is effected.

great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eat it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight* with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 482. **were steeped,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas-day."

"It should be Christmas-day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas-day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—530, 531. **a piece of my mind.** What is the figure of speech?

540, 541. **He'll . . . doubt!** What is the figure of speech?

547–567. In this paragraph select all the words of other than Anglo-Saxon origin.

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and six-pence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things that, while there is infection* in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—568–576. Point out the antithesis in this paragraph.

583. **infection.** Discriminate between "infection" and *contagion.* (See Glossary.)

world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face, a ripe little mouth that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert* upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper clearly had his eye on one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—593–599. **She . . . satisfactory.** The deftness of the description (which is in Dickens's best manner) will be observed by the pupil.

610. **dessert.** Derivation?

niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you—especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass* like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. There was first a game at blindman's-buff though. And I no more believe Topper was really blinded than I believe he had eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains—wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—625–640. The master's hand is seen in this capital description.

At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter, and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out,

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have drunk to the unconscious company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge where vain man, in his little brief authority, had not made fast the door and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing and taught Scrooge his precepts. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—667. **inaudible speech.** What is the figure of speech?
670. **Much,** etc. Remark on the order of words.
671–674. **The Spirit . . . rich.** Remark on the construction of the sentence.
674–678. **In . . . precepts.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

STAVE FOUR.—THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep-black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come? Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city, for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin. "Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversation apparently so trivial; but, feeling assured that it must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. It could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and he thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

They left this busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, to a low shop where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. A gray-haired rascal, of great age, sat smoking his pipe.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too, and she was closely followed by a man in faded black. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. What have you got to sell? What have you got to sell?"

"Half a minute's patience, Joe, and you shall see."

"What odds, then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—756. **Every person . . . themselves.** Is this correct in strict grammar? Is it appropriate here?

always did! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

Mrs. Dilber, whose manner was remarkable for general propitiation,* said, "No, indeed, ma'am."

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke—it's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment; and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it."

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening the bundle, and dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this? Bed-curtains!"

"Ah! Bed-curtains! Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"*His* blankets!"

"Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it by dressing him up in it, if it hadn't been for me."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror.

"Spirit! I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this plundered unknown man.

"Spirit, let me see some tenderness connected with a death, or this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house—the dwelling he had visited before—and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet; very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in needlework. But surely they were very quiet!

"'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?"

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings, mother."

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—796–841. The imaginary death of Tiny Tim forms a companion piece to the imaginary death of Scrooge, and the exquisite tenderness of the one is finely set off by the ghastly circumstances of the other. Both should receive the careful study of the pupil.

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?"

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name—Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! Oh no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life."

For the first time the kind hand faltered.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The

Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, Christmas-day."

"It's Christmas-day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

(An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy!)—"Do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey—the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it! Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—881. **No . . . day.** What is the effect of the ellipses? 901. **Walk-ER.** A piece of London slang in vogue at the time the *Christmas Carol* was written. It implies utter incredulity.

Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. (Nice girl! Very.)

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?"

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress."

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

"Fred!"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His

niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

Bob's hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again—"and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 947–978. **But . . . Cratchit!** Relate in your own words the little drama between Scrooge and Bob Cratchit.

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived in that respect upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—979–991. In these two paragraphs which words are of Anglo-Saxon, and which of classical, origin?

XXXVIII.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1819.

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

[INTRODUCTION.—The following note was prefixed by Mr. Lowell to the first edition of the *Vision of Sir Launfal* (Cambridge, 1848): "According to the mythology of the Romancers, the San Greal, or Holy Grail, was the cup out of which Jesus partook of the last supper with his disciples. It was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and remained there, an object of pilgrimage and adoration for many years, in the keeping of his

lineal descendants. It was incumbent upon those who had charge of it to be chaste in thought, word, and deed; but one of the keepers having broken this condition, the Holy Grail disappeared. From that time it was a favorite enterprise of the knights of Arthur's court to go in search of it. Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it, as may be read in the seventeenth book of the Romance of King Arthur. Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of the most exquisite of his poems."]

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

1. Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

2. Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–4. **Over . . . lay.** Periodic or loose? Change into the prose order.

4. **builds . . . Dreamland.** Express this aerial thought in your own words. What is the figure of speech?

5–8. **Then . . . dream.** Analyze this proposition.

9, 10. **Not . . . lie.** Cite the passage from Wordsworth (*Intimations of Immortality*) to which this passage is an allusion.

12. **We Sinais climb.** What is the figure of speech?

17–20. **Its . . . sea.** Point out the examples of personification in this passage. What is the thought expressed in lines 17, 18? What is the meaning of "age's" as here used?

18. **benedicite** (Lat.), literally, *be thou blessed:* hence, a blessing.

3. Earth gets its price for what earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives* us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay:
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

4. And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

5. The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—21–32. **Earth . . . comer.** What line in this stanza is in antithesis to line 21?—What specific instances are given of the general proposition contained in line 21? What renders these instances impressive?—By what synecdoche does the author indicate *a fool's reward?*—What is the meaning of "heaven" as here employed?—Explain line 30, and state with what line in this stanza it contrasts.

33–36. **And . . . lays.** These fine lines have justly taken a place among familiar quotations. On what is the figure in this passage founded?

42. **Climbs . . . flowers.** Explain.

46. **The buttercup . . . chalice.** What is the figure? Express in plain language.

6. The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest:
In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

7. Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green.
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That the skies are clear and grass is growing.

8. The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—49–56. **The . . . best?** In stanza 6 point out a simile; a striking epithet.—Explain "deluge of summer."—What *human* application may be made of line 55?

57–60. **Now . . . bay.** What is the basis of the metaphor? Follow out the details of the application.

57–68. **Now . . . growing.** In stanza 7 are there any words of other than Anglo-Saxon origin?

69–79. **The breeze . . . crowing!** In stanza 8 point out instances of personification.

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

9. Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living.

10. Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burned-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

PART FIRST.

1. "My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—78. **Warmed . . . year.** What kind of phrase, and adjunct to what word? What figure of speech in this line?

86, 87. **Who . . . wake.** Which subsequent lines express subjectively what these express objectively.—Explain the metaphor in line 87.

91–93. **the sulphurous . . . snow.** Point out the simile, show how it illustrates the thought, and state from what the sublimity of the figure arises.

94, 95. **What wonder if Sir Launfal . . . vow?** The poet, like his "musing organist," has, in the Prelude, been letting "his fingers wander as they list." Now the theme "nearer draws," and is formally introduced in this query. Let the pupil carefully re-read the Prelude, and state in his own language the thought in stanza 2; stanza 3; stanzas 4–10. In these the poet, like the musician, strikes his fundamental chords.

97. **mail.** Explain.

Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

2. The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree.

3. Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—100. **Shall never a bed.** Arrange in the direct order.

105. **Ere day create,** etc. Express this periphrasis in a single word.

109–118. **The crows . . . degree.** What contrast is presented in this stanza? —Point out a picturesque expression; a fanciful expression; a striking simile. Show the propriety of the term "outpost" as here used.

119. **Summer besieged,** etc. Show how the thought suggested as simile in line 115 is here continued as metaphor.

122–125. **her pavilions tall . . . every tent.** Explain these expressions as here employed.

4. The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

5. It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

6. As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came:
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—128–139. **The drawbridge . . . Grail.** Note the powerful manner in which the narrative is managed: the mere structure of the lines suggests a rush and flash.—Point out the element of hyperbole in this stanza.

140, 141. **It was morning . . . heart.** In which line is "morning" used in a literal, in which in a figurative, sense?—Change the metaphor in line 141 into a simile.

143–146. **Rebuffed . . . cup.** Is "Rebuffed" used in a literal or in a figurative sense?—Remark on the verbs "gloomed" and "brimmed."—Show the felicity of the simile.

147. **made morn.** Explain.

148. Point out an unpleasantly prosaic phrase in this line.

151. **The sunshine went,** etc. What is the figure of speech?

154. Remark on the simile.

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

7. The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight—
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND.

1. Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold* and hill-top bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—159–173. **The leper . . . before.** Point out the antithesis in this stanza; the aphorisms. — Is there any verb to which "he" (line 166) is subject? (Of course, as "he" will not *parse*, it must in strict grammar be condemned as a solecism.) In what line is the thought brought fully out?—Point out a metaphor in this stanza.

174–239. To what is the Prelude to Part Second a companion piece? Remark on the two.

174–180. **Down . . . bare.** Point out an instance of synecdoche in this stanza. —Etymology of "wold" (176)?

2. The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight.

3. Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one.

4. No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter-palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 181–210. **The little brook . . . frost.** The narrative description in these stanzas presents a good example of an exercise of fancy, as contrasted with a work of imagination. Select what you deem the most graceful strokes of fancy; the most picturesque epithets or expressions.—Explain "crypt" (190); "relief" (195); "arabesques" (196).

184. **groined.** Quote Emerson's use of this verb in the poem of *The Problem*.

5. Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas grow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule*-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

6. But the wind without was eager and sharp,
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,
Singing, in dreary monotone,
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"

7. The voice of the seneschal* flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window-slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—211–224. **Within . . . deer.** How is the picture of winter dreariness in lines 174–180 intensified by the picture in stanza 5?—Point out a personification; a simile.—Explain "corbel" (213); "Yule" (216).—What is meant by "the soot-forest's tangled darks" (223)?

225–232. **But . . . shelterless!** What, again, is the effect of the juxtaposition of the pictures in stanzas 5 and 6?—Point out a metaphor in stanza 6, and state what you think of it as a figure.

233. **flared like a torch.** State your opinion of the propriety of this as a predicate to "voice."

233–239. **The voice . . . cold.** Point out a striking predicate in stanza 7.

PART SECOND.

1. There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

2. Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked* of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

3. Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbéd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago:
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—240. **never.** Grammatical construction?
243. **For . . . spun.** What is the figure of speech?
247–249. **As . . . sea.** What is the figure of speech?
250. **hard gate.** Explain.
259. **idle mail.** What is the figure of speech?
264–272. **He sees . . . palms.** Enumerate the details of the picture.—Specify any word used in a figurative sense.—Explain line 271.

As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

4. "For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone
That cowers beside him—a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas—
In the desolate horror of his disease.

5. And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

6. Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink:

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—273–279. **For . . . disease.** Who speaks in line 273? —Point out a powerful simile in this stanza.

288–297. **Then . . . drink.** Explain line 288.—By what figure of speech is "leprosie" used for the leper? Translate into plain language the figurative expression "girt his young life up" (292).

'Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

7. As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.
His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,

8. "Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 298–301. **'Twas . . . soul.** Point out the paradox, and reconcile the statements.

302–314. **As . . . said.** In stanza 7 point out a simile; a metaphor.—Explain the allusion in the "Beautiful Gate" (307).—For what word is "brine" (311) used by synecdoche?

315–327. Point out the two noblest lines in stanza 8.

9. Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

10. The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise:
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round.
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 334–347. **The castle . . . he.** Paraphrase the last stanza.

XXXIX.

GEORGE ELIOT (Mrs. G. H. Lewes).

1820.

CHARACTERIZATION BY R. H. HUTTON.

1. The great authoress who calls herself George Eliot is chiefly known, and no doubt deserves to be chiefly known, as a novelist, but she is certainly much more than a novelist in the sense in which that word applies even to writers of great genius—to Miss Austen or Mr. Trollope; nay, much more than a novelist in the sense in which that word applies to Miss Brontë, or even to Thackeray; though it is of course true, in relation to all these writers, that, besides being much more, she is also and necessarily not so much.

2. What is remarkable in George Eliot is the striking combination in her of very deep speculative power with a very great and realistic imagination. It is rare to find an intellect so skilled in the analysis of the deepest psychological problems, so completely at home in the conception and delineation of real characters. George Eliot discusses the practical influences acting on men and women, I do not say with the *ease* of Fielding—for there is a touch of carefulness, often of over-carefulness, in all she does—but with much of his breadth and spaciousness; the breadth and spaciousness, one must remember, of a man who had seen London life in the capacity of a London police magistrate. Nay, her imagination has, I do not say of course the fertility, but something of the range and the delight in rich historic coloring, of Sir Walter Scott's; while it combines with it something too of the pleasure in ordered learning, and the laborious marshalling of the picturesque results of learning which gives the flavor of scholastic pride to the great genius of Milton. . . .

3. George Eliot's genial, broad delineations of human life have, as I said just now, more perhaps of the breadth of Fielding than of any of the manners-painters of the present day. For these imagine life only as it appears in a certain dress and sphere, which are a kind of artificial medium for their art—life as affected by drawing-rooms. George Eliot has little, if any, of their capacity for catching the undertones and allusive complexity of this sort of society. She has, however, observed the phases of a more natural and straightforward class of life, and she draws her external world as much as possible from observation—though some of her Florentine pictures must have been suggested more by literary study than by personal experience—instead of *imagining* it, like Miss Brontë, out of the heart of the characters she wishes to paint. . . .

4. Another element in which George Eliot shows the masculine breadth and strength of her genius adds less to the charm of her tales,—I mean the shrewdness and miscellaneous range of her observations on life. Nothing is rarer than to see in women's writings that kind of strong acute generalization which Fielding introduced so freely. Yet the miscellaneous observations in which George Eliot so often indulges us, after the fashion of the day, are not always well suited to the particular bent of her genius; indeed, they often break the spell which that genius has laid upon her readers. She is not a satirist, and she half adopts the style of a satirist in these elements of her books. The influence of Thackeray had at first a distinctly bad effect on her genius, but in *Silas Marner* that influence began to wane, and quite disappeared in *Romola*, though I think it reappeared a little in *Felix Holt*. A powerful and direct style of portraiture is in ill-keeping with that flavor of sarcastic innuendo in which Thackeray delighted. It jars upon the ear in the midst of the simple and faithful delineations of human nature as it really is, with which George Eliot fills her books. It was all very well for Thackeray, who made it his main aim and business to expose the hollowness and insincerities of human society, to add his own keen comment to his own one-sided picture. But then it was of the essence of his genius to lay bare unrealities, and leave the sound life almost untouched. It was rather a relief than otherwise to see him playing with his dissecting-knife after

one of his keenest probing feats; you understand better how limited his purpose is—that he has been in search of organic disease—and you are not surprised, therefore, to find that he has found little that was healthy.

5. The artistic conditions under which George Eliot works are, when she chooses, singularly favorable to the exhibition of the only kind of "moral" which a genuine artist should admit. No one now ever thinks of assuming that a writer of fiction lies under any obligation to dispose of his characters exactly as he would perhaps feel inclined to do if he could determine for them the circumstances of a real instead of an imaginary life. It was a quaint idea of the last generation to suppose that the moral tendency of a tale lay, not in discriminating evil and good, but in the zeal which induced the novelist to provide, before the end of the third volume, for plucking up and burning the tares. But, though we have got over that notion, our modern satirists are leading us into the opposite extreme, and trying to convince us that even discrimination itself, in such deep matters, is nearly impossible. The author of the *Mill on the Floss* is hardly exempt from this tendency, but in *Adam Bede* it is not discernible.

6. The only moral in a fictitious story which can properly be demanded of writers of genius is, *not* to shape their tale this way or that—which they may justly decline to do on artistic grounds—but to discriminate clearly the relative nobility of the characters they do conceive; in other words, to give us light enough in their pictures to let it be clearly seen where the shadows are intended to lie. An artist who leaves it doubtful whether he recognizes the distinction between good and evil at all, or who detects in all his characters so much evil that the readers' sympathies must either be entirely passive or side with what is evil, is blind to artistic as well as moral laws. To banish confusion from a picture is the first duty of the artist, and confusion must exist where those lines which are the most essential of all for determining the configuration of human character are invisible or indistinctly drawn. Moreover, I think it may be said that in painting human nature an artist is bound to give due weight to the motives which would claim authority over him in other acts of his life; and as he would be bound at any time and in any place to do anything in his power to make clear the

relation between good and evil, the same motive ought to induce him never to omit in his drawing to put in a light or a shadow which would add to the moral truthfulness of the picture.

FROM ROMOLA.

[INTRODUCTION. — The following is an extract from *Romola*, the most scholarly of George Eliot's novels. It finely depicts the internal conflicts and gradual yielding to temptation of a pleasure-loving, vacillating, but in some respects not unamiable nature.]

Tito was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and, besides convincing fair judges that his talents* squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so easily and unpretentiously that no one had yet been offended by it. He was not unlikely to get into the best Florentine society—society where there was much more plate than the circle of enamelled silver in the centre of the brass dishes, and where it was not forbidden by the signory* to wear the richest brocade. For where could a handsome young scholar not be welcome when he could touch the lute and troll a gay song? That bright face, that easy smile, that liquid voice, seemed to give life a holiday aspect; just as a strain of gay music and the hoisting of colors make the work-worn and the sad rather ashamed of showing themselves. Here was a professor likely to render the Greek classics amiable to the sons of great houses.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune; for he had sold all his jewels, except the ring he did not choose to part with, and he was master of full five hundred gold florins.*

Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humored nature had known. An importunate thought, of which

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–15. **Tito . . . houses.** In this paragraph point out three metaphors and a simile.—What is meant by "his talents squared with his good fortune?"—Change the third sentence from the interrogative to the declarative form. Which is the more effective?

21–26. **An importunate . . . consequences.** What is the figure of speech? Show how the metaphor is carried out.—Substitute a single adjective for the clause "that must carry irrevocable consequences."

he had till now refused to see more than the shadow as it dogged his footsteps, at last rushed upon him and grasped him: he was obliged to pause and decide whether he would surrender and obey, or whether he would give the refusal that must carry irrevocable consequences. It was in the room above Nello's shop, which Tito had now hired as a lodging, that the elder Cennini handed him the last quota* of the sum on behalf of Bernardo Rucellai, the purchaser of the Cleopatra.

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As Cennini closed the door behind him, Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"—who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this midday sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts and with the most passionate heart; a man who, long years ago, had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted because he was not deft and active—if he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me: he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of promised love and prosperity: I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain.* But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel on its way to Delos: *that* was known by the report of the companion galley,

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—30–32. **As . . . lay.** What felicitous phrase in this sentence?

37–51. **If now . . . sake?** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically? Analyze this sentence.

which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them among all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumor that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice; get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins on preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again, and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain—yes, if I were certain that Baldassarre Calvo was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now —now I have the money: it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolommeo Scala and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth he was aware there would have been no alternative for him but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself, what he was not ignorant of, that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—59-61. Substitute synonyms for the following italicized words: "He had good *cause* for *feeling* the *omnipresence* of *casualties* that *threatened* all *projects* with *futility*."

69-89. **Tito . . . virtue.** This paragraph, with the preceding and several subsequent paragraphs, illustrates the tendency of George Eliot to subjective narration (see Def. **7, i** and **ii**). She frequently, as here, allows action to cease while she dissects character, and lays bare hidden motives.

again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard *that* as an exceptional virtue.

This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true, the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassarre, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome.* Baldassarre was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations; and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition—may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervor from novelty will be of little help towards making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distils perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind?

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—87, 88. **crowned and mitred heads.** What is the figure of speech? Change into plain language.

90–94. **This . . . concealment.** Break up into two sentences, uniting by a connective the last two members in one sentence.

100. **had got stranger as he got older.** Query as to the diction.

106–108. **Such . . . feet.** What kind of sentence rhetorically? Change into the direct order. What word in this sentence is used figuratively?

108–113. **The feelings . . . tenderness.** Express this sentence in your own words. Point out a word used metaphorically.

Far in the backward vista* of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassarre had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened Paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassarre's knee; and from that time till the hour they had parted Tito had been the one centre of Baldassarre's fatherly cares.

Well, he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright, lovely boy; a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labor—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession: the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable good-humor in them. And then the quick talent, to which everything came readily, from philosophic systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made due return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but *it was not certain* that Baldassarre was in slavery, not certain that he was living.

"Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—115–121. **Far . . . cares.** What adverbial phrase and clause modify "had rescued?"—What simile in this sentence?—Grammatical construction of "had" (118)?

122, 123. **docile . . . acquire.** Discriminate between "docile" and "pliable." Is there any difference of meaning between "quick of apprehension" and "ready to acquire?" May a charge of tautology here be justly made?

124. **as if.** Query as to this collocation of words.

127–133. **If . . . them.** What is the figure of speech?

133–136. **And . . . hearing!** What kind of sentence grammatically? Express the meaning in full.

138–146. **He . . . dead.** State in your own words the sophism by which Tito imposed on himself.

since he had turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit everything, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins: I will place them in his hands tomorrow."

When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act, he had chosen his color in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain forever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission* than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that by it the hope in lies is forever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in this first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered and interrupted had now concentrated themselves: the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return, and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course; he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—150. **had chosen his color in the game.** What is the figure of speech? On what is the metaphor founded?

151–155. **He . . . concealed.** Of what previous general statement is this the specific expression? Query as to "from henceforth."

156–164. **Under . . . simplicity.** Change into a less metaphysical form of statement.—On what is the metaphor implied in "brood" founded?—Is there any distinction between "infecting" and "contaminating?"

167. **the little rills,** etc. How is the figure carried out?

avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man—a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary* enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.

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Just as Tito reached the Ponte Vecchio and the entrance of the Via de' Bardi, he was suddenly urged back towards the angle of the intersecting streets. A company on horseback, coming from the Via Guicciardini, and turning up the Via de' Bardi, had compelled the foot-passengers to recede hurriedly. Tito had been walking, as his manner was, with the thumb of his right hand resting in his belt; and as he was thus forced to pause, and was looking carelessly at the passing cavaliers,* he felt a very thin cold hand laid on his. He started round, and saw the Dominican friar whose upturned face had so struck him in the morning. Seen closer, the face looked more evidently worn by sickness, and not by age; and again it brought some strong but indefinite reminiscences to Tito.

"Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring," said the friar, in a faint voice—"is not your name Tito Melema?"

"Yes," said Tito, also speaking faintly, doubly jarred by the cold touch and the mystery. He was not apprehensive or timid through his imagination, but through his sensations and perceptions he could easily be made to shrink and turn pale like a maiden.

"Then I shall fulfil my commission."*

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—175. **resurgent presence.** Explain.

181. **showing its blushes.** Express in plain terms.

191. **cavaliers.** Etymology?

200–204. **He . . . commission.** Discriminate between "apprehensive" and "timid;" between "sensation" and "perception;" between "commission" (204) and "commission" (159).

The friar put his hand under his scapulary, and, drawing out a small linen bag which hung round his neck, took from it a bit of parchment, doubled and stuck firmly together with some black adhesive substance, and placed it in Tito's hand. On the outside was written, in Italian, in a small but distinct character—

"*Tito Melema, aged twenty-three, with a dark, beautiful face, long dark curls, the brightest smile, and a large onyx ring on his right forefinger.*"

Tito did not look at the friar, but tremblingly broke open the bit of parchment. Inside, the words were:

"*I am sold for a slave: I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me.*"

Tito looked round at the friar, but could only ask a question with his eyes.

"I had it at Corinth," the friar said, speaking with difficulty, like one whose small strength had been sorely taxed—"I had it from a man who was dying."

"He is dead, then?" said Tito, with a bounding of the heart.

"Not the writer. The man who gave it me was a pilgrim,* like myself, to whom the writer had intrusted it, because he was journeying* to Italy."

"You know the contents?"

"I know them not, but I conjecture them. Your friend is in slavery—you will go and release him. But I cannot say more at present." The friar, whose voice had become feebler and feebler, sank down on the stone bench against the wall from which he had risen to touch Tito's hand.

"I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca."

When Fra Luca had ceased to speak, Tito still stood by him in irresolution, and it was not till, the pressure of the passengers being removed, the friar rose and walked slowly into the church of Santa Felicità, that Tito also went on his way along the Via de' Bardi.

LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 217, 218. **ask a question with his eyes.** Explain. And compare

"Drink to me only *with thine eyes*,
And I will drink with mine."

223. **pilgrim.** Derivation?

"If this monk is a Florentine," he said to himself—"if he is going to remain at Florence, everything must be disclosed." He felt that a new crisis had come; but he was not, for all that, too agitated to pay his visit to Bardo and apologize for his previous non-appearance. Tito's talent for concealment was being fast developed into something less neutral. It was still possible—perhaps it might be inevitable—for him to accept frankly the altered conditions and avow Baldassarre's existence, but hardly without casting an unpleasant light backward on his original reticence as studied equivocation,* in order to avoid the fulfilment of a secretly recognized claim, to say nothing of his quiet settlement of himself and investment of his florins, when, it would be clear, his benefactor's fate had not been certified. It was, at least, provisionally wise to act as if nothing had happened; and, for the present, he would suspend decisive thought: there was all the night for meditation, and no one would know the precise moment at which he had received the letter.

So he entered the room on the second story, where Romola and her father sat among the parchment and the marble, aloof from the life of the streets on holidays as well as on common days, with a face just a little less bright than usual, from regret at appearing so late—a regret which wanted no testimony, since he had given up the sight of the Corso in order to express it—and then set himself to throw extra animation into the evening, though all the while his consciousness was at work like a machine with complex action, leaving deposits quite distinct from the line of talk; and, by the time he descended the stone stairs and issued from the grim door in the starlight, his mind had really reached a new stage in its formation of a purpose.

And when, the next day, after he was free from his professorial work, he turned up the Via del Cocomero towards the Convent of San Marco, his purpose was fully shaped. He was going to ascertain from Fra Luca precisely how much he conject-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS. — 242, 243. **was being fast developed.** Improve the form of expression.

247. **equivocation.** Derivation?

255–266. **So . . . purpose.** Observe the remarkable concentration of thought in this sentence.

ured of the truth, and on what grounds he conjectured it; and, further, how long he was to remain at San Marco. And on that fuller knowledge he hoped to mould a statement which would in any case save him from the necessity of quitting Florence. Tito had never had occasion to fabricate* an ingenious lie before: the occasion was come now—the occasion which circumstance never fails to beget on tacit falsity; and his ingenuity was ready. For he had convinced himself that he was not bound to go in search of Baldassarre. He had once said that on a fair assurance of his father's existence and whereabouts he would unhesitatingly go after him. But, after all, *why* was he bound to go? What, looked at closely, was the end of all life but to extract the utmost sum of pleasure? And was not his own blooming life a promise of incomparably more pleasure, not for himself only, but for others, than the withered, wintry life of a man who was past the time of keen enjoyment, and whose ideas had stiffened into barren rigidity? Those ideas had all been sown in the fresh soil of Tito's mind, and were lively germs there; that was the proper order of things—the order of Nature, which treats all maturity as a mere nidus* for youth. Baldassarre had done his work, had had his draught of life: Tito said it was *his* turn now.

And the prospect was so vague: "I think they are going to take me to Antioch." Here was a vista! After a long voyage, to spend months, perhaps years, in a search for which even now there was no guarantee that it would not prove vain; and to leave behind at starting a life of distinction and love; and to find, if he found anything, the old exacting companionship which was known by rote beforehand. Certainly the gems, and therefore the florins, were, in a sense, Baldassarre's — in the narrow sense by which the right of possession is determined in ordinary affairs; but in that larger and more radically natural view by which the world belongs to youth and strength, they were

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—274–277. **Tito . . . ready.** What does circumstance never fail "to beget on tacit falsity?" Explain the expression "tacit falsity."

277–291. **For . . . now.** State in your own words the conclusion that Tito had now reached, and the process by which he reached it.

298–326. **Certainly . . . themselves?** Express briefly the self-imposed sophistries of Tito.—Explain "A mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions" (308, 309).—Point out a metaphor in this passage.

rather his who could extract the most pleasure out of them. That, he was conscious, was not the sentiment which the complicated play of human feelings had engendered in society. The men around him would expect that he should immediately apply those florins to his benefactor's rescue. But what was the sentiment of society? A mere tangle of anomalous traditions and opinions, that no wise man would take as a guide, except so far as his own comfort was concerned. Not that he cared for the florins, save, perhaps, for Romola's sake: he would give up the florins readily enough. It was the joy that was due to him and was close to his lips, which he felt he was not bound to thrust away from him and travel on thirsting. Any maxims that required a man to fling away the good that was needed to make existence sweet were only the lining of human selfishness turned outward: they were made by men who wanted others to sacrifice themselves for their sake. He would rather that Baldassarre should not suffer; he liked no one to suffer: but could any philosophy prove to him that he was bound to care for another's suffering more than for his own? To do so, he must have loved Baldassarre devotedly, and he did *not* love him. Was that his own fault? Gratitude! seen closely, it made no valid claim. His father's life would have been dreary without him. Are we convicted of a debt to men for the pleasures they give themselves?

Having once begun to explain away Baldassarre's claim, Tito's thought showed itself as active as a virulent acid, eating its rapid way through all the tissues of sentiment. His mind was destitute of that dread which has been erroneously decried as if it were nothing higher than a man's animal care for his own skin: that awe of the Divine Nemesis* which was felt by religious pagans, and, though it took a more positive form under Christianity, is still felt by the mass of mankind simply as a vague fear at anything which is called wrong-doing. Such terror of the unseen is so far above mere sensual cowardice that it will annihi-

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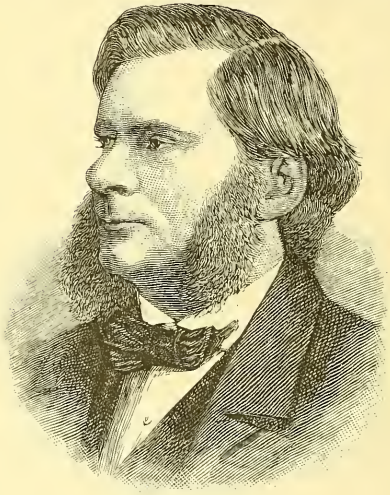
Literary Analysis.—327–347. In the last paragraph select all the words of classical origin. It may be noted that George Eliot employs a large proportion of words of classical origin, only about eighty per cent. of her vocabulary being of Anglo-Saxon origin. Account for this from her intellectual traits.

late that cowardice: it is the initial recognition of a moral law restraining desire, and checks the hard, bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling. "It is good," sing the old Eumenides* in Æschylus, "that fear should sit as the guardian of the soul, forcing it into wisdom—good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else, how shall they learn to revere the right?" That guardianship may become needless; but only when all outward law has become needless—only when duty and love have united in one stream and made a common force.

XL.

THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

1825.



THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT IN MODERN THOUGHT.

[Introduction.—The following extracts form the greater part of Huxley's lay sermon *On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge.* The writings of Huxley furnish, perhaps, the most striking illustration of the mod-

ern union of science with literature, a union that commends science to the great laity by a flowing treatment and the graces of style.]

1. This time two hundred years ago—in the beginning of January, 1666—those of our forefathers who inhabited this great and ancient city took breath between the shocks of two fearful calamities:* one not quite past, although its fury had abated; the other to come.

2. Within a few yards of the very spot on which we are assembled, so the tradition runs, that painful and deadly malady, the plague, appeared in the latter months of 1664; and, though no new visitor, smote the people of England, and especially of her capital, with a violence unknown before, in the course of the following year. The hand of a master has pictured what happened in those dismal months; and in that truest of fictions, *The History of the Plague Year*, Defoe shows Death, with every accompaniment of pain and terror, stalking through the narrow streets of old London, and changing their busy hum into a silence broken only by the wailing of the mourners of fifty thousand dead; by the woful denunciations and mad prayers of fanatics; and by the madder yells of despairing profligates.

3. But, about this time in 1666, the death-rate had sunk to nearly its ordinary amount; a case of plague occurred only here and there, and the richer citizens who had flown from the pest had returned to their dwellings. The remnant of the people

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—1–31. Paragraphs 1–4 form the introduction to the essay: to what class of composition does this exordium belong? (See Def. 7.)—The pupil will observe the skill with which an exposition strictly scientific is introduced in such a way as to challenge the attention of non-scientific, or *lay*, readers.

1–5. **This . . . come.** What kind of sentence rhetorically? (See Def. 58.)—Grammatical construction of "time?" (See Swinton's *New English Grammar*, p. 105, ix.) By "this great . . . city," London will, of course, be understood.—What is the figure in "took breath?" (See Def. 20.)—Derivation of "calamity?"

13, 14. **Death . . . stalking,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. 22.)

16, 17. **fifty thousand dead.** Observe the effectiveness of the use of a specific number, in contrast with the method of indefinite statement, as *many thousands of dead, myriads of dead*, etc.

19. **this time in 1666:** i. e., in January, 1666.

began to toil at the accustomed round of duty or of pleasure; and the stream of city life bid fair to flow back along its old bed, with renewed and uninterrupted vigor.

4. The newly kindled hope was deceitful. The great plague, indeed, returned no more; but what it had done for the Londoners, the great fire, which broke out in the autumn of 1666, did for London; and, in September of that year, a heap of ashes and the indestructible energy of the people were all that remained of the glory of five sixths of the city within the walls.

5. Our forefathers had their own ways of accounting for each of these calamities. They submitted to the plague in humility and in penitence, for they believed it to be the judgment of God. But towards the fire they were furiously indignant, interpreting it as the effect of the malice of man,—as the work of the Republicans, or of the Papists, according as their prepossessions ran in favor of loyalty or of Puritanism.

6. It would, I fancy, have fared but ill with one who, standing where I now stand, in what was then a thickly peopled and fashionable part of London, should have broached to our ancestors the doctrine which I now propound to you—that all their hypotheses were alike wrong; that the plague was no more, in their sense, Divine judgment, than the fire was the work of any political, or of any religious, sect; but that they were themselves the authors of both plague and fire, and that they must look to themselves to prevent the recurrence of calamities, to all appearance so peculiarly beyond the reach of human control—so evidently the result of the wrath of God or of the craft and subtlety of an enemy. . . .

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—24. **the stream,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**) Show how the metaphor is carried out.

26–31. **The . . . walls.** In that delicate art, the transition from paragraph to paragraph, Huxley rivals Macaulay. An illustration is presented in paragraph 4, in which the anticipative thought in the previous paragraph is generalized in the first sentence, and specialized in the second.

35. **But towards the fire,** etc. Remark on the order of words, with reference to the object of emphasis.

39–50. **It . . . enemy.** The sentence constituting paragraph 4 should be studied both as regards structure and matter: it is a fine example of the maximum of thought in the minimum of words.

7. Some twenty years before the outbreak of the plague, a few calm and thoughtful students banded themselves together for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "improving natural knowledge." The ends they proposed to attain cannot be stated more clearly than in the words of one of the founders of the organization: "Our business was (precluding matters of theology and state affairs) to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries, and such as related thereunto:—as Physick, Anatomy, Geometry, Astronomy, Navigation, Staticks, Magneticks, Chymicks, Mechanicks, and Natural Experiments; with the state of these studies and their cultivation at home and abroad. We then discoursed of the circulation of the blood, the valves in the veins, the *venæ lacteæ*, the lymphatic vessels, the Copernican hypothesis, the nature of comets and new stars, the satellites of Jupiter, the oval shape (as it then appeared) of Saturn, the spots on the sun and its turning on its own axis, the inequalities and selenography* of the moon, the several phases of Venus and Mercury, the improvement of telescopes and grinding of glasses for that purpose, the weight of air, the possibility or impossibility of vacuities and nature's abhorrence thereof, the Torricellian experiment in quicksilver, the descent of heavy bodies and the degree of acceleration therein, with divers other things of like nature, some of which were then but new discoveries, and others not so generally known and embraced as now they are; with other things appertaining to what hath been called the New Philosophy, which, from the times of Galileo at Florence, and Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam) in England, hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany, and other parts abroad, as well as with us in England." The learned Dr. Wallis, writing in 1696, narrates, in these words, what happened half a century before, or about 1645. The associates met at Oxford, in the rooms of Dr. Wilkins, who was destined to become a bishop; and sub-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—51–54. **Some . . . knowledge.** What kind of sentence rhetorically? Change into the direct order.

58–60. **as Physick . . . Experiments.** The author is here citing, *verbatim et literatim*, the language used by Dr. Wallis in setting forth the aims and procedure of the Royal Society: pupils will give the modern orthography and forms of words. The whole paragraph deserves careful study as outlining the state of science in the middle of the 17th century.

sequently coming together in London, they attracted the notice of the king. . . .

8. Thus it was that the half-dozen young men, studious of the "New Philosophy," who met in one another's lodgings in Oxford or in London, in the middle of the seventeenth century, grew in numerical and in real strength, until, in its latter part, the "Royal Society for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge" had already become famous, and had acquired a claim upon the veneration of Englishmen, which it has ever since retained, as the principal focus* of scientific activity in our islands, and the chief champion of the cause it was formed to support.

9. It was by the aid of the Royal Society that Newton published his *Principia*. If all the books in the world except the Philosophical Transactions were destroyed, it is safe to say that the foundations of physical science would remain unshaken, and that the vast intellectual progress of the last two centuries would be largely, though incompletely, recorded. Nor have any signs of halting or of decrepitude* manifested themselves in our own times. As in Dr. Wallis's days, so in these, "our business is, precluding theology and state affairs, to discourse and consider of philosophical enquiries." But our "Mathematick" is one which Newton would have to go to school to learn; our "Staticks, Mechanicks, Magneticks, Chymicks, and Natural Experiments" constitute a mass of physical and chemical knowledge, a glimpse at which would compensate Galileo for the doings of a score of inquisitorial cardinals; our "Physick" and "Anatomy" have embraced such infinite varieties of being, have laid open such new worlds in time and space, have grappled, not un-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—89. **Royal Society**, etc. Note that the designation of the "Royal Society" suggests the title of Huxley's essay.

92. **focus.** Etymology?

94, 95. **Newton . . . Principia.** Write a short biographical sketch of Newton, and state briefly the subject of the *Principia*.

95–99. **If . . . recorded.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically?—On what is the metaphor in "foundations . . . unshaken" based?

104. **would have to go**, etc. What inference do you draw from this respecting the advance of mathematics?

107, 108. **Galileo . . . cardinals.** Explain the historical allusion.

successfully, with such complex problems, that the eyes of Vesalius and of Harvey might be dazzled by the sight of the tree that has grown out of their grain of mustard seed. . . .

10. We have learned that pestilences will only take up their abode among those who have prepared unswept and ungarnished residences for them. Their cities must have narrow, unwatered streets, foul with accumulated garbage.* Their houses must be ill-drained, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated. Their subjects must be ill-washed, ill-fed, ill-clothed. The London of 1665 was such a city. The cities of the East, where plague has an enduring dwelling, are such cities. We, in later times, have learned somewhat of Nature, and partly obey her. Because of this partial improvement of our natural knowledge and of that fractional obedience, we have no plague; because that knowledge is still very imperfect and that obedience yet incomplete, typhus* is our companion and cholera* our visitor. But it is not presumptuous to express the belief that, when our knowledge is more complete and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, London will count her centuries of freedom from typhus and cholera, as she now gratefully reckons her two hundred years of ignorance of that plague which swooped upon her thrice in the first half of the seventeenth century.

11. Surely, there is nothing in these explanations which is not fully borne out by the facts? Surely, the principles involved in them are now admitted among the fixed beliefs of all thinking

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—111, 112. **of Vesalius.** Who was Vesalius, and what contribution to anatomy did he make? Who was Harvey, and what great truth did he demonstrate?

112, 113. **tree that has grown,** etc. What is the allusion?

115. **unswept,** etc. What is the allusion?

116. **Their cities.** Explain.

117. **garbage.** Etymology?

122–126. **Because . . . visitor.** Separate into two sentences.—Etymology of "cholera?"

128. **London will count,** etc. What form of metonymy is this? (See Def. 29, 4.)

133–140. **Surely . . . them?** To what type, grammatically considered, do these sentences belong? What is the effect of the use of the interrogative form? Change to the declarative form, and note if equal effectiveness would be attained.

men? Surely, it is true that our countrymen are less subject to fire, famine, pestilence, and all the evils which result from a want of command over and due anticipation of the course of Nature, than were the countrymen of Milton; and health, wealth, and well-being are more abundant with us than with them? But no less certainly is the difference due to the improvement of our knowledge of Nature, and the extent to which that improved knowledge has been incorporated with the household words of men, and has supplied the springs of their daily actions.

12. Granting for a moment, then, the truth of that which the depreciators of natural knowledge are so fond of urging, that its improvement can only add to the resources of our material civilization; admitting it to be possible that the founders of the Royal Society themselves looked for no other reward than this, I cannot confess that I was guilty of exaggeration* when I hinted that to him who had the gift of distinguishing between prominent events and important events, the origin of a combined effort on the part of mankind to improve natural knowledge might have loomed larger than the Plague and have outshone the glare of the Fire; as a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance.

13. It is very certain that, for every victim slain by the Plague, hundreds of mankind exist, and find a fair share of happiness in the world, by the aid of the spinning-jenny.* And the Great Fire, at its worst, could not have burned the supply of coal, the daily working of which, in the bowels of the earth, made possible by the steam-pump, gives rise to an amount of wealth to which the millions lost in old London are but as an old song.

14. But spinning-jenny and steam-pump are, after all, but

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—144. **has supplied.** What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

145–157. **Granting . . . insignificance.** To what class rhetorically does this fine sentence belong? (See Def. **58.**)—Etymology of "exaggeration" (150)? —What do you take to be the distinction between "*prominent* events and *important* events" (151, 152)?

154. **and have outshone,** etc. What is the figure of speech? (See Def. **20.**)

160. **spinning-jenny.** Etymology? Who invented this machine? Give a brief sketch of his life.

toys, possessing an accidental value; and natural knowledge creates multitudes of more subtle* contrivances, the praises of which do not happen to be sung because they are not directly convertible into instruments for creating wealth. . . .

15. I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of Nature: when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow, he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return; while if he offered him a fruit, he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. Listen to words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old:

> ". . . When in heaven the stars about the moon
> Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
> And every height comes out, and jutting peak
> And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
> Break open to their highest, and all the stars
> Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart."

If the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow,—the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—170–181. **I . . . exchange.** What kind of sentence grammatically?

182–184. **outlines . . . sketched.** What figure is here implied? (See Def. 20.)

184, 185. **germ . . . bud.** What is the figure? On what is the metaphor founded?

195. **that brief gladness.** What "brief gladness?"

so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of the higher theologies.

16. Thus it seems impossible to imagine but that the foundations of all knowledge, secular or sacred, were laid when intelligence dawned, though the superstructure remained for long ages so slight and feeble as to be compatible with the existence of almost any general view respecting the mode of governance of the universe. No doubt, from the first, there were certain phenomena which, to the rudest mind, presented a constancy of occurrence, and suggested that a fixed order ruled, at any rate, among them. I doubt if the grossest of fetich*-worshippers ever imagined that a stone must have a god within it to make it fall, or that a fruit had a god within it to make it taste sweet. With regard to such matters as these, it is hardly questionable that mankind from the first took strictly positive and scientific views.

17. But, with respect to all the less familiar occurrences which present themselves, uncultured man, no doubt, has always taken himself as the standard of comparison, as the centre and measure of the world; nor could he well avoid doing so. And finding that his apparently uncaused will has a powerful effect in giving rise to many occurrences, he naturally enough ascribed other and greater events to other and greater volitions, and came to look upon the world, and all that therein is, as the product of the volitions of persons like himself, but stronger, and capable of being appeased or angered, as he himself might be soothed or irritated. Through such conceptions of the plan and working of the universe all mankind have passed, or are passing.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—200–204. **But . . . theologies.** Arrange in the direct order.—In this sentence point out an example of oxymoron.

205–210. **Thus . . . universe.** In this sentence what word carries out the figure in "foundations?"

213. **fetich.** Etymology?

218–221. **But . . . so.** What kind of sentence grammatically? Rhetorically?

And we may now consider what has been the effect of the improvement of natural knowledge on the views of men who have reached this stage, and who have begun to cultivate natural knowledge with no desire but that of "increasing God's honor and bettering man's estate."

18. For example: what could seem wiser, from a mere material point of view, more innocent, from a theological one, to an ancient people, than that they should learn the exact succession of the seasons, as warnings for their husbandmen; or the position of the stars, as guides to their rude navigators? But what has grown out of this search for natural knowledge of so merely useful a character? You all know the reply. Astronomy,*—which of all sciences has filled men's minds with general ideas of a character most foreign to their daily experience, and has, more than any other, rendered it impossible for them to accept the beliefs of their fathers. Astronomy,—which tells them that this so vast and seemingly solid earth is but an atom* among atoms, whirling, no man knows whither, through illimitable space; which demonstrates that what we call the peaceful heaven above us is but that space, filled by an infinitely subtle matter whose particles are seething and surging, like the waves of an angry sea; which opens up to us infinite regions where nothing is known, or ever seems to have been known, but matter and force, operating according to rigid rules; which leads us to contemplate phenomena the very nature of which demonstrates that they must have had a beginning and that they must have an end, but the very nature of which also proves that the beginning was, to our conceptions of time, infinitely remote, and that the end is as immeasurably distant.

19. But it is not alone those who pursue astronomy who ask for bread and receive ideas. What more harmless than the attempt to lift and distribute water by pumping it; what more absolutely and grossly utilitarian? But out of pumps grew the

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—232. **this stage.** What "stage?"

241. **Astronomy.** Derivation?

244, 245. **the beliefs of their fathers.** Show how this is expanded in the subsequent part of the paragraph.

246. **atom.** Derivation?

259, 260. **ask for bread,** etc. What is the allusion?

discussions about Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; and then it was discovered that Nature does not abhor a vacuum, but that air has weight; and that notion paved the way for the doctrine that all matter has weight, and that the force which produces weight is coextensive with the universe,—in short, to the theory of universal gravitation and endless force; while learning how to handle gases led to the discovery of oxygen,* and to modern chemistry, and to the notion of the indestructibility of matter.

20. Again, what simpler, or more absolutely practical, than the attempt to keep the axle of a wheel from heating when the wheel turns round very fast? How useful for carters and gig-drivers to know something about this; and how good were it, if any ingenious person would find out the cause of such phenomena, and thence educe a general remedy for them! Such an ingenious person was Count Rumford; and he and his successors have landed us in the theory of the persistence, or indestructibility, of force. And in the infinitely minute, as in the infinitely great, the seekers after natural knowledge, of the kinds called physical and chemical, have everywhere found a definite order and succession of events which seem never to be infringed.

21. And how has it fared with "Physick" and Anatomy? Have the anatomist, the physiologist, or the physician, whose business it has been to devote themselves assiduously to that eminently practical and direct end, the alleviation of the sufferings of mankind,—have they been able to confine their vision more absolutely to the strictly useful? I fear they are worst offenders of all. For if the astronomer has set before us the infinite magnitude of space, and the practical eternity of the duration of the universe; if the physical and chemical philosophers have demonstrated the infinite minuteness of its constituent parts, and the practical eternity of matter and of force; and if both have alike proclaimed the universality of a definite and predicable order and succession of events, the workers in biol-

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LITERARY ANALYSIS.—269. **oxygen.** Etymology?

271–282. How many sentences in paragraph 20? To what type, grammatically and rhetorically, does each sentence belong?—Who was Count Rumford (277)?

284, 285. **Have . . . themselves,** etc. Query as to the plural number.

289–297. **For . . . own.** What kind of sentence rhetorically?

ogy have not only accepted all these, but have added more startling theses of their own. For, as the astronomers discover in the earth no centre of the universe, but an eccentric speck, so the naturalists find man to be no centre of the living world, but one amidst endless modifications of life; and as the astronomer observes the mark of practically endless time set upon the arrangements of the solar system, so the student of life finds the records of ancient forms of existence peopling the world for ages, which, in relation to human experience, are infinite. Furthermore, the physiologist finds life to be as dependent for its manifestation on particular molecular arrangements as any physical or chemical phenomenon; and, wherever he extends his researches, fixed order and unchanging causation reveal themselves, as plainly as in the rest of Nature. . . .

22. Such are a few of the new conceptions implanted in our minds by the improvement of natural knowledge. Men have acquired the ideas of the practically infinite extent of the universe and of its practical eternity; they are familiar with the conception that our earth is but an infinitesimal fragment of that part of the universe which can be seen; and that, nevertheless, its duration is, as compared with our standards of time, infinite. They have further acquired the idea that man is but one of innumerable forms of life now existing in the globe, and that the present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors. Moreover, every step they have made in natural knowledge has tended to extend and rivet in their minds the conception of a definite order of the universe—which is embodied in what are called, by an unhappy metaphor, the laws of Nature—and to narrow the range and loosen the force of men's belief in spontaneity, or in changes other than such as arise out of that definite order itself.

23. Whether these ideas are well or ill founded is not the question. No one can deny that they exist, and have been the inevitable outgrowth of the improvement of natural knowledge. And if so, it cannot be doubted that they are changing the form of men's most cherished and most important convictions.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.—310–326. **Such . . . itself.** In paragraph 22 select all the words of classical origin.

GLOSSARY.

ABBREVIATIONS.

adj., adjective.
A.-S., Anglo-Saxon.
Fr., French.
gen., genitive.
Ger., German.
Goth., Gothic.
Gr., Greek.
Heb., Hebrew.
It., Italian.
Lat., Latin.
L. Lat., Low (*i. e.* mediæval) Latin.
lit., literally.
n., noun.
O. Eng., Old English.
O. Fr., Old French.
p. p., past participle.
pers., person.
pl., plural.
sing., singular.
v., verb.

abominable, Lat. *abominabilis*, from *ab* and *omen*, contrary to the omens, foreboding: detestable.

absurd, Lat. *absurdus*, from *ab*, from, and *surdus*, deaf, lit. proceeding from one that is deaf, and hence incongruous: opposed to manifest truth.

absurdity. See *absurd.*

abundance, Lat. *abundantia*, from *ab* and *unda*, a wave; lit. an overflow: an overflowing fulness; plenteousness.

address, *v.*, Fr. *adresser*, from Lat. *dirigere* (*dis* and *regere*), to arrange, set in array: to prepare.

admire, Lat. *admirari*, from *ad* and *mirari*, to wonder at; used by Bacon in its etymological sense.

ado, A.-S. *a*, to, and *do:* bustle, trouble.

aisle, O. Fr. *aisle* (Fr. *aile*), Lat. *ala*, a wing of a building: in Gothic cathedrals and churches, one of the lateral divisions of a building separated from the middle of the nave by two rows of piers.

Albion, an ancient or poetical name of England. The name "Albion" is derived from Lat. *albus*, white, on account of the appearance of England's chalky cliffs.

alchemist, Arabic *al-kimia*, alchemy (which, however, is thought to be ultimately from a Greek root *chemos*, juice, liquid): one who practises alchemy.

ambiguity, Lat. *ambiguus*, from *ambigere* (*amb*, around, and *agere*, to drive), to wander about with irresolute mind: doubtfulness or uncertainty.

ambition, Lat. *ambitio*, from *amb*, around, and *ire*, to go, a going around, especially of candidates in Rome to solicit votes, and hence, primarily, desire for office: an eager desire for honor, superiority, or power.

ambitious. See *ambition.*

Amen, Heb. *amen*, true: an expression used at the end of prayers, and meaning *So be it.*

annuity, L. Lat. *annuitas*, from *annus*, year: a sum of money payable yearly.

anon, *adv.*, A.-S. *an* = in, and *on* = one, that is, in one minute: hence soon.

anonymous, Lat. *anonymus*, from Gr. *anonumos*, without a name (*an*, privative, and *onuma*, name): nameless.

antic, *adj.*, Lat. *antiquus*, old, ancient. Used in this primary sense by Milton. Then, since what is old and old-fashioned is liable to be thought of as odd, it came to mean fantastic, grotesque.

Aphrodite, Gr. *Aphrodite*, the Greek name for Lat. *Venus*, from *aphros*, the foam of the sea. Cupid (Gr. *Eros*) was her son, "her boy."

apothecary, Gr. *apotheke*, repository (from *apo*, away, and *tithenai*, to put): one who sells drugs. In England apothecaries also prescribe for diseases, acting as subphysicians.

apparel, *v.*, Fr. *appareil*, provision, furnishing: to clothe, to attire.

argent, Lat. *argentum*, silver: resembling silver, hence bright.

armistice, Fr. *armistice*, from Lat. *arma*, arms, and *stare*, to stand still: suspension of hostilities by agreement; a truce.

askance, Dutch *schuins*, sideways: obliquely.

astronomy, Gr. *astron*, constellation, star, and *nemein*, to regulate (*nomos*, law or rule): the science which treats of the celestial bodies.

atheist, Gr. *a*, without, *Theos*, God: one who denies the existence of a God.

atom, Gr. *atomos* (*a* = un, and *tomos* = cut): an ultimate, indivisible particle.

atoning, *adj.*, A.-S. *at* and *one:* to cause to be at one, to reconcile. In this transitive use and sense the word is obsolete.

atrabiliar, L. Lat. *atrabiliaris*, from Lat. *atra*, black, and *bilis*, bile: affected with melancholy.

audience, Lat. *audientia*, a hearing, from *audire*, to hear: the act of hearing; admittance to a hearing.

augur, *v.*, Lat. *n. augur*, a Roman officer who pretended to foretell future events by the flight, singing, etc., of birds (*avis*), or by other celestial objects: to betoken. *Augur* differs in meaning from *betoken:* persons or things *augur;* things only *betoken.*

author, Lat. *auctor*, from *augere*, to increase, to produce: the composer of a book.

awe, *n.*, A.-S. *oga* or *aige*, dread: reverential fear.

> SYN. *Awe — dread — reverence.* *Awe* is a mixed feeling of sublimity and fear in view of something great or terrible. *Dread* is strong *personal fear* in view of something terrible. *Reverence* is a strong sentiment of respect, generally mingled slightly with fear.

bane, *v.*, A.-S. *bana*, destruction: to poison. The verb is obsolete.

barb, contracted from *Barbary:* a horse of the Barbary stock noted for speed.

barbarian, Lat. *barbarus*, Gr. *barbaros*, foreign: an uncivilized person.

bass, Fr. *basse*, deep, low: deep or grave in sound.

bay, *v.*, Fr. *aboyer*, to bark: to bark at.

beam, A.-S. *beam*, a beam: a shaft of rays.

bedight. See *dight.*

beholding, beholden (= *holden*, i. e. held or bound in gratitude): obliged. "Beholding" is the all but uni-

form spelling in the early copies of Shakespeare, though the more correct form *beholden* was in use before that poet's time.

bestead, A.-S. *be* and *stead*, to help, assist: to help, avail.

betwixt, A.-S. *betwixt*, from *be*, by, and *twig*, two: between.

bombast, Lat. *bombax*, the cotton-plant. As "bombast" was originally used for stuffing out clothes, it passed by metaphor to mean swollen or inflated language.

boon, Lat. *bonus*, good, lit. that which is asked as a benefit: a gift, a grant.

bower, from A.-S. *bur*, a cottage. In this literal sense it is used by Milton, and not in its modern meaning of an arbor. It had also in early times the signification of a chamber or lodging-place; and in this sense the word is used by Gray.

bridegroom, A.-S. *brydguma*, a man newly married or about to be married.

buffoon, Fr. *bouffon*, from *bouffer*, to puff out, because the buffoons puffed out their cheeks: a mountebank, clown.

bully, *v.*, O. Eng. *bully*, to boil: to act the part of a bully, a blustering fellow.

butler, O. Fr. *bouteillier*, from *bouteille*, a bottle, lit. a bottle-bearer or cupbearer: a servant or officer in a household whose principal business is to take charge of the liquors, plate, etc.

buttress, Fr. *bouter*, to push, to butt: a projecting support to the exterior of a wall.

cadence, Lat. *cadentia*, from *cadere*, to fall: a regular fall or modulation of sound.

calamity, Lat. *calamitas*, loss, misfortune, injury, lit. the injury of crops, from *calemus*, reed, any straw of grain, stalk, blade: an event or a disaster producing extensive evil.

calendar, Lat. *calendarium*, an account-book: an arrangement of the divisions of time.

candid, Lat. *candidus*, from *candere*, to be of a glowing white: fair, just, impartial.

canonize, L. Lat. *canonizare*, from Lat. *canon*, a list or roll: to place upon the catalogue of saints.

canopy, Gr. *konopeion*, a net of gauze to keep off knats (*konops*, gnat): a covering over a throne or over a bed.

cavalier, Fr. *cavalier*, a horseman, from Lat. *caballus*, a horse: a knight, a gallant gentleman.

censure, *v.*, Lat. *censere*, to value: to form or express a judgment of; to criticise, to estimate. In this sense used by Shakespeare, but now obsolete.

Cerberus, Lat. *Cerberus*, Gr. *Kerberos*: a monster in the shape of a dog guarding the entrance into the infernal regions.

chance, *n.*, through Fr. *chance*, from Lat. *cadere*, to fall: hence what befalls, and so fate, fortune.

chapel. See *chaplain*.

chaplain, Fr. *chapelain*, L. Lat. *capellanus*, from *capella*, a hood, sacred vessel, chapel. It is said that the kings of France, in war, carried into the field St. Martin's hat, which was kept in a tent as a precious relic, whence the place took the name *capella*, a little hat, and the priest who had the custody of the tent was called *capellanus*, chaplain.

charm, Fr. *charme*, Lat. *carmen*, song, chant.

children, A.-S. *cild*, pl. *cildru*, *cildra*. The word is a curious instance of a double plural (= child + ra + en).

cholera, Gr. *cholera*, from *chole*, bile: a disease characterized by vomiting and purging.

chorister, Fr. *choriste*, a singer in a choir, from Gr. *choros*, a choir.

Christmas, from *Christ*, and L. Lat. *missa*, mass: the festival of the Christian Church observed annually on December 25, in memory of the birth of Christ.

cinctured, *adj.*, Lat. *cinctura*, a girdle (from *cingere*, to gird): having a cincture or girdle.

civil, L. Lat. *civilis*, from *civis*, a citizen: civilized, refined. This use of the word, as applied to a person, is obsolete.

clarion, L. Lat. *clario*, from Lat. *clarus*, clear, from its shrill sound: a kind of trumpet whose note is clear and shrill.

clerk, Lat. *clericus*, priest: a parish officer in the Church of England.

cloister, O. Fr. *cloistre*, Lat. *claustrum*, from *claudere*, to shut, to close: a covered arcade in a monastic or collegiate establishment surrounding an inner quadrangular area of buildings; a place of learned seclusion.

coffer, Fr. *coffre*, from Lat. *cophinus*, Gr. *kophinos*, a basket, a chest: treasury or funds.

cognizance, L. Lat. *cognoscentia*, from Lat. *cognoscere* (*con* and *noscere*, to know), to be acquainted: a badge worn by a retainer or dependent to indicate the person or party to which he belonged.

coherent, Lat. *co* for *con*, with, and *hærere*, to stick: cleaving together, and hence connected by some relation of order.

commerce, Lat. *commercium*, from *com* (= *con*), with, and *merx*, *mercis*, merchandise: holding intercourse.

commission, Lat. *committere* (*com* and *mittere*), to trust: 1. The act of perpetrating; 2. Something intrusted to a person.

commune, Lat. *communicare*, to communicate: to converse together familiarly.

companion, Fr. *compagnon*, from L. Lat. *companium*, fellowship, mess (*com*, together, *panis*, bread): an associate, a comrade.

company, the state of being a *companion* (which see): fellowship.

compass, *v.*, L. Lat. *compassus* (*cum* and *passus*, a pace or step), circle: to encircle, to environ.

compensate, Lat. *com* (*con*), with, and *pendere*, *pensum*, to weigh: to balance, to make equal return.

compensation. See *compensate*.

conceit, It. *concetto*, from Lat. *conceptus*, (*con* and *capere*, to take), lit. something conceived: used by Johnson in the sense of quaint fancy.

congenial, Lat. *congenialis*, partaking of the same nature: kindred, sympathetic.

consent, Lat. *con*, together, and *sentire*, to feel: sympathy, accord. Used by Milton in this its etymological sense.

conspirator, Lat. *conspirator*, from *conspirare*, to blow together, to agree, to plot: one who conspires with others for an evil purpose.

contract, Lat. *contractus*, from *con* and *trahere*, to draw together: an agreement, a covenant.

convincement, a hybrid word compounded of a Latin root, *convince* (from *convincere*, to conquer), and an A.-S. suffix. It is now superseded by the form *conviction*.

cope, A.-S. *ceapan*, to trade: to requite.

copse, contraction of *coppice*, from O.

Fr. *copeiz*, from *couper*, to cut, because originally a wood of small growth cut for fuel: a wood of small growth.

corn, A.-S. *corn*, grain: used by Bunyan in the sense of wheat.

coronal, Lat. *coronalis*, belonging to the crown (*corona*): a garland.

coronet, Lat. *corona*, a crown: an inferior crown worn by noblemen.

corpse, Lat. *corpus*, lit. a body, whether living or dead: the dead body of a human being. In the first folio of Shakespeare the word is spelled *corpes*. Another form of the word, still used, is *corse*.

corse. See *corpse*.

covert, *n.*, O. Fr. *covrir*, to cover (*covert*, covered): a place where animals hunted in the chase find cover.

crafty, A.-S. *craft*, strength, art: used by Bacon in the sense of merely practical.

crew, O. Eng. *crue*, from Fr. *crue*, increase or gathering. The primitive meaning is company, and in this sense it is used by Milton. In modern usage, except when employed to designate a ship's company, it usually has a derogatory implication.

crosier, Fr. *croix* (= Lat. *crux*), a cross: the official staff of an archbishop, terminating at the top in a cross.

crusade, Fr. *croisade*, from *croix* (*crux*), the cross: a military expedition undertaken in the Middle Ages to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. The crusaders wore a cross on their breasts.

crusader. See *crusade*.

cucumber, O. Fr. *coucombre* (now *concombre*), Lat. *cucumis*, gen. *cucumeris*: a well-known plant and its fruit, of the genus *cucumis*.

curfew, Fr. *couvrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire: the bell-ringing at nightfall practised in olden times as a signal to cover fires, extinguish lights, and retire to rest.

curiously, Lat. *curiosus*, careful, from *cura*, care: carefully. In this sense it is used by Bacon. The modern meanings are extensions of this primary signification: thus, to be curious about a thing is to be careful or anxious to learn about it, and a curious object is one that excites careful attention.

cynosure, from Lat. *cynosura* (Gr. *kunosoura*, lit. dog's tail), the ancient name for the constellation of the Lesser Bear. To this, as containing the pole-star, the eyes of mariners are directed; and hence the meaning of *cynosure*, as denoting any object that strongly attracts attention.

decent, Lat. *decens*, *decentis*, becoming, modest: used by Milton in its etymological sense.

decrepitude, Lat. *decreptus*, lit. noised out, noiseless, applied to old people who creep about quietly, from *de* and *crepare*, *crepitare*, to make a noise, to rattle: the broken state produced by decay and the infirmities of age.

deliberation, Lat. *deliberare*, to weigh, from *de* and *libra*, a balance: careful consideration.

demean, Lat. *minare*, to drive: to behave. This is the proper use of the word. The employment of it as synonymous with to lower, degrade, is founded on a mistaken notion that the word is connected with *mean*, which it nowise is.

demure, O. Fr. *de* (*bonnes*) *murs* (=Fr. *mœurs*), lit. of good manners: decorous.

dessert, Fr. *dessert*, from *desservire*, to remove from table: the last course at table.

deviate, Lat. *deviare*, *deviatum* (*via*, way), to go out of one's way: to wander.

diary, Lat. *diarium*, from *dies*, a day: a daily record.

diastole, Gr. *diastole*, from *dia*, through, and *stellein*: the dilatations of the heart and arteries.

dickens, a contraction of the diminutive *devilkins*.

digest, Lat. *digerere*, *digestum*, to separate, to dissolve, from *di* (= *dis*), apart, and *gerere*, to bear: to arrange methodically.

dight, A.-S. *dihtan*, to arrange or array: dressed, adorned.

dilapidation, Lat. *dilapidare*, to scatter like stones, from *di* (= *dis*) and *lapis*, gen. *lapidis*, a stone: state of being reduced to decay.

dint, A.-S. *dynt*, stroke, blow: impression.

discourage, prefix *dis*, with a privative force, and Fr. *courage*, from Fr. *cœur*, Lat. *cor*, the heart: to dishearten.

discourse, *v.*, Lat. *discurrere*, *discursum*, to run to and fro: to carry on the act of reasoning.

discover, Fr. *découvrir*, to uncover; hence primarily to show, and secondarily to reveal, to find out: used by Bunyan in its primary sense.

dissidence, Lat. *dissidere*, from *dis*, apart, and *sedere*, to sit, hence to disagree: disagreement, dissent.

ditty, A.-S. *diht*, said, repeated: a little poem intended to be sung.

divinity, Lat. *divinitas*, from *divinus*, *deus*, God: used by Addison in the sense of *theology*, of which word it is etymologically an exact synonym (Lat. *deus*=Gr. *theos*).

document, Lat. *documentum*, from *docere*, to teach: anything furnishing proof or evidence.

dole, A.-S. *dælan*, to divide: to deal out in small portions.

dualism, Lat. *dualis*, from *duo*, two: doubleness.

dudgeon, Welsh *dygen*, anger, grudge: discord.

ecstasy, Gr. *ekstasis* (from *ex*, out, and *istanai*, to set), a rapt condition of mind: rapture.

effigy, Lat. *effigies*, from *e* (= *ex*) and *fingere*, to shape out: the image or likeness of a person.

effluvium, pl. *effluvia*, Lat. *effluere* (from *ef* for *ex*, out, and *fluere*, to flow): subtle or invisible emanation.

endorser, Lat. *dorsum*, the back: one who writes on the back of a promissory note, as evidence of responsibility.

ensign, from Lat. *insigne* (*in* and *signum*, a sign): a badge or flag.

enthusiast, Gr. *enthousiastes*, from *en*, in, and *theos*, a god, lit. one who believed himself moved by a divinity: one whose mind is wholly possessed by what engages it; a zealot.

envy, Lat. *invidia*, from *invidere*, to look with enmity: used by Shakespeare in the specific signification of malice, ill-will.

epicure, from the name *Epicurus*, the famous Greek philosopher who assumed pleasure to be the highest good: a follower of Epicurus.

epitaph, Gr. *epi*, on, and *taphos*, a tomb: an inscription on a monument in memory of the dead.

epitome, Gr. *epitome*, from *epitemnein*, to cut on the surface: an abridgment, a compendium.

equivocation, Lat. *equivocare*, from

æquus, equal, and *vox*, sound or voice: ambiguity of speech.

errant, Lat. *errans*, *errantis*, from *errare*, to wander: wandering.

esquire, Fr. *écuyer*, from *escu*, *écu*, shield, a shield-bearer, armor-bearer: the squire of a knight.

ethereal (Lat. *æther*, from Gr. *aithein*, to burn or blaze): pertaining to the ether, or celestial region; celestial.

Eumenides, Gr. *eumenides*, the avenging deities.

Euphrosyne, Gr. *Euphrosune*, from *euphrainein*, to delight: one of the three Graces.

exaggeration, Lat. *exaggeratio*, from *ex* and *aggerare*, to heap up: a representation beyond the truth; a hyperbole.

exclusionist, Lat. *excludere*, *exclusum*, to exclude, from *ex* and *claudere*, to shut out: one who, etc.

exility, Lat. *exilis*, slender, thin: fineness, thinness. This word, used by Dr. Johnson, is now obsolete.

exit, lit. *he goes out* (3d pers. sing. pres. of Lat. v. *exire*, to go out): the departure of a player from the stage, when he has performed his part.

expatiate, Lat. *expatiari* (*ex*, out, and *spatiari*, to walk about): to move at large.

expert, Lat. *experiri*, *expertus*, to try or prove: ready.

expiate, Lat. *expiare*, *expiatum*, to purify with sacred rites, from *pius*, pious, devout: to atone for.

extenuate, Lat. *extenuare*, from *ex*, out of, from, and *tenuare*, to make thin, from *tenuis*, thin: to lessen, to palliate.

fabricate, Lat. *fabricare*, to make, from *faber*, an artificer: to devise falsely.

fain, *adv.*, A.-S. *fagen*, glad: gladly.

fanatic, Lat. *fanaticus*, inspired by divinity, from *fanum*, a fane or temple: one who indulges wild and extravagant religious notions.

fealty, Lat. *fidelitas*, fidelity. In feudal times fidelity to one's lord; now loyalty to a superior power. (See *homage*.)

feature, Lat. *factura*, a making, from *facere*, to make: lit. form, "make," or structure.

fellow, A.-S. *felaw*, from *fylgau*, to follow: a companion.

fetich, Portuguese *feitiço*, sorcery, charm, from Lat. *facticius*, made by art: a material thing, living or dead, which is made the object of superstitious worship, as among certain African tribes.

fictile, Lat. *fictilis*, from *fingere*, *fictum*, to shape: manufactured by the potter.

fiend, A.-S. *fiend* or *feond*, from *fian*, to hate, and hence lit. the hating one: a demon.

figuline, Lat. *figulus*, a potter, from *fingere*, to shape: a piece of pottery representing some natural object.

flambeau, Fr. *flamer*, to flame, Lat. *flamula*, a little flame: a torch.

florin, It. *fiorino*, a Florentine coin, with a lily on it, from It. *fiore* (= Lat. *flos*, *floris*), flower: a silver coin of Florence first struck in the twelfth century.

focus, Lat. *focus*, hearth, fire-place: a central point; a point of concentration.

fogy (uncertain etymology): a dull old fellow.

folio, ablative of Lat. *folium*, a leaf or sheet, and lit. *in a leaf* or *sheet* (once folded): a book made of sheets of paper each folded but once.

fond, A.-S. *fonne*, to be foolish, to dote: foolish.

forlorn, A.-S. *forloren*, p. p. of *forleosan*, to lose: deserted, abandoned.

fretted, A.-S. *fratu*, ornament: ornamented with fretwork, or raised work.

frieze, originally a woollen cloth or stuff from *Friesland:* a coarse woollen cloth.

frolic, *adj.*, Ger. *frolih*, *frohlich*, joyful: gay, merry.

frolic, *v.*, to be gay or merry.

frounce, Fr. *froncer*, to wrinkle: to curl or frizzle the hair.

fuliginous, Lat. *fuligo*, soot: smoky, dark, dusky.

fustian, L. Lat. *fustianum*, so called from Fostat or Fossat, i. e. Cairo, where it was made: a kind of coarse twilled cotton stuff.

gambol, Fr. *gambiller*, from *gambe* (= *jambe*), the leg, to kick about: a skipping or leaping about in frolic.

garbage (O. Eng. *garbash*, properly that which is purged or cleansed away), from O. Fr. *garber*, to make neat: lit. the bowels of an animal; hence the refuse animal and vegetable matter from a kitchen.

garish, A.-S. *gearn*, prepared, showy: dazzling.

glebe, Lat. *gleba*, clod, ground: soil, ground.

gossip, A.-S. *god*, God, and *sib*, relation; a relation or sponsor in baptism: an idle tattler.

grain, Lat. *granum*, the seed-like form of an insect, from which red dyes were prepared: used by Milton in the sense of a shade of purple.

grandiloquence, Lat. *grandis*, grand, and *loqui*, to speak: the use of lofty words or phrases; bombast.

gratis, *adv.*, contracted from Lat. *gratiis*, out of favor or kindness: for nothing.

grotesque, Fr. *grotesque*, It. *grottesa*, lit. like the figures found in grottos: whimsical; of extravagant or irregular form.

gust, *n.*, Lat. *gustus*, taste: gratification, enjoyment. (Obsolete.)

habit, Lat. *habitus*, state or dress (from *habere*, to have, be in a condition): used in the plural to signify garments, dress.

hale, *v.*, to drag. The modern form is *haul;* the word is connected with *hail*, to call, and so to fetch. The Dutch *halen* has both meanings.

hamlet, A.-S. *ham*, home, house, and *let*, the diminutive termination: a small village.

hassock, *n.*, Scottish *hassock*, a large round turf used as a seat: a thick mat for kneeling on in church.

hautboy, *n.*, Fr. *hautbois* (that is, *haut*, high, and *bois*, wood): an oboe, or musical instrument of the clarinet type.

hearse, Fr. *herse*, a harrow; hence a kind of candlestick in the form of a harrow, having branches filled with lights and placed at the head of graves or cenotaphs; whence hearse came to be used for the grave, coffin, or chest containing the dead.

heaven, A.-S. *hefan*, to heave, and hence lit. that which is heaved or arched over us: used by Pope as a synonym of God.

heraldry, O. Fr. *herald*, from Ger. *herold*, composed of two roots signifying one who serves the army: the art of recording genealogies and blazoning arms or ensigns armorial.

hereditary, Lat. *heres, heredis*, an heir: descended by inheritance.

hight, p. p. of A.-S. *hatan*, to be called: was named.

hobgoblin, *hob*, originally an abbreviation of *robin* (Robin Goodfellow, a domestic sprite), and *goblin*, from L. Lat. *gobelinus*, a mischievous knave (Ger. *Kobold*): a frightful apparition; an imp.

homage, through Fr. *homage*, from Lat. *homo*, a man. "Homo" under the feudal system had the sense of vassal: lit. the state of being a vassal under a lord, and hence reverential submission.

> Homage signifies reverential submission to a superior; fealty denotes a *faithful* adherence to the obligations we owe to superior authority. "We pay our *homage* to men of pre-eminent usefulness and virtue, and profess our *fealty* to the principles by which they have been guided."—WEBSTER.

homicide, *n.*, Lat. *homicidium*, from *homo*, a man, and *cædere*, to kill: lit. manslaughter (though, if felonious, it may be murder). By Milton it is used metaphorically.

homily, Gr. *homilia*, communion, sermon: a serious discourse.

honest, Lat. *honestus* (one of the meanings of which is *beautiful*), from *honor* (one of the meanings of which is *beauty*): used by Dryden in the special sense of beautiful, handsome.

humor, Lat. *humor*, from *humere*, to be moist; that is, lit., the fluids of the body. As the state of mind was in old times believed to depend on these fluids, the word acquired the force of *disposition, temper, mood*, with various allied meanings; used by Bacon in the sense of disposition, whim.

husbandry, A.-S. *husbanda*, the master of a house, through v. *husband*, to direct with prudence: management, thrift.

hussy, contracted from *huswife*, housewife: an ill-behaved woman or girl.

impediment, Lat. *impedimentum*, from *im* (=*in*), and *pes, pedis*, the foot: obstruction.

impugn, Lat. *impugnare*, from *im* (=*in*), and *pugnare*, to fight: to call in question, gainsay.

incongruous, Lat. *in*, not, and *congruus* (=congruous), from *congruere*, to agree: not befitting, unsuitable.

inert, Lat. *iners*, from *in*, not, and *ars*, lit. unskilled: sluggish.

infection, Lat. *infectio*, from *inficere*, to stain, infect: contamination. *Contagion* means spreading by intercourse; while *infection* signifies a more hidden and diffusive power.

infinite, Lat. *infinitus* (from *in*, without, and *finis*, end): without end, unlimited.

insect, Lat. *insectum*, from *insecare, insectum*, to cut in; originally given to small animals whose bodies seem to be *cut in*, or almost divided. Coleridge wittily defined the insect as "life *in sections*."

insult, *v.*, Lat. *insultare*, from *in*, and *salire*, to leap upon: to affront.

insuperable, Lat. *insuperabilis*, from *super*, over: not superable, not to be overpassed.

integrate, Lat. *integrare*, to make entire, from *integer*, entire: to realize completely, to give full expression; to make one with.

intenerate, Lat. *in*, and *tener*, soft, tender: to make tender, to soften. Rare.

inter, Lat. *in*, in, and *terra*, the earth: to bury, to inhume.

interrupt, Lat. *interrumpere*, *interruptum*, to break in upon : to disturb.

intuition. Lat. *intuitio*, insight, from *in*, and *tuere*, to look upon : a truth discovered by direct cognition. It is an exact etymological synonym of A.-S. *insight*.

inundation. See *inundate*.

inventress, Lat. *inventrix* (*in* and *venire*, to bring into use) : the feminine of inventor.

> The enlargement of the sphere of woman's work in modern times has led to the formation of a considerable number of new feminine forms of nouns denoting occupations ; but "inventress" presents us with a noun of this class coined nearly two hundred years ago and yet not now in use.

irksome, Scotch *irk*, to tire or weary : wearisome.

jenny (spinning), said to have been so called by Arkwright after his wife, *Jenny ;* but according to a grandson of Jacob Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, the word is a corruption of *gin*, a contraction of engine : a machine for spinning used in manufactories.

journey, *v.*, Fr. *journée*, a day's task or journey, from Lat. *diurnus*, daily, *dies*, a day : to travel from place to place.

joy, *v.*, for *enjoy*. (Obsolete.)

jubilee, Heb. *yôbêl*, the blast of a trumpet, and the grand sabbatical year which was announced by sound of trumpet : festivity, joyfulness.

junket (written also *juncate*), Lat. *juncata*, cream-cheese ; and thence extended to mean any kind of delicacy. Not in use.

kerchiefed, Fr. *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head = hooded, covered.

kye = kine, O. Eng. pl. of *cow*.

labyrinth, Lat. *labyrinthus*, from Gr. *laburinthos :* any object or arrangement of an intricate or involved form.

landscape, A.-S. *landscipe*, from *land*, land, and *scipe* (= suffix *ship*), shape, form : a portion of land or territory which the eye can comprehend in a single view, including all the objects it contains.

lantern, Fr. *lanterne*, Lat. *lanterna*, *laterna :* something enclosing a light. Sometimes spelled *lanthorn*.

latent, Lat. *latens*, *latentis* (*pres. p.* of *latere*, to lie hid) : hidden, secret.

legacy, Lat. *legare*, to appoint by last will : a bequest.

levity, Lat. *levis*, light, trifling : light behavior.

lie, *v.*, to reside—a use of the verb not now current.

lineage, Fr. *ligne* (=Lat. *linea*), a line, a race : descent in a line from a common ancestor.

livid, Lat. *lividus*, from *livere*, to be of a bluish color : black and blue, of a lead color, discolored.

lo, *interj.*, A.-S. *lâ*, from imperative of *look :* behold.

lubbar, equivalent to *lubber*, from *lob :* an unwieldy fellow.

madding, A.-S. *mad*, to be furious : turbulent, furious.

magician, Gr. *magikos*, priestly, from an Oriental word signifying priest : one skilled in magic.

magnetism, Gr. *lithos magnetes*, i. e., Magnesian stone, from Magnesia, a country in Thessaly : the agent or force in nature which gives rise to the phenomena of attraction, polarity, etc., exhibited by the loadstone and other magnetic bodies.

manifesto. It. *manifesto*, from Lat. *manifestus*, that which is clearly visi-

ble: a public declaration, usually of a prince or sovereign, showing his intentions respecting some act contemplated or done by him.

mansion, Lat. *mansio*, a dwelling, from *manere*, to remain: an abode, usually of some pretension, but not so employed in Goldsmith.

marquis, Fr. *marquis*, from Ger. *mark*, a border: a nobleman of a certain rank.

martyrdom, *martyr* and A.-S. suffix *dom* (martyr, from Lat. *martyr*, Gr. *martur*, a witness): the death of a martyr.

massacre, *n.*, through Fr. *massacre*, and ultimately from Ger. *metzgern*, *metzgen*, to butcher: the killing of human beings by indiscriminate slaughter. Used metaphorically by Milton.

massy, relating to a mass.

mast, A.-S. *mäst*, from Goth. *matan*, to nourish (and allied to *meat*): the fruit of the oak or beech, or other forest trees.

mausolēum, Gr. *Mausolus*, king of Caria, to whom his widow erected a stately monument: a magnificent tomb.

maze, A.-S. *mase*, a whirlpool: a labyrinth, an intricate net-work of paths.

mazy, maze-like.

meagre, A.-S. *mäger*, Fr. *maigre*, Lat. *macer*, lean: lean, thin.

medallion, Fr. *médaillon*, from L. Lat. *medalla*, a medal.

meet, A.-S. *gemet*, from *metan*, to meet, find, come together: fit, proper.

melancholy, Gr. *melas*, black, and *chole*, gall, bile: a gloomy state of mind —a condition which at one time was supposed to result from a superabundance of bile.

mercenary, Lat. *mercenarius*, from *merces*, wages, reward: acting for reward.

mercurial, Lat. *mercurialis*, having the qualities fabled to belong to Mercury: active, sprightly, changeable.

mere, *adj.*, A.-S. *mære:* unmixed, and hence entire, complete, absolute. In this sense it is generally used by Shakespeare, Bacon, and other Elizabethan writers. Its modern meaning is a secondary one: since *mere* originally signifies unmixed, it has come by inference to mean *nothing but*, *such and no more*, *bare*.

methinks, compound of *me* (=to me), the indirect object, and *thinks*, seems, from the A.-S. verb *thincan*, to seem. The subject of this so-called impersonal verb is the clause following.

mew, *v.*, through Fr. *muer*, from Lat. *mutare*, to change: to moult, as a bird its feathers: used by Milton in the special sense of *renewing by moulting*.

microscopic, resembling a microscope, and this from Gr. *mikros*, small, and *skopein*, to view.

minister, *n.*, Lat. *minus*, less, lit. a subordinate, a servant.

minister, *v.*, Lat. *ministrare*, to attend, to serve: to afford.

minnow, Fr. *menu*, from Lat. *minutus*, small, minute: a very small fresh-water fish.

mitre, Lat. and Gr. *mitra*, head-band, turban: a cover for the head, worn on solemn occasions by bishops, etc.

moiety, Fr. *moitié*, Lat. *medietas*, from *medius*, middle, half: one of two equal parts.

moil, A.-S. *mâl*, spot, lit. the defilement caused by severe labor: drudgery.

mortal, Lat. *mortalis,* from *mors, mortis,* death: pertaining to one's death.

mosaic, *n.,* Gr. *mouseios,* belonging to the Muses: inlaid work.

mought, obsolete past tense of *magan,* to be able: might.

mural, Lat. *murus,* a wall: pertaining to a wall.

muse, *n.,* connected with Lat. *musa,* Gr. *mousa,* from *maein,* to seek out: lit., in the state of deep thought required by study or the pursuit of the Muses.

music, *n.,* Gr. *mousa,* a muse, *mousike* —(supply *techne,* art)—lit. the Muses' art, any art over which the Muses presided: and then narrowed down to mean that particular science that relates to harmonical sounds.

myriad, Gr. *murios,* numberless (pl. *murioi* = ten thousand): an immense number.

napkin, dim. of Fr. *nappe,* a table-cloth or cloth, from Lat. *mappa,* napkin: a handkerchief. In this sense used by Shakespeare, but now obsolete.

Nazarene, from *Nazareth:* a term of contempt applied by Mohammedans to Christians.

nectareous, Gr. *nektar,* the drink of the gods: delicious.

Nemesis, Gr. *Nemesis,* a Greek goddess personifying moral reverence for law.

nidus, Lat. *nidus,* a nest: a repository for the eggs of birds, insects, and the like; a nest.

nightingale, A.-S. *nihtegale,* from *niht,* night, and *galan,* to sing: a small bird that sings at night.

nod, *v.,* allied to Lat. *nutare,* to nod the head; *numen,* a nod, and figuratively the divine will as indicated by a nod. In this sense it is used by Dryden.

noise, *n.,* Fr. *noise,* strife, noise. A set or company, as of musicians, and by Milton, as of birds; a use now obsolete.

obscene, Lat. *obscenus,* foul, filthy: foul, filthy.

obscure, Lat. *obscurus.* See *lex.*

obsequies, pl., Lat. *obsequia* (*ob* and *sequor,* to follow): acts of deference or devotion. In this literal sense it is used by Milton.

odorous, Lat. *odor,* odor, smell: having a sweet odor, fragrant.

offence, Lat. *offensa,* from *offendere,* to thrust, dash against: used by Shakespeare in the sense of the state of being offended.

opinion, Lat. *opinio,* from *opinari,* to think: that which is opined, belief.

> Opinion is a belief founded on a low degree of moral evidence—a belief stronger than *impression,* less than positive *knowledge.*

optic, *n.,* Gr. *optikos,* relating to vision: an organ of sight, an eye. In this sense generally used in the plural.

oracle, Lat. *oraculum,* from *orare,* to speak: the revelations delivered by God to prophets.

orchard, A.-S. *ortgeard,* an herb-yard: an enclosure of fruit-trees.

overmatch, lit. more than a match: a superior.

oxygen, Gr. *oxus,* sharp, acid, and *genein,* to generate; so called because originally supposed to be an essential part of every acid: one of the gaseous elements.

pad, A.-S. *pad, padh* (connected with *path*): an easy-paced horse.

pale, Fr. *pal,* Lat. *palus,* a stake: an enclosure.

pall, A.-S. *pall*, Lat. *pallium*, a cloak or cover: a large black cloth thrown over a coffin at a funeral.

palpable, Lat. *palpabilis*, from *palpare*, to stroke or touch softly: made manifest.

panoply, Gr. *panoplia*, from *pas*, *pan*, all, and *oplon*, implement of war: a full suit of defensive armor.

pansy, Fr. *penser*, to think: heart's-ease.

paradise, Gr. *paradisos*, from Persian *firdaus*, a pleasure-garden.

parson, Lat. *persona* (a *person*, that is, *of* the church): a clergyman.

partial, Lat. *partialis*, from *pars*, *partis*, a part: affecting a part only.

passage, Fr. *passage*, L. Lat. *passagium*, from *passus*, a step, lit. the act of passing: a pass or encounter.

peasantry, Eng. *peasant*, Fr. *paysan*, from *pays* (= Lat. *pagus*), the country: the body of country people among European nations.

pedant, contracted from It. *pedagogante*, from Lat. *pædagogare*, to educate (Gr. *pais*, a boy).

Pegasus, Gr. *Pegasos:* a winged horse of the Muses.

pendent, Lat. *pendere*, to hang: a hanging ornament on roofs, ceilings, etc., much used in Gothic architecture.

perennial, Lat. *perennialis*, from *per*, throughout, and *annus*, the year: everlasting.

perspicuity, Lat. *perspicuus*, from *perspicere*, to look through (*per* and *specere*): state of being perspicuous or clear. See Definitions, p. xx.

pert, Lat. *apertus*, open, free: brisk, lively. This use of the word is obsolete: pert has degenerated to mean *too* free, and hence forward, saucy.

petrifaction. See *petrific.*

petrific, Lat. and Gr. *petra*, a rock or stone: having the power to convert into stone, to petrify.

petrify. See *petrific.*

picturesque, Fr. *pittoresque*, from Lat. *pictura* (*pingere*, to paint): expressing that peculiar kind of beauty which is agreeable in a picture, natural or artificial.

piebald, for pie-balled, from *pie*, the parti-colored bird, and *ball:* diversified in color.

pied, *adj.*, from Fr. *pie*, the parti-colored bird, the magpie: hence variegated in color.

pigmy, Gr. *pugmé*, the fist: a dwarf. (Spelled also *pygmy.*)

pilgrim, Lat. *peregrinus*, a foreigner, from *per*, through, and *agere*, to go: a traveller.

pinion, Lat. *pinna*, *penna*, feather, wing: a wing.

pinnacle, Lat. *pinnaculum*, from *pinna*, feather, pinnacle: a slender turret or part of a building elevated above the main building.

planet, Gr. *planetes*, wandering: a celestial body which revolves around the sun in an orbit of a moderate degree of eccentricity.

plight, *n.*, A.-S. *pliht*, danger, obligation. Used by Milton to signify state, condition, without any reference to danger — its usual modern meaning.

poetry, Lat. *poeta*, from Gr. *poietes*, a poet, from *poiein*, to make, to create. See Definitions 4 and 10.

polarity, Gr. *polos*, a pole (in physics, one of the opposite or contrasted parts or directions in which a polar force is manifested): that quality or condition of a body in virtue of which it exhibits opposite or contrasted properties, or powers in opposite or contrasted parts or directions.

polite, Lat. *politus*, polished: elegant in manners.

politics, *sing.*, Gr. *politike*, belonging to the state (from *polis*, a city): the science or art of public affairs.

ponderous, Lat. *ponderosus*, from *pondus*, *ponderis*, a weight: weighty. *Ponderous* (= root *ponder* + suffix *ous*) is etymologically an exact synonym of *weighty* (*weight* + *y*).

possess, Lat. *possidere*, *possessum*, from *po*, an inseparable prefix having an intensifying force, and *sidere*, to sit, lit. to sit upon, and therefore to occupy, to hold: used by Shakespeare as equivalent to acquaint, inform. (This verb is followed by *of* or *with* before the name of the thing possessed.)

prescribe, Lat. *præ*, before, and *scribere*, to write: lit. to fore-write, and hence to lay down authoritatively.

presumptuous, Lat. *præsumptuosus* (*præ*, before, and *sumere*, to take): full of presumption (presumption, lit. a taking in advance of warrant).

principal, *adj.*, Lat. *principalis* (from *princeps*, *principis*, the first or chief—and this from *primus*, first, and *capere*, to take), first in rank, most considerable.

privateness, Lat. *privatus*, private: privacy.

prodigious, Lat. *prodigium*, a prodigy: of the nature of a prodigy, and used by Milton in the special sense of portentous.

profusion, the act of one who is *profuse*, and this from Lat. *pro*, forth, and *fundere*, *fusum*, to pour.

proper, Fr. *propre*, Lat. *proprius*, one's own: belonging to as one's own.

propitiation, Lat. *propitiatio*, an appeasing: the act of appeasing wrath.

provoke, Lat. *provocare* (*pro*, forth, and *vocare*, to call), to call forth: used by Gray in its etymological sense.

proyning = pruning, from obsolete *proyn*, to prune.

pursuivant, Fr. *poursuivre*, to pursue: properly, an attendant on the heralds.

quagmire, O. Eng. *quag*, to quake or shake, and *mire*: soft, wet land.

quorum, Lat. gen. pl. of *qui*, and hence = *of whom* (with reference to a body of persons of whom those who are assembled are legally sufficient to the business of the whole. In England applied to the justice-court.

quota, Lat. *quotus*, *quota*, which or what in number: a proportional part.

rankle, A.-S. *ranc*, proud, strong, rank: to be inflamed, to fester.

rapture, Lat. *rapere*, *raptum*, to carry off by force: a seizing by violence, and, figuratively, the state of being carried away from one's self by agreeable excitement, transport.

rather, A.-S. properly the comparative degree of *rathe* (*radhe*), soon, quick, and hence lit. *sooner*, and thence transferred from connection in time to connection in choice.

reasonable, through Fr. *raisonnable*, from Lat. *rationabilis*, and, ultimately, *ratio*, reason: accordant with reason. Milton uses it where we should use *rational*. We discriminate between *reasonable* and *rational*. *Rational* is having the faculty of reason; *reasonable* is accordant with reason: so that one may be *rational* without being *reasonable*.

recant, Lat. *recantare*, to recall, from *re*, again, and *cantare*, to sing or sound: used by Shakespeare in its etymological sense of recall.

reck, A.-S. *recan*, to care for: to make account of; to care for.

remorse, Lat. *remordere*, *remorsus*, to bite back, to torment: used by Shakespeare in the rare sense of relenting, compassion.

retiring, Fr. *retirer*, to draw back: retirement.

reverie. See *revery.*

revery, Fr. *rêverie*, from *rêver*, to dream: a loose irregular train of thoughts or musings.

ribaldry, L. Lat. *ribaldus*, a lewd fellow: the talk of a ribald.

rival, *n.*, Lat. *rivales*, two neighbors having the same brook (*rivus*) in common: a competitor.

rude, Lat. *rudis*, characterized by roughness: unpolished, barbarous.

ruffian, Ger. *raufen*, to scuffle, to fight: a boisterous, brutal fellow.

sanctify, Lat. *sanctificare*, to make (*facere*) holy (*sanctus*): to hallow.

sanctuary, Lat. *sanctuarium*, from *sanctus*, sacred: a sacred place.

satellite, Lat. *satelles*, gen. *satellitis*, lit. a soldier who guarded the person of the prince; hence an attendant: a secondary planet, or moon.

satisfy, Lat. *satisfacere*, from *satis*, enough, and *facere*, to make: to free from doubt, suspense, or uncertainty.

savage (O. Eng. *salvage*), Lat. *silvaticus*, belonging to a wood (from *silva*, a wood): lit. a forest man, and thence an uncivilized (*civis*, a city) man.

sculptor, Lat. *sculptor*, from *sculpere*, to carve: one who sculptures.

second, *v.*, Lat. *secundare* (from *secundus*, the second, and this from *sequi*, to follow, because it follows the first): to support, to forward.

secure, *adj.*, Lat. *se* (*sine*), without, and *cura*, care: used by Milton in its literal sense — not in its modern meaning of *safe.*

selah, Heb. *selah*, from *salah*, to repose, to be silent.

selenography, Gr. *selene*, the moon, and *graphein*, to describe: a description of the surface of the moon.

seneschal, Fr. *sénéchal*, from L. Lat. *seniscalcus*, lit. an old servant: a steward.

sensible, Lat. *sensibilis*, from *sensus*, sense: easily moved or affected.

sensual, Lat. *sensualis*, from *sensus*, sense: relating to the body in distinction from the mind.

serene, Lat. *serenus*, calm, from *sera*, evening: fair, bright.

shrive, A.-S. *scrifan:* to administer confession.

sidelong, Eng. *side* and *long:* lateral, oblique.

signory, It. *segnoria*, from Lat. *senior*, elder: the Florentine senate.

simple, Lat. *simplex* (probably from *sine*, without, and *plica*, a fold): plain.

sirloin, Fr. *surlonge* (*sur*, over, and *longe*, loin): a loin of beef.

smother, *n.*, A.-S. *smorian*, to suffocate: a state of suppression.

sooth, A.-S. *sôdh*, truth: truth.

sorteth (to sort), from the Fr. *sortir*, to go out: hence, results in, leads to. Obsolete in this signification.

spectre, Lat. *spectrum*, an image, from *specere*, to see: an apparition.

spell, A.-S. *spellian*, to relate: used by Milton in the sense of read or study out.

spirit, Lat. *spiratus*, from *spirare*, to breathe: a disembodied soul.

sprite, contracted from *spirit* (Lat. *spiritus*, breath, *spirare*, to breathe).

spud, Dan. *spyd*, a spear: an implement for destroying weeds.

starve, from A.-S. *steorfan*, to die. Its modern meaning, to famish, is a

special application. Milton uses it as equivalent to freeze.

statua, the original Latin form of *statue*, from *stativa*, standing (*effigies*, image, understood), from *stare*, to stand.

statue, Lat. *statua* (which see).

steal, A.-S., connected with *still* · to accomplish in a secret manner, as to "steal a sigh."

still, A.-S. *stille*, quietly: used by Dryden in the sense of always, ever.

stond, a disinclination to proceed. This word, which is a form of *stand*, is obsolete.

Stygian, relating to the *Styx*, fabled to be a river of hell: hence hateful, infernal.

sublime, Lat. *sublimis* (probably from *sublevere*, to lift up): exalted.

sublimity. See *sublime*.

subtile, Lat. *subtilis*, from *sub*, under (slightly), *tela*, a web: lit. woven fine, then thin, then keen. In this last sense used by Milton. *Subtle* is a contracted form of the same word, but has taken the meaning of sly, artful.

subtle. See *subtile*.

subtlety. See *subtile*.

subtly, in a subtle manner. See *subtile*.

sugh = sough, A.-S. *siofian*, to groan, to sigh: a hollow murmur or roaring.

Sunday, A.-S. *sunna*, the sun, and *däg*, day: the first day of the week, the Christian Sabbath. It was so called because this day was anciently dedicated to the sun or its worship.

surge, Lat. *surgere*, to rise: a large wave or billow.

surgeon, contracted from Fr. *chirurgien*, from Gr. *cheirourgos* (*cheir*, the hand, and *ergein*, to work), originally one whose profession is to heal diseases by manual operations, instruments, or applications.

surplice, Fr. *surplis*, from L. Lat. *superpellicium* (*super*, over, and *pellicium*, a fur robe, a *pelisse*): a white overgarment worn by the clergy and other officials in the Latin Catholic church.

surplus, Lat. *super*, over, and *plus*, more: overmuch, excess.

surplusage. See *surplus*.

swound: a swoon. Rare.

systole, Gr. *sustole*, from *sun*, with, and *stellein*, to set: the contraction of the heart and arteries.

tale, A.-S. *telian* or *tellan*, to tell: a reckoning by count, an enumeration.

talents, Lat. *talentum*, Gr. *talanton*, anything weighed; a talent (denomination of money): mental endowments or capacity; a metaphorical use of the word probably originating in the Scripture parable of the talents.

tapestry, Fr. *tapisserie*, from *tapis*, a carpet: a kind of woven hangings of wool and silk.

temper, *v.*, Fr. *tempérer*, Lat. *temperare*, from Lat. *tempus*, time; lit. to adapt a thing to the time or occasion: to qualify, to soften.

temperate, Lat. *temperatus* (*tempus*, time), mingled in due proportion: moderate, not excessive.

tenement, Lat. *tenementum*, from *tenere*, to hold: a house or lands depending on a manor, or nobleman's estate.

tenet, Lat. *tenet*, he holds (3d per. sing. of *tenere*, to hold): a doctrine, a dogma.

tessellate, Lat. *tessellare*, from *tessella*, a small square piece: to form in little squares.

testament, Lat. *testamentum*, from *testis*, a witness: an instrument in writing by which a person declares his will as to the disposal of his estate and effects after his death.

tinge, Lat. *tingere*, to wet, moisten: to imbue or affect one thing with the qualities of another; to color.

tourney, Fr. *tournoir*, from *tourner*, to turn: a tournament.

train, Fr. *train*, from Fr. *traîner*, Lat. *trahere*, to draw: used by Goldsmith to denote the collection of villagers *drawn* along together to sport.

tripod, Gr. *tripous*, gen. *tripodos*, from *tri* or *tris*, three, and *pous*, *podos*, a foot: the stool with three feet on which the priest in the temple of Apollo sat while giving responses.

trophy, Gr. *tropaion*, a monument of an enemy's defeat (from *trope*, a turning about or routing): a pile of arms, taken from a vanquished enemy, raised on the field of battle by the conquerors; or the representation of such a pile in marble and the like. In this latter sense used by Addison.

truce, O. Eng. *trewis* or *trewse*, from O. Ger. *triwa*, faith, compact: a suspension of arms by mutual agreement.

twilight, A.-S. *twi*, *tuo*, and Eng. *light*, lit. doubtful light: the faint light perceived before the rising and after the setting of the sun.

typhus, L. Lat. *typhus*, from Gr. *tuphos*, smoke, stupor arising from fever: a type of fever.

ubiquitous, Lat. *ubique*, everywhere: existing everywhere.

uncouth, from A.-S. *un*, not, and *cudh*, known, from *cunnan*, to know: hence unknown, and in this literal sense it is used by Milton. This signification is now obsolete. Its modern signification of odd, rude, is exemplified in Gray.

undulation, Lat. *undula*, a little wave, from *unda*, a wave: a waving motion or vibration.

unravel, Eng. *un* and *ravel*. The *un* is superfluous, as *ravel* means to take apart, to untwist. Thus—

> "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care."—SHAKESPEARE.

unreproved, lit. not reproved, which is its modern meaning; but in Milton it signifies *that cannot be reproved:* irreproachable, blameless.

Utopia, Gr. *ou*, not, and *topos*, a place: an imaginary island spoken of in a work called *Utopia* by Sir Thomas More.

vault, Fr. *voûte*, from Lat. *volvere*, *volutum*, to roll: an arched apartment.

verger, Fr. *verger*, from *verge*, a rod: the beadle of a cathedral church.

vernal, Lat. *vernalis*, from *ver*, spring: belonging to spring.

verse, Lat. *versus*, a furrow, and in poetry a line, or verse; from *vertere*, *versum*, to turn. See Def. 4.

vicarious, Lat. *vicarius*, from *vicis*, change: acting or suffering for another.

victuals, Fr. *victuailles*, from Lat. *victus*, nourishment, from *vivere*, *victum*, to live: food for human beings, prepared for eating. Now used only in the plural.

vignette, Fr. *vignette*, from *vigne*, a vine, originally applied to ornaments consisting of leaves and tendrils: an engraving not enclosed within a definite border.

vindicate, Lat. *vindicare*, to maintain or assert (probably from *venum*

and *dicere*, to pronounce sale): to justify, to assert with success.

virtue, Lat. *virtus*, strength, excellence, from *vir*, a man: natural or moral excellence.

vista, It. *vista*, sight, view, from Lat. *videre*, to see: a view, especially a distant view, through or between intervening objects.

volubility, Lat. *volubilis*, rolling easily, from *volvere*, to roll: fluency of speech.

voluble. See *volubility*.

vulgar, Lat. *vulgus*, the common people: used by Emerson in the sense of popular.

wax, A.-S. *weaxan*, to increase: to increase, as opposed to *wane*.

weal, A.-S. *wela*, wealth: well-being, prosperity.

weeds, A.-S. *waed*, a garment. The word was in the 17th century not confined to a widow's dress.

ween, A.-S. *wenan*, to hope, to think: to deem, to believe.

widow, A.-S. *widuwe* (connected with Lat. *viduus*, bereft of a husband) and Sanscrit *vidhavâ* (from *vi*, without, and *dhava*, a husband): a woman who has lost her husband by death.

wight, A.-S. *wiht*, a creature: a person. The word is used chiefly in burlesque.

wit, A.-S. *wit*, knowledge. This word in the older Eng. literature is used in various senses widely different from its modern signification. Thus, in Shakespeare, (1) intellectual power, (2) sharpness, ingenuity; in Milton, intellect; in Butler, subtlety; in Dryden, skill.

wits: used by Dryden in the sense of intellectual faculties.

withal, A.-S. *with* and *all*: with.

wizard, A.-S. *wis*, wise, and *ard*, man: a conjurer.

wold, A.-S. (=*weald* and *wald*, a wood, a forest): a wood or forest; a plain or open country.

wrest, A.-S. *wræstan*, to twist: to turn forcibly.

writ, *v.*, obsolete form of the past tense of *to write*. *Writ* is nearer the A.-S. form than our modern *wrote*. The A.-S. past was *wrut*, pl. *writon*, of which latter *writ* was a contracted form.

ycleped (ĭ-klĕpt), called, named: p. p. of A.-S. *geclipian*, to call; obsolete except in burlesque writing.

yore, A.-S. *geo*, formerly, and *ær*, ere, before.

younker, A.-S. *geongra*, a pupil, from *geong*, young: a young fellow.

yule, A.-S. *geol*: Christmas; applied also sometimes to the feast of Lammas. The "yule-log" or "yule-block" was a large block of wood formerly put on the hearth on Christmas eve, as the foundation of the fire.

zephyr, Lat. *zephyrus*, Gr. *zephuros* (from *zophos*, darkness, the dark side, west): the west wind, and, poetically, any soft, mild, gentle breeze.

THE END.

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